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THE
EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY:

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

SIXTH SERIES.

VOL. I.



GLASGOW:

THOMAS D. MORISON, 8 BATH STREET.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1875.

Per. 1242. c. 1291.

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THE
EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.
SIXTH SERIES.

No. I.—SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF THE EVANGELICAL UNION

No. XXII.

SINCE the same questions were put in 1844 to the five suspected churches by the four Glasgow churches, in order to bring out unmistakably the views of the former on the Work of the Divine Spirit, and the Election of Grace, it would naturally be expected that considerable similarity would be found in all the reasonings transmitted in reply. It strikes us, therefore, that since we have indicated the course of the argument pursued in the correspondence with the Hamilton Church, we need not linger long over the rest of the series. A few of the more prominent varieties, however, in these theological epistles may be noticed with profit.

The letter sent to the Bellshill Church was undoubtedly more Calvinistic in its type than that sent to the neighbouring church in Hamilton. The hyper-Calvinistic doctrine of Regeneration before Faith was plainly insisted upon in it; and credit for the same was given by rumour to the pastor of the Nile Street Church, now settled in England. It need not be matter of surprise, therefore, that after postulating such a dogma, the writer should turn round upon the members of the Bellshill Church, and say, "Brethren, we are at a loss to conceive what you have done with the doctrine of Regeneration; for we can see no place for it in your system." The simple-minded people had no difficulty in replying that they had put the doctrine exactly where the Apostle James and the Apostle Peter had put it: for the former had said, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth" (i, 18); and the latter, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of

incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

A strong point, however, which the Bellshill Church made, was their reference to the Saviour's "woe" pronounced over Chorazin and Bethsaida :—

"Again, our Saviour says (Matt. xi, 21), 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin ! woe unto thee, Bethsaida ! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.' Here it is plainly stated that works were done in Chorazin and Bethsaida, *and resisted by them*, which would have converted Tyre and Sidon had they been wrought in those places. We do not enter here of course into the grounds on which Tyre and Sidon were condemned—they were doubtless quite sufficient to warrant their condemnation ; but we quote the passage to show *what* the inhabitants of Chorazin and Bethsaida resisted—they resisted what would have saved others."

Now, we think that this quotation was most pertinent and powerful. The point in debate was, whether or not the influence which God brings to bear upon men, in order to accomplish their conversion, is always irresistible. Here the church which was called to the bar quotes a lamentation made by the Lord of Glory himself over the cities that resisted him, in which he alleges that, if such influence had been exerted upon Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented. How do the metropolitan interrogators ward off the scriptural shaft that was sent back to their battlements by the suburban warriors ? Somewhat hesitatingly in their reply to Bellshill, but without hesitation in their reply to Ardrossan,—as if the lapse of a month or two had given them greater confidence,—they take up the position that the repentance spoken of was a national and superficial repentance, as in the case of the Ninevites (Luke ix, 32), and that it should not be placed on a level with repentance unto life. Now we do not think that the context justifies this gloss. It is plain that the submission spoken of is that which will affect human destiny at "the day of judgment," and is parallel to the "coming" to Jesus, and the reception of his yoke, referred to at the end of the chapter (Matt. xi, 28-30). As to a national repentance apart from an individual one, we do not know very well what is meant by the phrase ; and we have certainly read our Bibles amiss, and must have rejoiced over trophies of the truth without cause, if the men of Nineveh were not genuine converts, and did not, many of them, "pass from death unto life."

The second letter sent by the Bellshill Church was both dignified and decided, and contained a clear summary of the chief scriptural arguments in favour of the doctrine of World-wide and Resistible Grace. We give the following spirited passage as a sample of the argument :—

"Suppose two men equally guilty, and both under the wrath and curse of God, to hear a sermon, in which the scheme of salvation is clearly exhibited, and the claims of Jesus powerfully enforced. The special influence of the Spirit is given to the one, and he, of course, believes and is saved; the other receives no such blessing, and he resists and is condemned. What brings on him this condemnation? You will answer, his sins. But he was born with a corrupt nature, which leads him *naturally to sin*, and special influence is as necessary, according to your theory, in order to his believing, as is the propitiation, his own reason, or God's record.—*His salvation is an utter impossibility without this special influence*; but he never receives it; and we ask you on what grounds will the man upbraid himself eternally in hell, and justify God? The misery of the condemned would be modified were their consciences not eternally to do this. O brethren, see where your views lead the poor helpless sinner, just to lie still and excuse himself till he get special internal influence to convert him."

It was this view of the truth that weighed so heavily with all the interrogated churches—namely, that on no other principle of administration than that which was afforded by the doctrines called in question, could the sinner be brought in "speechless" at the last day. As was to be expected from the tone of the correspondence, the four Glasgow churches said to the church in Bellshill, "Farewell"; but although they did so, we do not believe that he who said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," approved of the adieu, or shared in its utterance. The church still prospers, being now in the enjoyment of the vigorous ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Snowdown.

The third letter of inquiry was sent "To the Congregational Church, Bridgeton, under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. Simpson."

Bridgeton is a populous suburb of Glasgow, or rather one of its eastern wings—having been for several years included in its extended municipality. Mr. Simpson, who had been at one time a deacon in Dr. Wardlaw's church, had been the means of forming a considerable church in the district. Both he and his people warmly sympathized with the views which Mr. Kirk and others had propounded about that time. Indeed, they knew no other way of either contemplating or setting forth the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The Bridgeton Church adopted a somewhat novel and even amusing mode of answering the four crucial questions—namely, by the quotation of one or two passages of Scripture, without note or comment! This style of response was considered to be evasive and disrespectful by the four interrogating churches, who forthwith bade their Bridgeton brethren "Good-bye," not merely for the transmission of solely scriptural answers, but because their pastor and they kept company with the men whose answers had been explicit and distinct. Thus, if they were not shut out of the ecclesiastical nest because it had been proved that their feathers

were of a heterodox hue, or because they had shown "the white feather," they were forbidden to approach the four-branched tree at Glasgow, on the principle that "*birds of a feather flock together.*" Yet, in their isolation, they rejoiced because the Most High said, "He shall cover thee with his feathers;" and because they had pressed close to the heart of him who gathers sinners and saints unto himself, "as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings," and weeps over those who resist his grace, and will not come.

We are happy to be able to state, that the Bridgeton Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Robert Hood, is, at the present date, one of the most flourishing churches in the Evangelical Union.

The fourth letter of the *Entire Correspondence* was addressed "To the Congregational Church, Cambuslang, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. M'Robert."

Cambuslang is a village about four miles distant from Glasgow. It was the scene of a remarkable revival about 130 years ago under the unique preaching of the celebrated George Whitefield. The glen stands unchanged near the parish church, where the great preacher stood in the hollow; while the people, seated on the grass, were spread out before him and above him in amphitheatric fashion. A Congregational church had been formed in the village about the beginning of the present century; and although its members were, comparatively speaking, not numerous, there were among them some of the "excellent" and the very "salt" of the earth.

Mr. M'Robert, who was pastor of the church in 1844, had been deeply interested in revival work, and had, without hesitation, adopted Mr. Morison's views as the only consistent doctrinal basis on which earnest revival preaching could be reared. He and his lady had both been brought up in the fellowship of Dr. Wardlaw's church, and had a great reverence for the character of that eminent man. Consequently it was with great pain that they found themselves brought into collision with their "mother church," and their "father in the Lord."

It need hardly be noticed, with respect to this theological correspondence, that the minister, in each case, wrote the letters, which the church afterwards homologated. The Cambuslang Church, in the exordium of their first reply, touched impressively on a subject, which indeed the other interrogated churches also noticed—namely, that it was quite a new thing in a Scottish Congregational church to make agreement on the Calvinistic doctrine of Election either a term of admission to the connection, or of continued fellowship in it. They thus write:—

"We must, however, premise, that the nature of divine influence or the views entertained of election were subjects not inquired into, when we were admitted into the fellowship of the church. This is equally true of *four* of our number admitted to George Street, and of *three* admitted to Nile Street Churches, as of those admitted at Cambuslang. The chief thing sought was, that the applicants had obtained peace with God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,—when we had satisfactory evidence, that they had been received by Christ and had a desire to walk with us in the fellowship of the Gospel, we gladly gave them the right hand of fellowship. In this we may have done the work of the Lord *partially*, but though some of us have been for more than thirty years in the church, and were well acquainted with the original members, yet we never knew, nor heard of any other bond of union than love to the Lord Jesus, and a preference of our church order. Can it be, that for more than forty years we have all been under misapprehension? for we did think that our union with sister churches rested on our affording credible evidence of love to the exalted Saviour, and to each other for his sake. We do hope that this is still to be the bond of union among our churches. Moreover, some of us distinctly recollect Dr. Wardlaw declaring from our pulpit, that the creed of a Congregational church was this, 'Man has sinned, the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' And further, the Magazine, whether under the title of *Missionary, Herald*, or *Congregational*, affords evidence that some diversity of sentiment has always obtained among some in the churches.

"We freely own to you, dear brethren, that there are shades of differences among us, on the points called in question. But we have found no difficulty in forbearing with one another in love—we like better to 'be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' than be compelled to wear the Chinese slipper of a stiff and rigid uniformity. But if our bond of union with sister churches is now to be our perfect concord in a whole system of doctrines, written and stereotyped, instead of affording evidence of being 'Epistles of Christ, written not with ink and pen, but with the Spirit of the living God,' we are free to express our fears, that the results among us will neither be glory to God—good to his people—nor prosperity to his cause. To the details of a theological system, we greatly prefer, as a bond of union, the apostolic summary, 'In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy, and on the Israel of God.' Theological systems are important in their own place; but as a basis of union among professors of Christianity, they have hitherto proved a signal failure. Indeed, we imagined such things for a bond of union were decaying, waxing old, and ready to vanish away."

We are certain that the Glasgow churches must have felt the force of this touching and truthful remonstrance; and we would suppose that nine-tenths of all the Congregational churches in the land, were they polled to-day, would vote for this plain and unadorned village confession of faith, rather than for the complicated one which the urban clergymen were seeking to impose upon their neighbours a few miles up the Clyde.

Some of Mr. M'Robert's paragraphs, although expressed simply, have struck us, on re-perusing the documents of the period, as being fresh and original, and fraught with all the

power of Biblical truthfulness. Thus he writes in his first letter :—

“We do not hold the Spirit and the Word as one more than that Jesus and the Twelve were one ; yet, still, the reception or rejection of their message, was the reception or rejection of Jesus, and of his Father too—we can distinguish between yourselves and your Epistle sent to us. But should we fail to yield satisfaction on the two points, you will, no doubt, regard us as resisting you—i. e., your friendly counsel. Now, it is simply because it is said in the great Text-book that the Holy Spirit is resisted by unbelievers, and may be grieved or quenched by believers, that we conclude his influence is not *invincible*: successful resistance in that case would be out of the question.”

He also puts the following point very pithily and well :—

“There is no need to seek to exclude boasting by election or special influence, when faith does it perfectly and for ever.”

Again he writes in his second letter :—

“You say, ‘To the gift of his Son God has added the gift of his Spirit : the former is *universal*, the latter is special. The latter is as *indispensable* as the former.’ We know ‘without the shedding of blood there is no remission ;’ and we hold that the Spirit’s influence is equally necessary to conversion. But, dear brethren, since his influence is thus *indispensable*, how can salvation be within the reach of any one to whom the Spirit’s influence does not come ? In that case there could not be good news to any but to the elect.”

Of course the final “farewell” was sent out to Cambuslang as well as to the other three churches already named. But in this case, although final in the sense of coming in at the close of the correspondence, it was not final in the sense of lasting for ever ; for in a short time Mr. M’Robert, who had demitted his charge at Cambuslang, was received back into the Congregational body, and a few years afterwards the church itself was restored to the confidence and fellowship of the Glasgow churches. We do not know whether or not Mr. M’Robert (who has been labouring usefully for many years at Denholm, near Hawick) acknowledged any change of sentiment on the debated points when he was re-admitted by his former brethren. The statements which we have just quoted are so convincing and unanswerable that, we should suppose, although his views may have been modified on some minor points, they cannot have been moved away from the great, full-orbed truths thus distinctly enunciated. And as to the church at Cambuslang, we have ourselves been told repeatedly by some of its leading members that, when they were received back to fraternal fellowship by the Glasgow churches, they were not asked to retract the doctrines of Universal and Resistible Grace, and Conditional Election, for which, as the public correspondence testifies, they had zealously contended. We

cannot but record our joy that the Congregational churches of Glasgow have thus practically confessed that they were too precipitate in their action in 1844; but we think that, in justice to all the students, ministers, and churches who were then publicly disowned, and who, to this day, suffer from the *odium theologicum* caused by this public disownment, they ought publicly to confess their error, and acknowledge that they do not now insist on these two doctrines as terms of communion. This statement we make with much respect for the whole connection, and even with much affection for not a few of the ministers and leading men of that communion, with whom we have been recently brought into contact and into amicable relations.

The fifth and last letter was addressed by the four Glasgow churches "To the Congregational Church, Ardrossan, under the pastoral care of the Rev. P. Mather."

Mr. Mather had been minister for many years of the Secession Church, West Kilbride, Ayrshire. All his life he had been respected as "a Nathanael—an Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile." We have heard a story told of him by an aged gentleman, when he came first to preach in that village as a licentiate of the Secession Church, and which we quote, both because it throws light upon the customs of the period and the character of the preacher. It seems to have been usual in West Kilbride, on the Saturday afternoon, to put in the prophet's—that is, the licentiate's—chamber a large Bible and a good stiff glass of whisky; and the landlady, as well as the *douce* elders who heard her gossip about the probationers, used to form their conclusions anent the piety and *spirituality* of the young men from the heartiness with which they turned to the spirits or the Scriptures! Some quaffed the liquor at once and neglected the Word. Others paid partial attention to both. But Peter Mather left the glass untouched, but pored diligently over the other "Glass," in which was to be seen reflected "the glory of the Lord." Perhaps this was one of the chief reasons why he was called to be the minister of the church.

About the year 1834 Mr. Mather changed his views of church government. He had been led to prefer the Congregational system of ecclesiastical polity as more scriptural and primitive than the Presbyterian. Being a thoroughly conscientious and honest man, he sought an interview with Dr. Wardlaw; and having been encouraged to assume the pastorate of a small Congregational church, which then met in Brown Street, in the west end of Glasgow, he removed to that city. But although his mind was colossal, like his person, there was a monotony in his

utterance that unfitted him, to a great extent, for a city charge; and, consequently, after having given the commercial metropolis a trial for a year or two, he returned to Western Ayrshire, "by way of the sea," where some scores of people, who had learned to respect his high moral worth when he was minister of Kilbride, gathered around him, and gladly sat at his feet. A humble chapel was built for him in Glasgow Street, Ardrossan; and for six or eight years before he was called upon to take part in the theological discussions of which we are treating, his tall and commanding form might be seen from day to day moving along the sandy and sea-washed shore between Ardrossan and Salt-coats, as he went to preach the Word in church or school-room, or at the bed-side of the sick and dying.

When Mr. Morison's case began to make a noise in the country, he warmly sympathized with him in all his efforts and as to all his trials. He was among the first of the Ayrshire ministers who appeared as a friend and brother in Clerk's Lane pulpit, when other faces were beginning to be turned away; and when the kindred controversy arose in the Congregational body on the work of the Holy Spirit, it will be seen from the sequel with what zeal and enthusiasm Mr. Mather embraced the views of the nine students who had been ejected from the theological hall. We do not hesitate to say that, while all the letters written by the other churches were clear and convincing, and did credit to the writers, those written by Mr. Mather for his church in Ardrossan carry off the palm for logical power and eloquence, and what we may call the withering satire of a holy indignation. The soul of the meek and blameless man was stirred by the terrible deficiency which he saw in that lame and unequal Gospel which represented a provision in Christ for all, but irresistible grace for only some, and also at the attempt which was made to impose so deficient a system on the churches as the *sine qua non* of orthodoxy and the touchstone of retention in fellowship. If he was angry, he felt that he "did well to be angry." He "was angry, and sinned not." He was jealous, with a holy jealousy, for the cause and the character of God. For himself he was wholly unselfish. "Silver and gold had he none;" and he cast himself on the providence of God, glad because he had enjoyed the opportunity of testifying to the truth and the benevolence of his heavenly Father.

As Jonathan Edwards required to write some of his most difficult theological treatises in the midst of unhappy church disturbances and unkind treatment at Northampton, New England, Mr. Mather sat down to pen these treatises on the Work of the Holy Spirit with a heavy heart; for he thus opens his first letter of reply to the Glasgow brethren :—

“ARDROSSAN, 2nd October, 1844.

“BELOVED BRETHREN,—The Congregational Church in Ardrossan received a letter from you, dated the 8th of June last, containing two questions, to which you requested them to send specific answers—in relation to which they wrote you a letter, dated the 24th of the same month, containing six queries for explanation before they proceeded to give a direct reply—and to these they received specific answers, in a letter from you dated the 5th of August. At the time the church received this letter, they were engaged, and had been engaged for some time, in a weighty case of discipline, that involved the character of four of their members, during the pending of which, such a spirit had been excited in some, that at the close of it, on the 18th of August, our pastor conceived it to be his duty to resign his office: this led to the complete breaking up of the fellowship. But after various preliminary steps had been taken, a large majority of the former members re-united in fellowship, and recognized Mr. Mather as their pastor; and though our number has been diminished, we constitute the Congregational Church in Ardrossan, assembling in the accustomed place of worship, holding fellowship with the churches of the Congregational Union of Scotland. And now that we have some leisure to consider the important subject, with your leave, we homologate the above-mentioned correspondence, and proceed to answer your letter of the 8th June, finding our way to do this made much easier by the very explicit answers sent to the six queries, for which we give you hearty thanks.”

Alas, the veil is here lifted, revealing a state of things with which many a poor minister is but too familiar! A church rent in twain and needing to be re-constituted! How many sleepless nights does such a state of things imply, and days during which the minister, on whose shoulders the chief burden comes, would be sick at heart and sorrowful. And yet, as if the local troubles were not sufficient, a solemn missive must needs come down from Glasgow, threatening excision by rich and respectable brethren for alleged theological errors. In truth, the best reply that could have been sent to so touching a disclosure would have been the following, by return of post:—“Glasgow, in the year of *grace*, 1844. Dear Brethren, we sist all *ab extra* ecclesiastical proceedings, and sympathize with you to the extent of £100. Yours sincerely, Ralph Wardlaw, &c.”

But Mr. Mather was not the man to put on a poor mouth and cry for mercy. No. Having simply stated his church troubles as a reason for delay, he proceeds at once to discuss the theological questions which had been sent to him, with the manly independence and even with the holy indignation to which we have referred; for, on the very next page, we find him writing:—

“Keeping, therefore, the second particular of our answer in view, we shall not determine whether ‘*in any case*’ ‘MORE or OTHER divine influence is exerted on’ ‘some of those who BELIEVE the Gospel, than on those who reject it:’ but we affirm that, *if not now*, at least hereafter, every saint will conclude that those condemned for not believing the Gospel had divine influence, in kind and degree, brought to bear upon their minds amply

sufficient to have accomplished their conversion—influences, such as had been exerted on themselves, and which had subdued them to Christ—and further, we affirm that every sinner condemned for rejecting the Gospel will then feel convinced in his own mind, not through any deception, but from the clearest evidence, that he rejected the Gospel under *the very kind* of influences to which many yielded and were saved. This, in our estimation, is that which will give intensity to the unquenchable flame, and energy to the undying worm!

“Your second question respects personal and unconditional election: to this question we submit the following answer:—That God chose any number of persons to whom the Gospel comes, with a view to confer upon them a *special influence*, by which they might be brought into a state of salvation, and that he determined to withhold that influence from others, and yet condemn them for rejecting the Gospel, are sentiments which we not only do not hold, but which we strongly condemn; being satisfied that they are unscriptural, and, stripped of the dress in which they often appear, that they have but a feeble hold of the minds of any number of Christians in the Congregational Churches of Scotland.”

Again, after another letter has come down from Glasgow, he thus writes:—

“We find that we did not misrepresent your views, and the views of many, of the Spirit's work in conversion, when we characterized it ‘as a secret, unseen, indescribable influence, exerted *within* the minds and hearts only of sinners who are saved’—this we said, ‘we do not hold.’ These words you quote, and respecting them and a previous quotation from our letter, you say, ‘What you thus strongly condemn, and are satisfied is unscriptural, we firmly believe to be the truth of God.’ Now, we regret exceedingly that you should homologate our description of your views, and yet entertain the idea of breaking the fellowship of our churches, because different views are held of a dogma which you cannot logically define. You don't thus act respecting other doctrines: you can tell us what you mean by the doctrine of ‘trinity in unity:’ for though *the mode* of the divine subsistence is inexplicable, we can tell one another in plain terms what we understand by the doctrine—we can do the same by the doctrine of the hypostatical union in the person of the Mediator—we can do the same by the doctrine of conversion—by the doctrine of justification by faith, &c. But here it appears, we must be at one with you in a doctrine that respects *an influence*, which, by your own admission, is ‘secret, unseen, indescribable.’ How dare you demand adhesion to a dogma that you cannot set before us in an intelligible form of words? We ask not how the Spirit works? We ask what he does? This you do not declare. You say indeed (page 2d), ‘His special work was by accompanying the truth to secure conversion;’ and (page 9th), ‘We hold that the Spirit accompanies the truth, and exerts a direct power within the mind and heart of the sinner.’ Well, is it the pressure of a hand—the glance of an eye—a smile—a frown? You give us no information: yet you demand accordance with your views, or separate us from your fellowship! Brethren, we hold that ‘there is divine influence put forth in conversion:’ and notwithstanding your declaration to the contrary, we reiterate and maintain the *position*, that ‘the question between you and us is not, Is there divine influence put forth in conversion? but, What is the influence?’”

In reply to the remark of the four churches that “there is nothing in your views that can be regarded as a recognition of

the Spirit's influence at all," he makes the following forcible and glowing statement of his views,—

"By the Spirit's influence then exerted *upon* sinners with a view to their conversion, we understand the influence of doctrine, promise, precept, threatening, narrative: the influence of the glory and terror of the future: the influence of revealed eternal mercy and overpowering love: the influence of Christian conversation and Christian example: the influence of the private and public ministry of the word: the influence of the dispensations of providence by which the Gospel and sinners are brought into contact, and by which many are from time to time awakened to attend to the truth as it is in Jesus. All these and such like we regard as under the direction of the Holy Spirit, according to John xiv, 16, 17; xvi, 7-11; to which passages we crave your attention, comparing them with 2 Cor. iii, 8, 'How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?' The influences adverted to are sometimes employed in greater and sometimes in less abundance, according to his own infinite wisdom, as to what is and what is not suitable, in this and the other case. But we wish to state with equal plainness, that we regard these, and such like influences, as *personally* employed by the Spirit, *as truly* as we regard the frown or the smile which you put on, the authority which you display, the commands which you issue, and the promises which you make, as influences put forth by you: without you they are not; and whatever is effected by them is effected by you. Nay, much more—inconceivably more: your promises, commands, &c., may be found on record when you have left the world, and when you can no longer, by any power of yours, employ them or accomplish any thing by them. But the Holy Spirit ever lives: every thing in divine truth, in divine love, adverted to *is his*: providential dispensations for furthering the interests of the kingdom of Christ are ever directed by him: the Gospel and all it contains is as truly his breath, his voice, his fire, at this moment as when first uttered by him; *and without* him the Word and other things specified accomplish nothing for the salvation of sinners. By these and such like does he testify of Christ, 'and knock at the door for Christ:' but that his influence is often resisted to men's eternal undoing, we must believe, according to many declarations in the Word of God, and from the very ground of the Gospel-despiser's condemnation. Any other view, however ingeniously put forth, tends, in our estimation, to impeach the truth, and sincerity, and justice of our heavenly Father: 'But let God be true and every man a liar.'"

And yet, again,—

"God will not save your system; but he will save and glorify his own justice: and notwithstanding your opposition to the sentiments expressed in our last letter on this subject, both saints and sinners will see and acknowledge the equity of the divine procedure, in the very fact that all that the former received was *in all respects* within the reach of the latter. But, then, as a proof of the correctness of your views, you say that the inward influence is in every case 'ultimately efficacious and *must* be so.' We make free to ask, did any of you, *for any time*, resist that influence? If you answer 'No, it was never exerted till the last moment—we yielded just when it was put forth.' Then you will be incapable of repenting because of long continued opposition to the Gospel. Do you demur to this? Then you oppose your own views of truth: for without the special influence you could not submit: and therefore, if you repent, and your repentance accord with truth, as you view it, it must be mere regret that the Spirit of God was so late in working, and not regret that you

were so late in yielding. But if this be unwelcome to you, then you must admit that the Spirit is resisted, even by those who ultimately believe, and that just up to the very moment of their believing : and hence, that by all preceding operations of this *efficacious* influence, nothing is intended—to give things their right names, it is mere play: or if every preceding operation of the influence is designed to produce substantial results, we are left in doubt as to whether the *ultimate efficacy* arises from its own intrinsic power, or from the *exhaustion* of the sinner through long continued opposition.”

The following illustrations are pertinent and powerful—

“Were the testimony of man to be so viewed, as you appear to view the testimony of God, there would be universal scepticism in the world. For the testimony of danger will have *no influence* unless the testifier, at the same time, inflict upon you a heavy blow! The testimony that your prison doors are opened will have *no influence* unless the testifier seize your person, rush through the lobby, and hurl you over the stairs!”

There is something truly awful in the following appeal, a little farther down :—

“If, however, there be *in* the divine testimony that which is adequate to secure the faith and obedience of sinners, then it is easy to see how they are ‘responsible for rejecting the Gospel,’ and that they must ‘be speechless at the judgment day.’ If not, it is easy to conceive, as they have heard your instructions, and perused your literature, which professes to give the only correct view of divine influence, they may say, just as others are represented as saying on a kindred point (Matthew xxv, 44), ‘Lord, when didst thou impart to us the special influence, under the power of which those at thy right hand believed and were saved? Condemn us for our sins, thou blessed Lamb of God, and not for rejecting thee, seeing there was nothing in the testimony sent to us to command our faith, as—witness, all ye saints!’ But you say right; they will be speechless; and therefore, our views of divine influence are correct.”

In reply to the rejoinder of the Glasgow churches, that on his theory the saved sinner has ground for boasting, Mr. Mather has the following paragraph, in which some apt illustrations are so triumphantly satisfactory, as almost to amount to sarcasm :—

“Brethren, if it be not as we have affirmed, then no saint of God can acquiesce in the condemnation of *unbelievers* until the ideas of eternal justice which he has derived from the Word of God be perverted. If you have been startled from your propriety, it is by a spectre of your own raising; for we can no more conceive than you of a saint having any ground of boasting either here or ‘in the place where angels veil their faces.’ But, two beggars are perishing with hunger: the one absolutely refuses the provision that you urge him to take, and dies; the other, after much persuasion, takes it and recovers strength: he then glories in himself, and thanks himself because he allowed himself to be fed! Two men are struggling in the river; one of your number springs in to save them: the one orders you to bear off, he refuses to be saved, and plunges into the pool and dies: you stretch out your hand, lay hold of the other and bring him safely to shore, and the moment he has time to look round him, and to look upon you, his whole soul is fired with admiration of himself, and

all his thanks are given to himself because he suffered you to save him. Admirable philosopher ! It does seem very remarkable to us that a saved sinner cannot trace all his salvation in every part of it to the grace of God, because others have resisted grace and refused to be saved. And, if possible, it seems still more remarkable that before he can come to the proper pitch of gratitude and praise, he must be well assured, that not one on the left hand of the Judge had one particle of that grace within his reach, under the power of which he believed and was saved—*all must be special* ; otherwise the saint is dumb or only *self-gratulant* ! Brethren, we would take a favour from you : you might build us ‘a synagogue :’ but if you do—and we discover that the same favour, in similar circumstances, has been offered to another church, and that they *successfully refused it*—then you must expect no gratitude from us : we will trace all our chapel comfort to our being *more easily persuaded* to receive the favour, than the other church that refused it ; and our next step in all probability will be to engrave a tablet to our own merit !”

Perhaps our readers may think that we are giving too many extracts from Mr. Mather’s letters ; but we make voluminous quotations for two reasons : (1.) Because the respected writer has never, in our opinion, had full justice done him as a writer of eloquence and power, even in our own denomination ; and, (2.) Because we believe that his arguments are mighty and unanswerable. It is quite plain from the reply of the four churches that they could not meet the crushing appeals made by the meek but really majestic soul with whom they were combating. They had “roused a Tartar” ; and they thought it best to be very brief in their answer. Indeed, Mr. Mather’s whole performance bristles over with these gems of unanswerable exposition and appeal. Take the following additional specimens :—

“Because many sinners are not saved, and we affirm that they have all that the saved get for conversion, you conclude that *all might disbelieve* ; and that there is nothing according to our views to secure the faith of *any*. Your reasoning amounts to this—a teacher came to instruct my children : John and James abode in their ignorance ; there is therefore nothing in his system of instruction to effect the enlightenment of any mind. We hold that there is in the means and influences put forth, wielded and applied by the Holy Spirit, that which is adequate to secure the conversion of every sinner ; and on this account we joyfully accord with eternal justice in the condemnation of them that refuse the Gospel.”

We have another short but powerfully sarcastic simile at page 170 :—

“You present the most suitable provision to a man dying of hunger ; but the moment he looks upon it he is affected with dreadful nausea : you have a remedy that soothes the stomach the moment it is applied ; but you withhold it, and claim credit for generosity by saying, *What could have been done more* ? It is true, ‘God is under no obligation to furnish sinners with privileges, and far less with the grace of the Spirit to make them effectual,’ unless he mean to ‘reap’ and ‘gather.’ but if he do, he hath laid himself under obligation to furnish both.”

And a little farther down, on the same page, we have one of the writer's truly withering passages, being a rejoinder to the allegation of the Glasgow churches, that, in Isaiah vi, 4, "God was speaking after the manner of men":—

"God *does not here speak* 'after the manner of men'; for only dishonest men would so speak, pretending to have done all that is needful, while the thing that is most needful has not been done at all. God *speaks to* the 'inhabitants of Jerusalem and the men of Judah'; and if they had learned to separate between the truth of the Spirit and the influence of the Spirit, for conversion, in the way you do, they might have replied, 'Yea, Lord, thou couldst have done more: thou couldst have given what thou didst to Abraham and Moses, and Miriam and Hannah, and Samuel, and to this thy messenger, Isaiah!' But the Word of God hints at no such reply: and we may safely conclude, that those to whom the appeal was made knew nothing about the distinctions which you make. With all their wickedness, conscience sealed their uncircumcised lips, and re-echoed the voice of God, 'What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?' And why speak, according to your theory, of 'God's being under no obligation to furnish them even with privileges'? Are men the better or the worse for privileges, 'without the grace of his Spirit to make them effectual'? Never to have been born is inconceivably preferable to the possession of such privileges—to have had a millstone bound about the neck in the earliest days, and to have been cast into the sea, is inconceivably preferable! Privileges that lay men under a tenfold greater condemnation than will be the portion of those who never possess them; while yet without the *influence* which, according to you, 'Jesus bestows on each of the promised seed, and does not impart it to others' (page 1st). All abuse, all will abuse, what you call privileges; it has ever been so, it always will be so: it is uniform, and must be so, as the succession of day and night, according to your theory. Better far, therefore, be Hamites, dwelling in degraded and oppressed Africa, than the children of Abraham, according to the flesh, dwelling in the 'valley of vision,' the land of milk and honey. With the light of the Gospel to guide you, why do you thus insult truth, and the God of truth, under such a mistaken notion of doing him honour? Our heavenly Father neither condescends to *think nor speak*, in this passage, after *your manner*. He gives privileges, but he gives with them all that is needful to make them efficacious: and when he condemns those whom he has thus favoured, he condemns them for despising what was really *designed* and calculated to bring them to penitence, purity, and love."

Let us not be misunderstood, as we linger over this controversy, and endeavour to give point again to these sharp arrows which were shot thirty years since by a strong arm from a powerful bow. We have no wish to revive any of the acrimony that gathered around these old discussions. But it is due to the present, and perhaps to succeeding, generations, that they should know the reasons why the separation was made in the Congregational, as well as in the Presbyterian body, and why the Evangelical Union stands by itself in the land. We did not act in a schismatic manner. We did not go out rashly and ultroneously. We were thrust out. And we think that we have shown, in these successive articles, that if the "view"

of truth we had got a hold of was somewhat "new" in the connection, it was justified by Scripture, and should have been made a ground of forbearance, especially by Congregationalists, who recognized no authoritative confession of faith in symbolical standards. It was all very well and very easy for the four Glasgow churches to insist upon an inward and invincible work of the Spirit, and to maintain that they who denied that denied the work of that Divine Agent altogether; and this is the point on which they ring the changes continually throughout their share of the *Entire Correspondence*. But the subject has another side, especially when we take into account the fact that this irresistible influence is regarded as being conferred upon the unconditionally elect alone. There may not be so much difficulty, in connection with it, in accounting for the salvation of the righteous on the right hand at the last day; but it presents a terrible stumbling-block to the candid mind when one thinks, we repeat, of the *speechlessness of the wicked on the left hand*. And it is because the letters of the five churches, and particularly those written by Mr. Mather, bring out this most important view in a most unanswerable light, that we have lingered over them in this and previous articles, and given copious extracts. Indeed, in our opinion, no other view of divine influence will *cover all the ground*, and meet satisfactorily the claims both of God as Sovereign, and of man as a responsible sinner, than that which admits, on the one hand, the indispensableness and reality of the work of the Holy Ghost; but, on the other, asserts it to be world wide in its extent, and resistible in its nature.

Before leaving the subject of the *Entire Correspondence*, we must do ourselves the pleasure of remarking that, apart from the course of authoritative investigation and ultimate withdrawal which they adopted, the four churches, with their pastors, were strictly honourable and gentlemanly in their dealings with their opponents. They took no undue advantage of them; and in the matter of allowing them a fair hearing, and afterwards of publishing in full all they had thought it proper to write, they did them every justice. Nor need this be matter of surprise when it is remembered that the courteous Dr. Wardlaw, and others that might be named, took the lead in the proceedings. It really grieved them to do what they thought it to be their duty to do.

Plainly, however, the point should have been made one of forbearance among brethren who agreed on the grand cardinal doctrines of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the Depravity of Man, and the Deity of the Son of God. And we doubt not that

a more cordial feeling will soon spring up between all the parties in the churches thus rudely separated, both in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches; and to this increase of harmony two factors, in our opinion, will mainly contribute—recent revivals of religion, drawing all true friends of the Gospel nearer to one another in love; and recent assaults of scepticism, rallying them in a united phalanx against a common foe.

Mr. Mather continued to minister to the Congregational church in Ardrossan for a short time after the four Glasgow churches bade him and his people farewell. But *The Christian News* having been projected in 1846, in Glasgow, he settled in that city as editor of that weekly journal. He filled the editor's chair with great dignity and success for many years, and was at the same time generally employed in the delightful work of preaching on the Lord's-day the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. His Christian worth and urbanity of manners made him highly acceptable wherever he went in town and country; nor did he desist from his much-loved labours till a slight stroke of paralysis warned him that the shades of evening were gathering around. In the close of his life he enjoyed a pension, which the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson kindly settled upon him.

We are happy to be able to add that the church in Ardrossan continues to flourish at the present day; and no wonder, for it has enjoyed, ever since Mr. Mather demitted his charge, the valuable and much appreciated labours of the Rev. Alexander Cross.

We must say a little in next article of certain proceedings which were taken in the north of Scotland against three Congregational ministers who had also embraced the new views, before adding a few observations on the consolidation of the Evangelical Union since the period of its origin.

CONSCIENCE: ITS NATURE AND PREROGATIVES.

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D., GLASGOW.

(Concluded from our last.)

Having shown that moral accountability rests primarily, as its basis, on rationality, and is independent of conscience, the question now presses, What is conscience? and what are its office and uses?

Observe, then, that there are these two departments of the mind, the perceptive and the emotional: the perceptive for observing the qualities of objects, and which, being placed in the fore-part

of the mind, as a lens or prism, transmits to the back-part—the emotional—the sunshine light of *good*, so that the emotional department is affected or excited with pleasure; or the lurid fierce light of *evil*, so that the emotional department is affected or excited with pain. Now, conscience, properly so called, belongs entirely to the emotional department, and is affected pleasurable by the sunshine light of good in each one's own conduct, which the anterior lens of each one's own judgment transmits to it; or painfully with the hell-fire light of evil in each one's own conduct, which the anterior perceptive lens of each one's own judgment transmits to the interior sensibility. It is as the *retina* of the eye, and is affected pleasurable or painfully according as the transmitted *spectrum* is the angel of virtue or the demon of vice. Some of you may not understand the reference of these illustrations: but surely the following statement is level to the capacity of all, that our *feelings* about right and wrong are according to our *judgments* of right and wrong. That if each one's own judgment decide that he has done right, then the inner man of his mind feels pleasure; but if it decide that he has done wrong, then this inner man feels pain. Now that part of the inner man—that *heart* of the mind, if I may so express it, which experiences this sensation of pleasure or pain is conscience.*

Having thus determined the nature of conscience in respect of that province of the mind in which it is situated, I proceed to illustrate its nature more particularly as compared with the other emotional sensibilities among which it is located.

I shall make two limitations of the inquiry. *First*, I shall confine myself almost entirely to a consideration of the nature, operation, and uses of an *offended* conscience; for unhappily

* "Pleasure or pain." Is it, then, the same portion, or *organ* of the emotional department of the mind which experiences the one sensation or the other? Is it the same as in the case of the *retina* of the eye which is *single*, to receive all kinds of light and all forms of *spectra*, pleasant or disagreeable? Or, changing the figure, does conscience consist of only one chord of emotional sensibility which sounds sweetly or harshly according as the judgment may touch it with the finger of virtue or vice? Without figure, are pleasure and pain two modes of feeling of the same susceptibility? Or, just as we have two distinct susceptibilities, one for love and another for its opposite, anger (for they are not merely positive and negative), so have we not one susceptibility for pleasure, when the judgment reports we have done our duty, and another for pain when the report is that we have violated it? In other words, have we not *two* consciences? Both from the analogy of love and anger just indicated, and from the scrutiny of my own experience, I am inclined to believe we have. But the question does not much affect the illustration which is being pursued in the text.

there is more experience of this among us, to which I may appeal for proving the correctness of my statements, than of the experience of a *gratified* conscience. Besides, as a general rule—and a wise ordering it is of our constitutions—the emotions of pain are more vivid and intense than those of pleasure; and therefore more easily apprehended for analysis. *Secondly*, I still limit the inquiry to one degree or *phase* of the offence. There are three such states: 1st, When the temptation is presented, and the conscience shrinks from imagination of the proposed wrong, (ah! take your stand of resistance here); 2nd, When the purpose to comply with the temptation is formed, and schemes for executing it are being agitated, so that the protest of a suffering conscience, through the fire being brought so near it, is made with greater vehemence; 3rd, When the deed has been done, when the murder has been committed—ah, poor me and you, brother! now for the outburst of the storm of fire, unless our consciences have been so indurated as to be “past feeling,” which would only make our case more deplorable. It is this third state of an offended conscience, still sensitive, to which I shall restrict my observations, for the same reason as before, that the emotion is more easily apprehended for analysis.

The object being thus defined, reflect again on what we have seen in the case of the passion of anger, betwixt which and conscience, lying in the same emotional region, there are many features of similarity. We have seen that in order to be angry there must precede a judgment of the reason, that a *neighbour* has intentionally injured you. This might be sufficient to induce you as a prudent man to inflict chastisement on him, so that he would not be encouraged by impunity to repeat the offence; and so that others might be warned against imitating his conduct. But lest the calm calculations of prudence should fail in producing this desirable result—in your own conduct, I mean—there is annexed the impelling emotion of anger, to prompt the execution of the award of your reason. Such are the nature, office, and operations of the passion of anger, when your reason reports to your emotional susceptibility that a *neighbour* has done wrong.

Nearly, if not precisely, the same, are the nature, office, and operation of conscience, when your reason reports that you *yourself* have done wrong. There is first the intellectual judgment that you have erred, which might serve the desirable object of inducing you to repair the injury, and to be on your guard against a repetition of it. But lest this should fail, instantly, in the rear of [the intellectual conviction, in the

annexed emotional department of your divinely framed nature, there flames up the burning feeling of conscience, impelling you, if it may, to make the reparation.

Here, then, is distinctly the analogical order. When your reason reports that your *neighbour* has done wrong, the passion of anger is enkindled ; when it reports that you *yourself* have done wrong, the passion of conscience is enkindled. How properly designated a passion—though I know not that any of the metaphysicians have spoken of it by that name. They have so sophisticated themselves with the notion of a *sense* for perceiving, relishing, or rejecting moral or immoral qualities, that they have not only attributed to conscience that of which it is not possessed, but almost entirely overlooked that in which its great power lies. I contend that, according to their own descriptions of a passion, conscience has all the attributes, and nothing more ; and that, in their classifications and nomenclatures of the passions, they have excluded that which is of all others of the most intensely passionate nature, impelling some men to suicide, and inspiring others with the heroism of martyrdom.

Much has been gained for the illustration of our subject by establishing a place for conscience among the passions ; but something still more special is desirable, on the nature of its emotional sensations, and the mode and force of their operation. Pursuing, then, our analogical illustration, let us inquire, first, What is precisely the sensation of anger ? It is difficult to tell ; and since you are all conversant with it, I presume, you must make a metaphysical experiment for yourselves, and judge if my description be correct. Well, so far as I have been able to command attention to its sensations when it is excited, and their subtle galvanic-like action, I would describe it thus : I feel as if my heart had been set on fire, under the pain of which, and that I may be delivered from it, I am instinctively impelled to *smite* my enemy—smite him with my fist, smite him with my staff, smite him with my tongue, smite him with my pen—smite him one way or another for his chastisement ; and when I have prostrated him, the sense of burning immediately subsides, and not seldom I begin to be sorry for him, and wash his wounds with my tears. The object is served : * it is not likely he will repeat the offence, and neighbours have had their warning.

In like manner, the emotion of an offended conscience is agonizing. I have already spoken of it as a sensation of scorching fire. But metaphysicians, rhetoricians, and poets

* "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified."—*Ether* vii, 10.

have drawn upon all nature for images of its woefulness. They have represented it as being a freezing of the heart with cold, a suffocation, a strangulation, a thick darkness, a horrid tempest, a shipwreck among rocks, a maelstrom gulf, a volcano, an earthquake of the soul :

“ It is as though the sinner’s doom
Waited not for the sealing tomb ;
It is as though the fire of hell
Within a living heart might dwell.”

A fear of punishment or presentiment of vengeance is usually represented as being part at least of the pain of an offended conscience. But it is an unphilosophical confusion of two passions, and greatly derogates from the august mystery of conscience, when its agony is simply represented as being the effect of violence done to the order of our divinely-framed moral constitution.

The question now is, By what means is this agony to be stilled ? Our analogy still avails us. We have seen that the passion of anger subsides so soon as we have smitten and prostrated our enemy. In like manner, it is by a kind of smiting and prostrating of ourselves that an offended conscience is to be pacified. This self-smiting consists in humbling ourselves in a penitential acknowledgment of our fault ; in subjecting ourselves to a restrictive resolution that we shall never do the like again ; and exacting from ourselves all possible reparation of the wrong of which we have been guilty. Thus will the hell-flame be quenched—hell-flame for its pain, though of heavenly ordination and excitement. There may—there should, remain much shame and regret, for a season at least, if not for life. But the anguish of an incensed conscience will have subsided. It has served the end for which our moral constitution was made susceptible of, and subjected to it.

Reflect, finally (for the proper discussion of the subject is near a close), how moral accountability is increased by the annexation of this passion of conscience. We have seen that there is enough in our rational nature to constitute us accountable agents. But when the decision of the judgment is enforced by a passion of such intensity, resistance becomes doubly criminal. It is as if the red flag of the watcher had been set on fire and dashed into the face of the engineer, but that in defiance he drove impetuously onward. It is commonly said that conscience is God’s vice-gerent judge. We have seen that this is incorrect. It is the reason which judges, and conscience is something greatly more formidable. It is God’s vice-gerent avenger—inflicting that mysterious agony which, according to

the divine ordination of thy constitution, O sinner, seizes thy guilty spirit as the earnest of thine eternal doom, unless thou repent. And ah ! if the earnest—a mere drop from the vial—be so bitter, what shall be the full avengement in the time of the emptying of that vial's wrath ?

I have thus drawn an outline of this important subject. In the course of the illustration a number of statements have been made, a particular explanation of which at the time would have injured the continuousness of the discussion, but to which it is desirable to revert, in the way of supplement, for elucidation and confirmation. There are, especially, two of them which require this, for removing or preventing injurious misconceptions.

The first is, that the essence of morality consists in each man acting according to what are his present convictions of what is right. That the question, in order to determine if he be the object of moral approbation or blame is not, Has he done what is truly right ? but, Has he done what he himself is convinced is right ? I select an extreme case, the better to test the principle. The Papist Ravaillac assassinated Henri IV., by which deed the reformation of France was nearly extinguished, so as to languish there in weakness at the present day. The assassin appears to have been well convinced that he did what was right ; was his conduct therefore virtuous ? I answer, *Certainly* ; just as it was virtuous of Calvin to prosecute Servetus to death on the charge of heresy, and just as it was virtuous of the Westminster divines to complain to Parliament that they permitted such sectaries as Mr. Binney and Dr. Campbell are, to practice public worship in covenanted London ; that is, supposing they were as well persuaded that it was their duty to act the parts they did, as by the supposition Ravaillac was persuaded it was dutiful to act as he did. When some may express their wonder that I should attribute virtue to the conduct of any of the parties, I return the compliment by expressing my astonishment that they should question the soundness of the principle. What, sirs, do you think it was the duty of the men to act differently from what they were convinced was their duty ? Pray tell me what is immorality, what is vice, what is sin, if it do not consist in a man's violating or refusing to obey his own convictions of what is right ? Some, however, will reply that although they admit it was not *vicious*, a certain length at least, for Ravaillac to act as he did, and much less for Calvin and the Westminster divines to act as they did [how, "much less" ?], yet they are not prepared to admit the counterpart that it was *virtuous* for them to act so—especially for Ravaillac [how,

again, "especially" ?]. Was it not ? When in defiance of certain death he went forward and did what he was convinced was his duty ? What is virtue, if this be not it ? Do not all of us admire the faithfulness of our Covenanting ancestors to their convictions, and award them the praise of martyrdom, when yet there were not a few of those opinions for which they suffered, of which I, at least, for one do not approve ? I wish that those who may regard me as sporting with paradoxes would not only observe a little consistency and impartiality in their judgments ; but especially that they would not undermine that fundamental principle of morality that *virtue* consists in being faithful to personal convictions.

How easily the difficulty would be resolved for some whom the foregoing representations may perplex, by the exercise of a little discrimination. Is there any distinction clearer than that there may be grounds for commending a man's conduct under one aspect, when there are grounds for condemning it under another ? So far as the present question is, I have a vivid recollection of the distinction being made on a memorable occasion, with a terrible force, which reverberated like a peal of thunder throughout the United Kingdom. When the agitation of the claims of Roman Catholics to admission as members of the Legislature was at the hottest, the Duke of York, at that time heir-apparent to the throne, appeared in the House of Lords, and laying his hand on his bosom declared that, "So help him, God ! he would resist these claims while he lived." The sensation produced within the House and throughout the country was deep and tumultuous. Next evening Henry Brougham was at his post in the House of Commons with his counter-blast. He spoke to this effect : "I complain not that the Royal Duke should express himself and act according to his convictions of what is right ; I rather admire and honour him for that. But of this I complain, that he should have given his judgment an education so defective that such should be the state of his convictions." *There* is the whole of the question resolved in a brief sentence. We are responsible for acting according to our convictions of what is right ; but we are also responsible for something before that—for having these convictions rendered as correct, or consonant with truth, as is possible for our circumstances. All the *virtuousness* of acting conformably with our convictions may be counter-balanced, yea, over-balanced, by the *viciousness* of a voluntarily defectively trained state of the convictions. Say, honestly, that you have exhausted all the means within your reach to have your judgment properly informed on the subject of your duty. Then, in acting up to that conviction your morality will be faultless,

even although your action should *objectively* (i. e., of its proper nature) be wrong, yet will it *subjectively*, (i. e., so far as your personal responsibility is concerned) be right. But, unless you are prepared to say so, the immorality of having a certain state of convictions may outweigh (I do not, as some say, annihilate) the morality of your conforming to these convictions, even to martyrdom : so that the morality shall only mitigate the censure of the immorality.

So far as general character is concerned, the plea of some men, that, in certain circumstances, they acted quite conscientiously, renders them just so much the more the objects of moral abhorrence : the preponderating element of immorality, indicated by their having such consciences, being so excessive. And my apology for the general character of Calvin is, that in the particular act of his savage persecution of Servetus, he was not so bad as to have a good conscience in the matter, of which there are many indications : whereas the good conscience of Ravailiac, in the particular act of his assassination of King Henri, is the strongest evidence of the immorality of his general character. It convicts him of being guilty of that primary crime—that greatest violence which can be done to our rational and moral nature—that mental suicide which consists in a man's abnegation of his own reason—his surrender of his Heaven-endowed birthright to judge for himself, and the consigning of his soul to the direction of a Jesuit-priest, which is, as directly as may be, the selling of himself to the devil, unless there have been a personal transaction.

Estimate now as you can, friends, the evil and the good of Ravailiac's conduct, but remember it must be by the same balance and weights by which you try Calvin's. It is a critical manipulation. The one prosecuted his victim before the magistrates, to death, with a conscience ill at ease ; the other perpetrated his assassination with a conscience applauding him. The balance seems at first to incline in favour of Ravailiac ; but in its vibration it determines for Calvin. His bad conscience turns the scale in his favour against the good conscience of his competitor. In this trial of them, who was the least wicked man ? Some thoughtless ones may say, Is it not most paradoxical and absurd to represent the bad conscience of one man as giving him a moral preference to his neighbour who acts with a good conscience ? To many it may appear as a paradox ; but it is not an absurdity. A paradox often contains a valuable truth when it is resolved ; and the resolution in the present case is that Calvin's uneasy conscience indicated moral sensibility, whereas Ravailiac's satisfied conscience indicated stupor or death.

I recall your reflections, however, to the point logically before us. It is this, that unless a man have taken advantage of all the means within his power to ascertain what is his duty, his conscientiousness in obeying the prescriptions of his ill-informed judgment may avail him but little in the moral reckoning. What then are all these means? We have already seen that our convictions of what is right or wrong were formed in our infancy and childhood, by the smile or frown of the nurse, the example of parents and seniors, and their express teachings and prescriptions; and afterwards, in youth and manhood, by our own calculations and reflections on what is useful, and essentially proper and right. These constitute the whole of the means possessed by the heathen, and according to the diligent use which they make of them in forming their convictions, and the faithfulness with which they conform to these convictions, shall they be judged in eternity. "These, having not the [divine] law, are a law unto themselves—their thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another" (Rom. ii, 14, 15. How defective is that natural law, even when most studied and best learned! And how different are our circumstances and consequent weight of responsibility when a revelation has been made to us of the Will of the Creator for correcting and supplementing our defective and erroneous views of duty when we had been influenced and regulated only by the natural law! Speak not then of your good conscience, unless you at the same time assure us that you have carefully pondered the divine law as promulgated in the Holy Scriptures, so as to have your convictions of what is dutiful regulated by its prescriptions. Otherwise your conscience may be at ease, self-satisfied, and self-applauding, when all your work is an abomination to the Lord. I dispute not that your conscientiousness will avail something: I contend for that; but at best it will only act lightly as a counter-weight to your other great crime in refusing to inform yourself of what is your Master's law.

The second point, to which I must revert for preventing injurious misconceptions, is the statement made in the general discussion of the subject, that reparation of the wrong done will alone but surely quench the flame of an incensed conscience; that the flame has been made fierce by the Author of our constitutions for the gaining of this end, and that, when it has been gained, the flame immediately subsides; that shame and regret may remain, but that the burning of an evil conscience has passed away. All will admit this when the wrong is viewed as merely affecting a neighbour. But some may

question the statement when the wrong is viewed as affecting the insulted and outraged government of God. They may ask, Does the necessity of reparation hold good there also? Unquestionably, say Cardinal Wiseman and the whole tribe of the priesthood of the Apostasy. Pay down to us, the anointed judges and revenue officers, the penance reparation money. And observe you, that our claim is so well founded, that the British Parliament are compelled by the force of truth to acknowledge it; for they surely could not otherwise endow our professors, and pension our chaplains, for the teaching and practising of it.

The question is primarily for me and you, one of personal conscience. Must we make reparation to the divine government for all our offences before our consciences be quieted on sufficient grounds and without self-delusion? In answer, I ask, first, What is the sacrifice of Christ but the means of reparation laid at the door of each of us by divine mercy? (Gen. iv, 7); and, secondly, What is the action of faith but the lifting up of that Lamb of Expiation, and the carrying of it away in its arms to the tribunal of divine justice, and presenting it and pleading it as the argument of its forgiveness? "Thy sin is forgiven; go in peace, and sin no more," is the response of the conscience-pacifying oracle. Observe particularly, what is the Apostle Paul's representation of the matter. In Hebrews ix, 14, he says that the blood of Christ *purges the conscience* from dead works—i.e., from a sense of the guilt of works which deserve death. See, therefore, how a correct philosophy and scriptural doctrine harmonize. Metaphysical analysis, pursued without constraint, had brought us to the conclusion that reparation for the wrong was necessary for *extinguishing the flame* of an incensed conscience; and now we find the Apostle declaring that the blood of Christ, pleaded in faith, is the needful reparation for *purging* the conscience. All the difference lies in the figures employed. The one represents the conscience as being *inflamed*, the other as being *defiled*. But they unite in prescribing the same cure for the disease.

I wish I had opportunity for explaining some other subordinate points in this interesting study, especially in illustrating in what that which is popularly called the *hardening* of the conscience consists. I question if this hardening is an *induration* of the *emotional* susceptibility. I suspect it consists in the manner in which a course of evil obfuscates and obscures the intellectual judgment of what is right and wrong, and that an *awakened* conscience is the result, not of a *softened*

emotionalism, but of a judgment rectified by communicated truth. There lies in this, evidently, a great principle of education. We can rectify emotions only by rectifying the judgment.

But I must have done; and I conclude, first by expressing my hope that the discussion will disabuse the minds of some that there is nothing interesting but in the *material* study of iron, coal, and acids; secondly, in illustrating that the Holy Scriptures and metaphysical philosophy remarkably harmonize; and, thirdly, in impressing each one with a veneration for his own heaven-framed constitution, as having lodged within himself, as a part of himself, a vice-gerent of God, which signifies beforehand, for his warning or encouragement, what shall be the bitterness or sweetness of his eternal award. "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart. If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God" (1 John iii, 20, 21).

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO QUEENSTOWN.

ON Friday, the 24th of April, 1874, I set off, with the Rev. Dr. Morison, on a journey to the United States of America. Our object was twofold; for we had been deputed to represent the Evangelical Union of Scotland at the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which was to be held in the third week of May, at Springfield, Missouri; and we had also been advised, if not by physicians, yet by kind and considerate friends, to seek in foreign travel repose to the mind and re-invigoration to the wearied frame.

I shall not dwell upon any of the incidents of so common an occurrence as a run by railway to Liverpool, but shall commence my narrative at the moment when kind friends waved their final adieus to us as we were borne away on Saturday, at 2 P.M., in the tender from the wharf at that port, to the ship *Cuba* (Cunard Line), which lay moored in the middle of the Mersey. Some confusion prevailed in the goodly vessel for a time till the luggage was all on board and the mail bags let down to the hold; but at length, without the firing of signal

gun or any other token of farewell from the bustling harbour around us, we found that we were steaming down the Mersey and fairly on our way to the great Republic of the West.

The Irish Channel was comparatively calm on that Saturday night, so that even uninitiated voyagers were able to enjoy the first repast to which they were summoned, and also to walk in comfort upon the deck as the sun declined towards the west. When we awoke, however, in the morning, we found that not only were we coasting along the southern shore of Ireland, in front of the city of Waterford, but that something very like the swell of the Atlantic was beginning to tell both upon the heaving ship and some of the grieving passengers. For my own part I was unable to take any breakfast, and was fain to take refuge in my bed again, and enjoy the comfort which a recumbent position gave.

At mid-day, however, a yet sweeter relief was experienced; for the *Cuba* stood in for Queenstown harbour, and we soon had the satisfaction of steaming slowly and gently to the very centre of that fine natural asylum for ships, which used to be called the Cove of Cork up to the time of Queen Victoria's first visit. As we found that an hour or two would elapse before the London mails would come by train from Kingstown, the Rev. Mr. Baxter, of Wishart U. P. Church, Dundee, proposed to me that we might go on shore and enjoy a little of the religious service of the Scotch Presbyterian church, if indeed it had not been concluded. This gentleman and myself had been fellow-students at Glasgow University; and it was pleasant to meet thus unexpectedly, after a separation of thirty years, as fellow-passengers in an outward bound Atlantic steam ship.

Queenstown harbour is circular and almost land-locked—the only opening being at its southern end, that by which the *Cuba* had entered. The town, which contains three or four thousand inhabitants, is situated at the northern end of the bay; and when we reached the *terra firma* and looked back upon the beautiful little inclosure of water, we observed that Spike Island, the sombre convict settlement in the middle of the little Mediterranean, was really connected with the mainland; for a bridge—apparently of wood—stretched from it towards a quarry where, we were told, the prisoners were then labouring. Along this *via dolorosa*—a veritable bridge of sighs—the manacled men would walk to their work on Monday morning, who had been “bound in affliction and iron, because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High.”

The houses of Queenstown are built beautifully on the shore and rise amphitheatrically along the sides of the hill

which overlooks the bay. The handsome Scotch Presbyterian church itself was some little distance up the hill; but we were sorry to find that divine service was over, and that the congregation had dispersed. Some scores of children, however, had remained for their Sunday school lessons; and the worthy pastor, still dressed in gown and bands, was teaching a class near the pulpit. He received us very cordially, and told us frankly much about his church and people. We were quite interested in the programme of his Sunday work. "First of all," he said, "I am pulled in a boat in the morning, about the distance of six miles, to the fort which you saw bristling on the heights as you entered the harbour. Then I come back here in time for forenoon service, and besides this Sunday school I have to conduct evening service also. Then to-morrow forenoon I have to go several miles off to preach at an hospital; and I assure you, gentlemen, that I have neither too little work nor too much pay." May he be fully rewarded on high!

Time pressed; and we could not wait. Mr. Baxter turned to the boys in the minister's class and said, "Boys, I will tell you a short story. A deaf and dumb boy was once asked to describe the difference between a falsehood and a truth. He took out his pencil and drew a crooked line for falsehood, and a straight line for truth. Boys, avoid the crooked line and keep by the straight one all your days." It was the only sermon I heard that Sabbath, but there was enough in the short exhortation to be made a blessing to an immortal soul—enough to keep a man out of Spike Island in the bay, and to keep him from consorting with the "spirits in prison" in the world to come.

When we reached the little tender in which we had come ashore from the *Cuba*, and were still waiting for the arrival of the London mails, I could not help overhearing the way in which a Hibernian saleswoman was endeavouring to persuade a gentleman to buy some of the lace which she vended: "In troth, sir, there's the rose on it and the thistle on it and the shamrock on it, and all for half-a-crown! Who would not buy the rose and the thistle and the shamrock for half-a-crown? Shure and ye might buy it for your wife." "But, my good woman," rejoined the traveller, "that is just my great grief, that I am leaving my wife behind me, so that she is not here to get such a gift." "But troth, honey, you might send it to her by the post; it is light enough for the post, and it will go to-day." Only an Irish hawker could have pushed her sale so well.

But now the Holyhead train has come in, and we steam out to the *Cuba* with the latest British mail for the United States.

And what a sight it was—the descent of 120 sacks of letters into the hold of the ship, variously marked “New York,” “Boston,” “Chicago,” “St. Louis,” “San Francisco.” I was reminded of Cowper’s lines about the post-boy’s burden—

“Messengers of grief
Perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.”

How precious were these bales of letters! Unspeakably more precious than bales of mere merchandise could be! How many tears would they draw from sad eyes! And with smiles how sweet would they light up glad eyes! But make haste; bury them quickly in the hold. We have no time to wait, and have been too long here already. Such is life, alas! no time for sentimentalism,—often no time for sympathy:

“To him indifferent whether grief or joy.”

But there is no doubt that we are fairly off now, at 4 P.M. on Sunday afternoon, 26th April, not expecting to touch land again till we have passed Sandy Hook, if indeed Providence shall permit us to cross in safety the wide, waste wilderness of waters.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BOSOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

WHENEVER the *Cuba* got out of the still waters of Queenstown Harbour, she began to pitch and roll again in the disagreeable manner already described. An attempt to sit at the dinner table, made by me, was decidedly unsuccessful; for I was compelled to leave abruptly and in confusion. I soon afterwards repaired to my berth again, which I did not leave for nearly two days, that is, till Tuesday at mid-day. On Monday quite a stiff breeze began to meet us in the teeth, so that the motion of the ship became yet more laborious and difficult. My excellent companion, Dr. Morison, who shared the same cabin with me, but who assuredly did not share my sickness, kept reporting to me, all day, from time to time, “that the sight of the ocean was something grand indeed—that great billows were beginning to roll on the verge of the horizon”; and again, “that two gallant fellows had just climbed up to the top of the mizen mast, by the captain’s orders, to reef a sail.” It was rather tantalizing for me to lie cooped up within the narrow dimensions of a close apartment, measuring eight feet square, and hear such descriptions of oceanic magnificence

and marine intrepidity; but there was no help for it, since it was better to be comfortable and blind, than to be sick and see.

On Tuesday forenoon, however, my cabin steward, who was a Scotchman, by the way—a Girvan man—and who, therefore, took kindly to me as a brother Scot, began to scold me a little, and to insist that I would go upon the deck. "Of course," he said, "I might bring you all your food this way to the end of the voyage; but you would be quite weak by the time you reached New York: and I would like to send you on shore strong and hearty." So he helped me to dress, and then when I was dressed he helped me along the heaving, creaking corridors of that great ship, which looked to me during these lugubrious days like the corridors of a prison. I stayed on deck throughout the rest of the day, but felt very cold and uncomfortable; for whenever I attempted to walk about, I became immediately sick, so that I could only recline on a seat, with the chilling breezes of the Atlantic blowing round about me.

On Wednesday morning, my kind steward begged of me, since I had got on comparatively well the day before, to make an attempt to rise to breakfast; but alas! when he had helped me into the cabin saloon, I could only fling myself upon a sofa there, and beg to be let alone. One of the stewards who was waiting at the table, taking pity on my condition, approached me, and said, "That is not the place for you to be at all, sir, so near the end of the ship. You ought to go to the smoking room in the middle of the ship, where also you can get the fresh breeze all day." I was very glad to do anything that would relieve my present distress; so I suffered myself to be led to said smoking-room, although I did not very well see how the breezes could be kept fresh in the midst of tobacco smoke. But I must frankly confess that the change was of great advantage to me, or, as they say about soirees and concerts, "a decided success." In the first place, the motion of the ship was more endurable there than at the cabin end. Then again, this roomy apartment, which was reserved for the patrons of the *weed*, was on the deck and on a level with the engine-room. And, moreover, the free ventilation that was required to blow the narcotic fumes away, both fanned my temples and favoured my condition; for I found it far better to have the tobacco-laden breeze than no breeze at all. There, then, I lay, extended on a simply cushioned bench for several days, my head resting on pillows which had been kindly supplied me. My food was brought to me, from time to time, by the attentive waiters; and the gentlemen who

smoked, regarding me as a temporary invalid, often asked kindly after my sensations, and did not seem to think that I was at all in their way, although I did not countenance their custom of *burning their idol*.

Overhearing their conversation, I came to know several of them better,—that is, who they were and whither they were going. One young Belgian had not been long married, and was taking his interesting young wife to see the United States for her wedding trip—which I suppose he thought appropriate—because she had already entered the *united state*. Another gentleman had come from Australia to Britain, and was now continuing his commercial journey to the American continent. The Scotch accent of yet another fellow-passenger suggested inquiries which led to the discovery that he was a comparative neighbour, hailing from Barrhead. A sweet boy, too, who had been sent to the smoking-room like myself on account of his sickness, had been in Brussels at school, could speak and read French like a native, could read German with ease, and was on his way home with his mother to St. Louis on the far-distant Mississippi.

I overheard conversations, too, which sometimes amused me, sometimes pained me, and sometimes cheered and edified me. I was amused at the shifts which my fellow-voyagers were put to for the sake of relieving the monotony of the voyage, and the *ennui* that was inseparable from their compulsory idleness. A favourite joke, every morning, was to ask one of the stewards for the morning's paper; and, since the only new real thing *under the sun* was the authoritative declaration at twelve o'clock of the distance we had run during the preceding twenty-four hours, a bet was generally taken beforehand as to what the exact number of miles would be. What pained me was this, that the back window of the bar opened into this smoking-room; and I was sorry to see that certain gentlemen of the company tapped very frequently at this window, and consumed a great deal of strong drink in addition to the supplies they had at luncheon and at dinner-time. If the thing had not been altogether painful to me, I would have been amused at the slang names by which certain alcoholic preparations seemed to be known. Thus, for example, I heard the spokesman of a thirsty trio say one day to the waiter at that window, "Brandy and water for one, and dashing billows for two!" What he meant by "dashing billows" I did not know; but I thought to myself, as I lay there in my enforced prostration, that the billows dashed so well without, that of a truth we did not need any supplemental surges within.

But I sometimes heard what cheered and edified me, as I lay among these smokers, not smoking but played upon by smoke, yet happy because I was not sick. Sometimes the conversation took a religious turn, and this was not wonderful, considering that we were so entirely in the hands of the Almighty, out on the bosom of the deep. For example, I overheard two gentlemen, evidently of refinement and polish, slide gradually into a serious conversation, as they stood near me one day. At length he who sustained the chief burden of the colloquy spake as follows:—"I never knew how much I loved my son till he came down to bid me good-bye at the wharf, this last time I left New York. He is a very nice young man, my son, though I say it myself. I have never brought him up, do you know, in any rigid pharisaic way. For a long time I did not go to church myself on a Sunday; but since I began to get older I have gone once a day, either to morning or evening service, and I have allowed my son the same liberty that I took myself. Sometimes, if I say to him on a Sunday morning, 'Are you not coming to church with us?' he will reply, 'I don't feel inclined to-day, father'; in that case I never force him. But, perhaps, the very next Sunday, he will say to me, 'Father, you are tired to-day; you had better stay at home, and I will take mother to church.' Oh, he is a very nice boy, my son, I assure you. And, do you know, all the religion I have ever taught him is this, never to go against his conscience, and never to do anything that he would not respect himself for doing." Now, I must confess, that this theology of the smoking-room pleased me not a little. There was, to be sure, a deficiency and a haziness about it that comported somewhat with the haziness of the atmosphere in which it was spoken; but, for all that, there was a practical honesty in it which supplied the very *desideratum* that is wanting in the religion of so many professing Christians. A conscience void of offence with God and man is admirable New Testament religion.

I must not omit to notice that all this time, that is, from Monday to Friday, a stiff breeze blew from the west, of course directly opposing our onward progress. By the Wednesday the captain had ordered all the steerage passengers, of whom there were upwards of two hundred, to keep below; for the great waves dashed every now and then so furiously over the ship's bow, that it was positively dangerous for them to remain on deck. I must confess that I had never seen such heavy seas before; and I sometimes thought that we were in considerable danger. Especially had I this fear on the Thursday forenoon, when I was lying in the smoking-room, my only

companion in that wind-swept apartment being a young Spaniard who, like myself, was crossing the Atlantic for the first time. We heard a great cry coming from the steerage end, and, on looking out, observed that the whole front part of the ship was filled with a mighty wave which had just broken over us. The mariners were up to their knees in water; and as the billow rolled up into the smoking-room, the Spaniard, pale with alarm, also uttered an exclamation of terror. Although I did not share in his cry, I must admit that I shared in his fear. The sailors, however, quickly let the water run out at the port holes, and when we asked them, as they passed us hurriedly at their work, if there had been any danger, they only laughed, and said, "It was nothing at all!"

We had been anxiously looking forward to Friday, the 1st of May, because we had been led to expect that the new moon would bring us a change of weather. Nor were we disappointed; for at mid-day on Friday, the wind moderated, and I was delighted to find that I was able to move a little along the deck without being sick. On Thursday we had passed the *Olympus*, bound for Boston, which had left Liverpool two days before us; so that it was plain that the *Cuba*, however much retarded by adverse breezes, when compared with her neighbours, was by no means at the bottom of the list in point of speed. We were glad to learn from the night watch on Friday morning that we had met the companion ship, the *China*, also of the Cunard line, that morning at 6 A.M. As the *China* had left New York at the very hour when we left Liverpool, it cheered us to think that we were now about half-way across, and that every turn of the screw would make that half-way distance less. It was pleasant on this Friday afternoon, also, to see our hands signalling to a great three-master, and getting tidings as to her name and destination back in return for ours. I was also able on this day, for the first time since Sunday, to go into the cabin, and sit down to dinner.

On Saturday, we were off the Newfoundland banks, although we had still 1,100 miles to run. It was very wet in the morning, and became very foggy in the afternoon. This we had been led to expect. Fogs are common on "the banks" on account of the cold. In all probability, icebergs, we were told, were not very far away, although happily we did not see any, and did not run any down!

On Sunday, 3rd May, the calm weather continued, so that we were all able to attend prayers in the cabin at half-past ten A.M. I liked to hear the solemn sound of the Sabbath bell, as it summoned us slowly but melodiously to the worship

of God. We could not hear the chimes that were resounding, either on the British or the American shore; but the *Cuba* made very good chimes of her own, and I have a very distinct and pleasing recollection of the soothing and solemnizing effect which the tinkle of that bell in the middle of the ocean had upon my mind.

It seems to be the custom of the Cunard Company to ask no ministers who may be on board their ships to preach on the Lord's-day. Perhaps, viewed from one standpoint, the rule is a good one, for it may help to keep down the jealousies and heart-burnings of different denominations; and we must confess that even good people have not all yet learned the difficult lesson "in honour to prefer one another." Still all the ministers on board, both on the outward and homeward voyages, would have been glad if any one of their number had been asked to officiate; and the majority of the passengers felt that a discourse would have been decidedly acceptable. On this occasion, however, the surgeon of the ship read the prayers of the Church of England; and I must admit that he read very well. Captain Moodie was present, with his officers, and a considerable detachment of the crew, dressed in their best. As there were 96 cabin passengers, this reinforcement to our numbers made up quite a respectable assembly. I thought that the devotion of the worshippers was sincere: and no wonder; for were we not entirely in the hands of Him who held the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand? The responses "Lord have mercy upon us," "Christ have mercy upon us," were made reverently, both by fashionably dressed ladies and by weather-beaten tars, and with a little of that unction that accompanied the publican's cry; and when we came to the 5th verse of the 95th Psalm (which is always read in the morning service of the Church of England), "The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land," the comprehensive words seemed to go home to every heart. I was glad that at the place in the prayer-book where the name of Queen Victoria is mentioned, the Doctor added the name of the "President of the United States." We were, indeed, within the government of neither, for we were at the moment under what might be called a great oceanic theocracy; but we had left the dominion of the one, and were bound for that of the other, and therefore it was right to pray for both. A brief prayer was read toward the close of this service, invoking the blessing of God "on this ship in which we are now sailing." The Almighty was fervently supplicated to bring us through all the dangers of our voyage; and consecrated lives were promised to him as votive offerings, if he would graciously

permit us to anchor in our desired haven. Two simple and well known hymns were sung, the one at the beginning, and the other at the end of the service, the tune being raised by one of the "hands," and exactly at half-past eleven the company broke up, many of them doubtless refreshed by communion with God.

It was well, indeed, that our service was concluded before mid-day, since as violent a gale as we had yet encountered broke out upon us about 1 P.M., and raged for twenty-four hours. Whereas our average speed had been 260 and 280 miles per day, for the day ending at noon on Monday, 4th May, our progress had been only 159 miles, the slowest we had made. For a while, indeed, we had crept along only at the rate of 5 miles an hour. The passengers were all a good deal discouraged; because we had been calculating on reaching New York on Tuesday or Wednesday at furthest; but now it began to be feared that our voyage would not end before Thursday, or later still, if such adverse weather continued.

On Monday afternoon, however, the gale died away, and we enjoyed tolerably good weather afterwards, till our voyage was ended. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the chief engineer, a Scotchman also (a Fife-man), took the Rev. Mr. Baxter and myself down into the hold of the ship, and showed us not only his great engines, and the ever-revolving screw, running back from them to the stern, but also—in a *flat* lower down still—the great fires blazing, that might be called the source and centre of all the power that had propelled us against the billows of the Atlantic. We saw, in dark recesses too, the immense supplies of coal which had been laid up for our use before we left Liverpool. The great heap was nearly exhausted now; but our guide informed us that 1,500 tons were piled up there when we left the Mersey. As I saw the workmen engaged before these blazing furnaces, just as I had seen men at great iron-works on land, like those at Shotts and Muirkirk, heaving in, from time to time, fresh supplies of fuel, and hardly able themselves to stand before the heat, I wondered how human skill had contrived to build vessels capable of floating on the water so long and so far away, while yet their fabrics could endure, without conflagration, night and day, and for weeks together, the action of such scorching furnace fires. The chief engineer also informed us that the engines of the *Cuba* were of 2,300 horse-power.

I should perhaps have noticed sooner that it was a daily source of amusement on board ship to notice the mariners heaving the line, for the purpose of finding out the rate per hour at which the *Cuba* was going. The principle of calcula-

tion is just this, that if the speed has been so much (indicated by the amount of string run out) in so many seconds, what will it be in an hour? Yet the speed may not remain uniform for a whole hour; and thus such calculations could only be approximations to accuracy. But, happily, these could either be verified or corrected, when the captain or first officer "took the sun," as he did every day at 12 o'clock. Even so, when we compare ourselves among ourselves we may make great mistakes; but when we look up to the Sun of Righteousness, and make Him our standard of measurement, all is well.

I noticed that the steward put the hands of the clock in the *Cuba* back 25 minutes every day at 12 o'clock, that is to say, if our speed had been about the average. He got orders in fact, when the meridian calculations had been made, to put it back, more or less, according to the run made in twenty-four hours. In New York the time is nearly five hours behind ours, because the sun reaches England, or, what is the same thing, England reaches the sun, sooner than America. We used to say to one another, in New York, at tea time, "Our friends in Glasgow will be thinking of retiring to rest."

Early on Wednesday morning the pilot came on board. These useful friends of the mariner cruise about, off New York, on the look-out for vessels, and sometimes run out even a couple of hundred miles to sea, as this one had done, in the expectation of meeting some coming ship. They sail in strong sea-worthy yachts, each of which has a number emblazoned on its principal sail, so large that it is legible a great distance off. Our pilot's boat, if I remember aright what was told me, was marked "14." I say "what was told me"; for I was asleep in my berth, and did not rise to see the pilot come on board. Yet, strangely enough, the stoppage of the engines, when his yacht came alongside of the *Cuba*, awoke all the passengers. We had grown, unconsciously, so accustomed to the incessant beat of the diligent engine and the splash of the propelling screw, that when they ceased for a minute or two, the silence caused by the cessation startled us all out of our slumbers. I had often moralized upon the unwearied activity of the engine, whose throbbings we could hear in storm or calm, and in the midst alike of darkness and the brightness of day. It reminded me of the natural heart of man, which beats from the hour of birth till it begins to slow and flutter during final sickness, and ultimately ceases strangely when death comes; as well as of the spiritual heart of the Christian which pulsates unceasingly to the glory of God amid the storms of affliction, persecution, and temptation, till the anchor is cast at length in the tranquil river of life.

On Wednesday, it was found at noon that we had made a run of 329 miles during the previous twenty-four hours—the greatest distance traversed in a day since we had left Ireland. At 7 P.M. we met the *Scotia*—also of the Cunard line—which had left New York that morning. Evidently the city of our destination was now near at hand.

It was matter of no small regret to us that we did not approach New York by daylight. We had all wished to see afar off the promontory called Sandy Hook and the shipping in New York harbour. But we saw it sufficiently as we left the American shore on our way home. I may here remark that the cape just mentioned is 18 miles distant from New York, and is formed by a narrow neck of land which juts out from the mainland of New Jersey in the form of a *hook*, and presenting to the eye of the spectator a shore covered with *sand*—hence the name.

We did not even see the light which flashes on the shore of Long Island, revealing the first land that had been visible since we had seen our last of the coast of old Ireland. Some of the passengers had waited up to see it; but Dr. Morison and myself had retired to rest at our usual hour. So when we awoke in the morning the iron heart of the good ship *Cuba* had ceased to beat for a time, and we were anchored off Staten Island, five miles from New York, at what is called the Quarantine Station. I could see the elegant villas of the New York gentry on the shore out of my cabin window when I opened my eyes. It was as when a Christian who has passed through much stormy affliction has fallen into a state of unconsciousness, and is surprised to find himself waking up within sight of the Celestial City.

CHAPTER III.

OUR FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK.

OUR American cousins are proud of the harbour of New York, and not without good reason. Strictly speaking, there are two harbours, separated from, or connected with, one another by the strait called the "Narrows." It was in this channel that we found ourselves at rest on the morning of Thursday, 8th May. The first of these harbours, or protected bays, is about ten miles long; but, although ships find refuge there, and a sweet asylum when a storm is blowing outside, they do not tarry in its tranquillity, but pass on through "the Narrows" (a passage which is a couple of miles in extent, between Staten Island

and Long Island) into the second or proper harbour. There, in reality, are to be found vessels of all sizes and of all nationalities, and, at its northern end, the marvellous, tripartite city of New York.

If we passed quarantine that morning (as I believe we did), it must have been wholly on the authority and favourable report of the doctor of the *Cuba*; for no examining officer appeared, at any rate, in the cabin end of the ship. Our breakfast party was somewhat a peculiar one on that occasion. Almost every passenger wore a different dress from that which had been used during the voyage, as if he or she were specially rigged out for *terra firma*. We seemed, moreover, to be taking our food in haste, as if, like the Israelites, we had now our staves in our hands, and were ready to go on shore to receive the welcome of our friends who were expecting us. We were also more communicative and frank with one another; for people who had not exchanged words all the voyage, now nodded good-naturedly, or, shaking hands cordially, said a fervent mutual farewell. As we steamed slowly up the four or five miles that lay between Staten Island and New York, a fashionable young lady, to whom I had never been introduced, broke the silence of the fortnight, and, pointing to the New Jersey shore, exclaimed with even dramatic enthusiasm, "O sir, that is the home of my childhood!"

I have called New York a tripartite city; and now this peculiarity of its site began to open up to our view. New York proper, containing a million of inhabitants, lies on an island called Manhattan, fourteen miles long, and on an average one mile and three-fifths broad. We could see the great city right before us. Then Brooklyn, separated from Manhattan by an arm of the sea about a quarter of a mile broad, and containing half a million of inhabitants, is situated on a corner of Long Island, and lies on the right hand of the voyager, as he steams up the bay. Thirdly, Jersey City, built on the mainland, and containing 100,000 inhabitants, is on the traveller's left hand, and is separated from Manhattan Island by the mouth of the Hudson, about half or three-quarters of a mile wide. I should have mentioned sooner that divers forts guard the approach to New York every here and there, some built on the shores of "the Narrows," and others on little islands which seem almost to have been created for the express purpose of affording protection to the great commercial metropolis of the west. For although these three cities just described have separate constitutions and municipal governments, yet, since they are all maintained by the merchandise of one port, and are connected by ferries that keep plying day and night,

they deserve to be regarded as a commercial trinity—a civic three-in-one.

The vessels of the Cunard line have their landing station in Jersey City. Consequently the *Cuba* began gradually to draw in towards the left hand side of the bay, and we could soon tell, from the preparations that were made to receive us, and the few individuals who were on the outlook for our arrival, where the exact point of our debarkation was to be. Dr. Morison and myself were glad that we were among the favoured ones whose friends were expecting them at that early hour; for Mr. John Service and Mr. John Crawford, both brought up in churches of the Evangelical Union in Glasgow, had been apprised of our voyage, and were ready to give us a warm welcome whenever we set foot on American soil.

The first thing that demanded our attention was the examination of our baggage by the custom-house officer. Our various trunks were very expeditiously spread out in a great wooden shed; and chalk marks of approval began forthwith to be written very summarily on those which were judged to be free of all smuggled goods. The official seemed, in many instances, to walk by faith, rather than by sight, for several travellers were not put to the trouble of opening their trunks at all. Thus Dr. Morison's great leathern portmanteau escaped altogether unexamined; but surely the "man with the ink-horn" thought me a more suspicious character than the Doctor, for he doomed me to an immediate display of my worldly goods to the gaze of the curious and the critical. However, the inspection of one trunk satisfied my judge, and the rest were all marked with a white mark, because their neighbours had passed scathless through the scrutiny.

Our first care was to get across from Jersey City to New York; nor was the transit difficult, because one of the ferries was quite at hand. I had never before seen so great a ferry boat as that into which we were led. Carriages of all descriptions were driven into the central part of it; while hundreds of passengers were accommodated in the side divisions. The greater number of these seemed to be gentlemen crossing to business, for it was now fully nine o'clock. I observed that the principal buildings, which overtopped all others in the panoramic prospect of New York, which met our eyes as we crossed, were the spire of Trinity Church, and the dome of the new post-office, which is being built at immense cost to the community.

We might have hired a carriage at New Jersey, which would have crossed in the ferry boat with us, and taken us direct to our hotel; but our kind friend, Mr. Service, advised us against

such a course, because we could not have hired such a conveyance for less than five dollars—about £1 of our money. And here I have to notice one serious deficiency of which British travellers become conscious in New York, and throughout America generally—the want of cabs. Anthony Trollope felt the want greatly when he was in the United States, and complains loudly against it in his book of travels. A traveller finds no means of locomotion available between an expensive carriage and a tramway car, or omnibus, which generally refuses his baggage, or has no room for it. Our friend, therefore, advised us to send our baggage to the hotel on which we had fixed, by what is called “Adams’s Express” (certainly an admirable institution), and follow ourselves in a series of tramway cars, through which he kindly volunteered to pilot our way.

As we had to walk a little distance to catch one of these cars, almost the first lesson which we learned was another, also unfavourable, to American reputation; for we found that the public streets were not kept in that cleanly condition which is the characteristic of our own. Evidently nocturnal scavenger work is not carried on in New York, at least not so searchingly and *sweepingly* as with us. Boxes, too, and bales of goods are allowed to be piled up on the pavements, at least in side streets, in a way that would not be allowed in Britain. It looked as if the Americans were so intent upon making money, that they did not care for these minor elegances. As to the state of the streets, however (which we found to be comparatively uncleanly over the whole Continent), we were told everywhere that the various cities and towns were called upon to pay smartly every year for all such needful things; but so great were the venality and corruption of the men whom universal suffrage generally put in, that they devoted to their own selfish ends the money intrusted to their care, and intended for the public weal. A measure of *rowdyism*, however, prevails in the great centres of population in the United States, owing to the immense influx of adventurers from all parts of the world, for which no system of government, perhaps, is responsible, and which no change of administration could wholly cure.

To get done with all my fault-finding at once (for, in reality, admiration was the emotion which almost unceasingly filled us during our entire journey), we were surprised to see that the people who originated the system of tramway cars, so commonly overcrowded these useful vehicles. It looked as if the doctrine of the freedom of the citizen was carried out practically to such an extent that, if any individual wished accommodation, it could not be denied him as long as there was standing room in the conveyance. Passengers were allowed freely, moreover, to

jump off and jump on either before or behind, so that the untrammelled citizens seemed at full liberty to kill themselves if they pleased; and it was wonderful that serious accidents were not of common occurrence.

The Brevoort House, to which we had been recommended as a quiet and respectable hotel, was fully three miles distant from the ferry at which we disembarked, so that we had a good opportunity of observing, during this our first ride in New York, the size, bustle, and commercial importance of the place. It had all the roar of London, with its riches and teeming population too. I have said that the Manhattan Island, on which the city stands, is fourteen miles long and not quite two broad. I may here observe that for six miles from the southern point this island is densely occupied with the houses of New York, and irregularly, on one side, for four miles more. It is plain, then, that if the abundance of water that surrounds the great metropolis be advantageous to its interests as a sea-port, its insular position is somewhat unfavourable to its future development. It is probable, however, that when the island of Manhattan has been completely filled up, New York will just overflow more abundantly into Long Island and the New Jersey State. Yet, even in that case, the fact that the length of Manhattan is out of all proportion with its breadth, and the separation by water of one part of the city from the other, will continue to be in some respects a disadvantage and a drawback to the great sea-port; yet where will we find absolute perfection in this world?

The Brevoort House is in the Fifth Avenue, and at the corner of Eighth Street. This descriptive sentence seems to call for some additional preliminary explanation here. It was Philadelphia which, since the commencement of this century, set the example to the American cities of naming their streets by the certainly prosaic, yet convenient, plan of arithmetical enumeration. Before the idea was originated by Philadelphia, New York had been built about half way up to its present terminus. In that old part of the town the streets, both in their construction and nomenclature, exhibit all the confusion of the old *régime*. But at that half way point the new order begins, and certainly the word is appropriate, for the innovation is most ORDERLY. All the streets running east and west are called First Street, Second Street, Third Street, &c.; while those running north and south, and cutting the former at right angles, are called First Avenue, Second Avenue, Third Avenue, &c. As equal distances extend between all these streets and avenues, it is not difficult to reckon up the interval, in yards or miles, that intervenes

between some inquiring stranger and his desired destination. The difference between the length and breadth of New York comes out clearly in the fact, that while the streets already count up to the Seventy-third, and are every month increasing, the avenues are only eleven in number, and cannot be increased.

We found the Brevoort House to be quite a grand and yet comfortable place. It is "conducted on the European principle," which seems to mean that breakfast is not served so very early as at other boarding houses, and that, instead of being expected to dine with a great many other people at the same table, numerous little tables are spread over the elegant dining-room, at which only one party is entertained at a time. The first thing that arrested my attention, when I sat down in the waiting-room to which we were conducted, was the peculiar coal that was burning in the grate. It is called "anthracite," and emits no smoke. It looks like charcoal; but it is natural coal, dug up, with that remarkable peculiarity of *smokelessness*, in New York State. This is the reason why New York and the cities on the eastern sea-board are so remarkably free from smoke. Yet we were told that the anthracite was not thought to be so healthy as the smoke-producing species, and that the secret cause of the blanched cheeks of American ladies might be found in the invisible fumes or evil influences sent forth by this cleanly but unkindly coal. My lady readers will all be disposed to cry out, "We would rather have smoke, and colour in our cheeks, than no smoke and no colour!"

Did I say that the Brevoort House was fashionable? I should even have called it aristocratic or princely, since Prince Arthur took up his abode there when he visited New York. Let not any critics say that E. U. in this case meant that the ministers were *extremely uppish*, for they did not know all these famous facts when they made their decision.

We now sallied forth with our friend Mr. Service, to see his place of business, in Canal Street. On the road we had the opportunity of enjoying our first ride on Broadway. This great thoroughfare is not very broad now, whatever it may have been thought at the time when it got the name. It is not so broad as Argyle Street in Glasgow; but for four or five miles the stream of traffic is unceasing and immense. For about two miles the street runs in a perfectly straight line, from the Battery, at the southern end of the island; but at Union Square, near Mr. Stewart's great retail warehouse, it takes a bend westward, and after running a mile or two farther in an oblique direction, it is lost in the comparative quietude and stately dignity of the Seventh Avenue.

A stranger sees nothing in this great thoroughfare to dis-

tinguish it from the main street of a European metropolis ; except, perhaps, that in their zeal for advertising, some of the merchants of New York, not content with the publicity of signboards, announce their wares every here and there by waving strips of canvass carried from one side of the street to the other, much in the same way as triumphal arches are hung across our thoroughfares when a royal personage is about to make a public entry.

No tramway cars are allowed in Broadway. Omnibuses run instead, and these are very beautiful ones. They are not much larger than a gentleman's *sociable*, and, having all white roofs and sides, they are both prominent and pleasing objects on the street. To make up for their comparative smallness, their number is very great ; and at one part of Broadway, where from a slight eminence a view can be had for a long way both north and south, one would think sometimes that the row of these elegant vehicles was unbroken. A peculiar mode of lifting the fares obtains in these Broadway omnibuses, which both saves a guard and prevents dishonesty. Every person on entering is expected to put his fare (10 cents) into a glass receptacle which is exactly behind the driver's seat. The driver can look back to see if the right fare has been dropped in. He is ready to hand change through an opening if it be needed. Thus the proprietors of the omnibuses trust to the honesty of the public, and not to that of individual conductors. And, of course, since it is well known that every person on entering is expected to pay, nobody dare decline or fail to do so. A fine opportunity also is afforded the gentlemen of being gallant and polite, in the way of handing up the fares of the fair ladies, if they be not within reach of the transparent receptacle. In the tramways the fare, 5 cents (about twopence of our money), is lifted by the guards, as is done here.

Through the kindness of our friend, we had the opportunity of dining in a large New York restaurant at noon. As we had breakfasted early on board the *Cuba*, the recuperative repast was welcome. I noticed three peculiarities in this great dining hall. The waiters were all black ; ladies sat freely among gentlemen ; and strawberries, sent up by rail from Florida in the first week of May, reminded us that we were now dwelling in an immense country, at the southern extremity of which an Egyptian temperature had prevailed, at the very time when all the rigour of an Arctic winter was being experienced in the north.

Immediately after dinner we repaired to the office of a telegraphic company, that we might transmit the news of our safe arrival in New York along the Submarine Atlantic

Cable. As I had never before been initiated into the mysteries of the telegraphic code, it may interest my readers to be told how our message was sent. Each word that is "wired" along the cable costs 4s.; and yet we sent for 12s. a message to the effect that "we had arrived safely, but had encountered stormy weather." And of these three words "Glasgow" was one; the name of the Glasgow firm to whom the message was addressed, a second; while the entire message was conveyed by means of one word! How could this be? The answer to this question reveals the mode by which the greater part of the business of the world is conducted in these days of modern telegraphy. A set of words had been agreed upon before we left Glasgow, each of which was to have a certain meaning. Thus: "Florentine," in honour of the name of Dr. Morison's residence, was to mean, "Arrived safe; Dr. Morison sick during voyage; Mr. Ferguson not." "Blackfriars" was to mean, "Mr. Ferguson sick; the Doctor not." While "Evangelical" was to mean, "Arrived safe, after a rather stormy passage." Eight words in all had been agreed upon in our little code; but we chose the word "Evangelical," as that which described our passage out in the most comprehensive manner. Why Dr. Morison and his friend in Glasgow had assigned to that precious and familiar word such a meaning I cannot tell. Perhaps there was no hidden significance in the selection at all. But if they meant that Christ's blessed Evangel had encountered stormy seas, and would yet reach the shore of triumph; or that our little Evangelical Union had encountered stormy seas, and would yet reach the shore of success,—as we had suffered for more than a week, and yet had landed that day in peace,—they would only have been seeking to express what was true both of the greater and of the less.

Having finished this important piece of business, we set off to visit a Christian gentleman to whom one of our number was distantly related by marriage. John Aitken, Esq., had left the village of Cumbernauld some forty years ago to push his fortune in the great sea-port on the Hudson; and he has now reached a high position in the city, since his wholesale and retail warehouse is one of the handsomest on Broadway, and he is universally respected as one of the pillars of the Presbyterian Church, besides being one of the most liberal and beneficent inhabitants.

As Mr. Aitken was driving us along the Fifth Avenue to his elegant residence in Forty-fourth Street, we met the New York gentry on their way home from their afternoon drive in the Central Park. I was amazed at the splendour of their equipages and the unbroken line of their conveyances. It reminded

me of what I had seen in Hyde Park in London, and the Champs Elysées in Paris. Indeed, the magnificence of these New York charioteers, if anything, excelled the fashionable world of Paris. And although the ladies had not so much colour in their cheeks as English ladies, they had not the burnt up look I expected. They were plump and buxom, and besides being expensively dressed, were generally, I must add, extremely good-looking.

We must not lift the veil from private life. Suffice it to say that we spent a most pleasant evening in this Christian home which we had thus early gone to visit. And now that we were far away from old Scotland, it was pleasant to hear Scottish stories which we had never heard before, told, moreover, with a pure Scottish accent that had been preserved uncorrupt for forty years amid the Babel sounds of a teeming hive of human industry. And thus ended our first day in New York.

(To be continued.)

TRUE ECONOMY, ON SCRIPTURAL PRINCIPLES.

IN the management of property of all kinds, great or small, public or private, economy is a duty which no prudent man will neglect. It requires forethought, self-denial, and practical wisdom. Expenditure depends on income. Dishonesty begins when desires are gratified without the means of purchase. It increases every time debt is incurred without the capital or income which makes payment probable. The honesty of risking the property of others in commerce, of trading on nothing but borrowed money, opens a wide field for casuistry. Success justifies many ventures. We do not discuss this question. But without economy no scheme deserves success. In the regulation of the affairs of daily life, economy of time and strength cannot be neglected long without serious consequences. But are there not good grounds for supposing that by many the principle is misunderstood, and the duty neglected? The temptations to extravagance were probably never greater than at present, for they come in forms which appeal to the tastes and requirements of all classes. The improvements in machinery and the rapid means of transit have brought articles of luxury within the reach of the humble, which formerly were the ambition of the wealthy. In the spread of education, new wants have been fostered that call for gratification. As in themselves considered, more refined tastes are good and often ennobling, it is all the more difficult to show that they may

lead to great evil unless regulated by economy. But if the want of foresight, of calculation, and watchfulness lead even the righteous into trouble, simply through careless management of possessions, much more do the depraved appetites of the vicious and intemperate increase the dangers of ruin; for economy need hardly be commended when the law and love of God are spurned. However, those who love God will seek to please Him in all things, and will consider nothing unworthy of consideration that may assist them to perform their duties. They hold, as stewards, their time, their means, and talents; and desiring to be faithful, they wish to know the principles on which they can expect to manage best the property with which they are intrusted. At the great day of awards, when every responsibility will be measured by possession and opportunity, it will be found true that "he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The claims of the Lord Jesus Christ as the workman's friend, if widely recognized, would lessen not a few of the evils of trade and commerce that are now grievously felt. Some disasters can be traced to the very principles which are advocated by many as the only means of cure—principles grounded on selfishness, productive of strife and misery, and antagonistic to the best interests of society. The disputes between employers and employed seem daily becoming more rancorous. A spirit of aversion is manifesting itself between capitalists and workmen, beginning in heart-burnings, and often ending in hatred and open hostility. If the law of demand and supply be worshipped ignorantly by both parties as at present, and the higher interests of men disregarded in the race for riches and the struggle for power, there will likely be more disasters, crippling trade in all its departments. Our hope of the future rests in the truths of the Gospel—not in sham brotherhoods such as are captivating the affections of many workmen, taking them under their fraternal care, saving them the trouble of thinking where they can be most useful, by fixing when and how long they should labour, with whom and by whom they should be employed; promising liberty and larger remuneration; yet after all, granting only restrictions and enforcing larger subscriptions. Some associations (*e. g.*, the International) are founded on principles that would soon disorganize society, destroy security, and make liberty impossible. Present agitations may subside, but no permanent rest can be found until the truths of Christianity are accepted as the best guides, until workmen listen to the voice of their friend, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will

give you rest." Without a spirit of love and respect for justice, such as Christ inculcated by precept and example, there must be constant animosity. But if men come round to God in Christ, the outward relations of man to man will be rectified, pleasure will be found united to duty, and a spirit of rest infused into labour.

However, some workmen might say, This may be all true; but this change for the better can only take place gradually: the selfishness of employers requires to be counteracted; and as we cannot command a cure, it would be better if you could suggest a remedy. We see to our cost daily, that in world's wealth it is plain that "he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath." The rich increase in riches, and the poor in poverty. Now, things being as they are, and the spirit of selfishness rampant, what should we do? How can we escape from this principle which works against us?

It works against those only who disregard it, and do not take the pains to yoke their purposes to it. What you should do first is to accept Christ as your Saviour and Lord, and in the spirit of his service try to spread the principles of love and self-denial that he inculcated. So long as you are giving the weight of your influence to the side of wrong-doing, you are not only opposing the right, but helping principles the tendency of which is to make evil dominant, to spread and perpetuate suffering. Whatever reformation is merely outward is merely temporary. The internal causes that produced the external disorder may be left untouched. Although the hands of the clock are set to the right time, if the weights and wheels that regulate the hands be not properly adjusted, the indications will soon become erroneous; and until the inside workings be put right, no reliance can be placed on the time indicated. We believe that the afflictions and disorders of society arise from spiritual causes—from spiritual disorders. The wheels have been moved aside from their true centres—they no longer turn on their pivots freely and sweetly. They have become clogged by sin and damaged by evil habits. They need to be repaired. Outward reform is better than indifference; but permanent rectification must be sought from the operation of those principles and agents that can cleanse the heart and rectify the spirit. The truths of the Gospel of Christ are the power of God unto salvation. Hence we advise, first of all, and endeavour to persuade men everywhere, to take the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and example. But as selfishness prevails in the world, we need not expect to pass through it without suffering; for we are not better than our

Master. His purity did not protect him from the consequences of evil around him. Our imperfections lay us open to many pains; but we may shield ourselves from not a few by practising economy.

The word is compounded of the two Greek words for a house and a law; so that, originally, economy referred to the law of the household. But it acquired many meanings, being employed to describe the general operations of nature for the preservation of life, and to denote the arrangement of work systematically. Writers on ethics include under "economics" the duties arising from the relations of masters and servants; and, as may be observed, it is these relations especially that we are keeping in view. We define economy as "the judicious management of the powers possessed."

True economy, then—the judicious management of the powers possessed—does not exclude wise liberality, and it does not sanction parsimony. It is written (Prov. xi, 24-31), "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that withholdeth corn" (might one not say also, he that unwisely withholdeth labour—for there is no difference in principle between the withholding of corn by the farmers before the corn laws were abolished, and the principle of strikes), "the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it. He that diligently seeketh good procureth favours: but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him. He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch. He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind: and the fool shall be servant to the wise of heart. The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; but he that winneth souls is wise. Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth: much more the wicked and the sinner." Those who have had most experience of life are best able to corroborate these statements of Solomon; and the verdict of the science of wealth, political economy, will entirely coincide with that of inspiration.

Judicious charity is not condemned by wise economy; although improper saving from a parsimonious spirit will be found not to result in an accumulation of good, but in a diminution of blessings. A miser is, as the name implies, a wretched man. Although he should renounce all luxuries, and scrimp all necessities, like the one who, to save his coals and still derive heat from them, fell on the plan of carrying them through his garret instead of burning them; yet he

would be living niggardly but not economically. Both extravagance and parsimony are opposed to true economy. Neither would receive the sanction of Christianity; for we are told by Paul (Rom. xiii, 7-14), to "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything, but to love one another: . . . for love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. . . . Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." And in like manner, he instructed Titus to be blameless as the steward of God; "not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre, but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate." Now, these virtues are quite consistent with, and can only be practised by wise economy, while they are opposed both to extravagance and parsimony.

However, there are some who practise saving on the necessities of life, in order that they may have luxuries to gratify depraved appetites. In city life, air, light, house-room are almost as essential to health as food and water; and yet there are some who, that they may enjoy their pipe and their tumbler, keep themselves, and bring up their families in close, ill-ventilated rooms, or even put up with a single apartment, violating all the laws of health, and removing the needful guards of decency and morality. We wish not to say a word against the deserving poor, or against those who have no luxuries, and can with difficulty procure comforts; but when labour is both the capital and inheritance of the family, it is plain that a judicious management of the powers possessed would never allow the interests of health to be sacrificed to luxury or vanity. True economy would make provision for air, room, light—both for the body and the mind, ranking them among the necessities along with bread and water. Is not the soul as much in need of instruction as the body is in need of food? Should not provision be made for both as essential, and, according to the income, expenditure regulated, first of all, so as to procure these necessities?

One of the curses of modern life is the passion for display, which leads thousands off their feet in the pursuit of finery. How many are anxious to excess about that which is of secondary moment, and altogether forgetful, alas! of much that is of primary importance? Both health of body and peace of mind are destroyed by the reigning fashion for *show* at any price.

Understanding economy, then, as the judicious management of the powers possessed, let us next consider its relation to *increase of good*. "For he that hath, to him shall be given." If we trace wealth to its source, we shall be led past the rights of property and the profits of commerce, and find that these have sprung from the native powers with which God has endowed man, and the dominion to which he was appointed—as we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image" (Gen. i, 26, 27). We have to pass over many stages of civilization, from the earliest, in which we find few men with large tracts of country waiting to be inhabited,—men with few wants, and these easily supplied from the unclaimed abundance,—men having no possessions except in flocks and herds and the treasure they could carry with them from place to place. We have to pass over the nomadic life of wandering with no fixed habitation; then the rude settlements for defence and intercourse,—the village life in which workers in leather, and cloth, in wood, and brass, and iron, came to devote themselves to special callings, as their neighbours became wealthy enough to employ them. The wealth of nations grew after many developments of trade and much progress in the arts and sciences, when the refinements, conveniences, and enjoyments of life had become known and possessed by multitudes. Latterly, we find the necessities of life within the reach of all able to labour, at whatever calling they may be most expert; and with higher civilization there comes greater division of labour, until every man in a city has his special work to which he devotes himself. Throughout all these stages of civilization, with all their varied employments, the source of wealth is found in those abilities of mind and body by which man can labour; for the sceptre of his dominion is an instrument of toil, whether it be the spade or the spear, the hammer or the pen. Man's powers to labour formed the mint of wealth before coinage was known or money was in circulation. The powers possessed by different men, in even the most complex societies, differ chiefly in this, that some inherit wealth which gives them powers to command labour, and others inherit only powers of mind and body which enable them to labour. To both classes, however, accumulation of blessings is conditioned on the wise use of the powers possessed. Without economy there will be no increase of good; without economy there never could have been capital. By economy those who are born to labour may rise to affluence

and honour; from the want of economy aristocrats born to incomes reckoned by thousands a year, fall into disgraceful bankruptcy and poverty. For when the powers possessed are judiciously managed, "he that hath, to him shall be given"; and when wasted, it is experienced by the spendthrift that "he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

If a young lord were given to reflection, he might say with the poet Wordsworth, thinking of resolution and independence :

"I heard the sky-lark singing in the sky,
And I bethought me of the playful hare.
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care.
But there *may* come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.
My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood ;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith still rich in genial good ;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ? "

Besides aristocrats and capitalists, are there not many working men who would do well to consider the same question ? For if we take no heed, and pay no attention to economy, how can we expect to enjoy the comforts of life, or ever obtain things necessary ? Look at that young man musing on the future and its possibilities of disaster and success. He is a member of an honest, industrious family, never needing to beg, but always needing to work to live. He is about to start for himself, at least he has come of years, and he will not depend on his parents much longer. What is that he is saying to himself ? —If I only had capital, like some of my rich school-fellows, I would outstrip them ! Why, man, you have enough to begin with ! Where ? You have got a sound constitution, strong limbs, a ready hand, and a clear head. The economy of your parents has given you as good an education as you desired, and you have been sustained by their labour while you were learning your trade. If you manage judiciously the powers you possess, if you exercise economy, your good things will accumulate ; soon you will possess capital, and find that increase is given to him that hath, and in proportion to the amount possessed, and the wisdom with which it is controlled. If you deny yourself luxuries, preserve your health by temperance, acquire skill by experience, keep your expenditure at least a penny less than your income, you will soon possess capital that you may

apply it to purposes of reproduction or refinement. But if you form bad habits, and instead of denying yourself, fall into one indulgence after another, run into debt, forsake the church, begin to frequent the tavern to drown regret and banish care, you will soon find that "he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

If men join with other malcontents in combinations to keep those that have more skill and industry from winning the first rewards of *their economy*, they act unjustly and tyrannically, as they would not wish to be done to; and if to carry out ill-considered resolutions they refuse to labour and try to keep others from working in order that they may force the employer to raise wages to a higher rate than he thinks wise, then they manage the powers they possess injudiciously, and idleness and strife will soon make matters worse—involving them in difficulties that may shackle their energies for life, bringing much suffering upon many families, and loss to the whole community.

Give heed to a parable. In the backwoods of America, distant many miles from any town, there was a small village, the inhabitants of which had met to consult about the erection of a mill. Their fields produced excellent wheat, but they could not afford to carry it through the forest to be ground into flour. They would gain much time and save much labour if there was a mill in their village. One man had been a miller, and he had saved as much of the fruits of his labour as would enable him to purchase the requisite machinery. The others promised to put up the building and prepare the water-course, reserving to themselves the right to put on another pair of stones to be driven by the same water-power, if they should think it advisable to do so. When the mill was set a-going there was general rejoicing: for the women, who had been accustomed to bruise the wheat as best they could, were relieved from their labour; and everybody was glad to pay the miller. But in some years there was a general murmuring that the miller was growing too rich, and the farmers demanded that he should reduce his prices, in order that they might earn more profits. He refused, and they determined to stop his trade. He could purchase grain now and could sell the flour; so they saw that to strike an effectual blow they must stop the mill. One proposed to lay a log across the wheel, and so damage the machinery; others proposed to fill up the mouth of the lade, and keep the water out. This they did. The miller would not attempt to remove the obstructions, for he saw that there would be no end to demands. By and by the flour went done, and every household felt that the mill was stopped. For

before they could bake their bread the wives had to set to work and grind the wheat; and then the bread was so coarse, compared with what they were used to, that the husks in every bite reminded them all painfully that the mill was stopped.

What fools they were, you say, "to turn off the water-power, when they were at liberty to put on another pair of stones; and that could have been done by a little economy, and with less trouble than they had taken to stop the mill."

But consider, working-men, do you not condemn yourselves, in pointing out the folly of these farmers?

Need we explain how this illustrates the folly of strikes; and how these might be avoided altogether if the working-men would combine to economize, to raise capital to compete in a fair trade, in the markets of the world, and reap the profits that are going. No one should object to combinations for this purpose; and it is a remedy capable of being applied immediately, without damaging the trade of the country, or turning off the powers of labour into forced idleness. It is a practical remedy for individuals, even although they do not find it practicable to have co-operative associations. By the judicious management of the powers they possessed, working-men have the remedy in their own hands for the lamentable disputes between capital and labour, and the grievances from which recent strikes have sprung.

True, it is a slow method of acquiring a greater command of labour, by acquiring wealth; but it is safe and right. Take an illustration from Germany:—

"The data collected by Mr. Morier, at Vienna, establish two important facts—the absence from Germany of trades' unions and the remarkable development of co-operative associations. Combination laws directly, and the strong prerogative of the police, have largely contributed to the absence of trades' unionism. Owing to the partial liberty of association introduced after 1848, and to the interpretation of the law given by the Prussian tribunals, co-operative association, as distinguished from association for "trade purposes," has been allowed to develop itself comparatively unhindered. Mr. Morier points out that trades' unionism contemplates capital as something to a certain extent antagonistic to labour, and that it repudiates the principle of harmony between the two, which it is the boast of the economists that they have established; and then he says that exactly the reverse of this is the object proposed by co-operation as preached and practised in Germany. It accepts all the tenets of the economic faith, loudly proclaims the harmony between labour and capital, aims at the maximum of production, at the indefinite increase of the wages fund, and at the distribution of the wealth produced in the ratio of the risks incurred and the labour done. The general diffusion of the co-operative spirit in Germany, with the mania for saving, and the productive application of these savings which it engenders, will tend, Mr. Morier thinks, to prevent the development of a system the first stages of which must necessarily be accompanied by unproductive expenditure and all the pinching and sacrifice of saving without the prospect of incoming dividends. He incloses a

paper on the co-operative associations of the Zollverein. . . . The most important productive association is that of the machine makers of Chemnitz, started by 400 workmen. The most successful is that of the clock-makers at Friburg. Fourteen dismissed journeymen clubbed their savings, and at the end of the first year paid 60 per cent. dividend on their share capital of 1,182 thalera."

The necessities and enjoyments of life are procured by labour, by taxing the strength of brain and muscle. For labour is wealth. Money is but the currency of labour. The amount saved by wise self-denial, that may be applied to purposes of reproduction, is now, as it was when the first hunter preserved the spoils of the chase, the nest-egg of capital. Accumulation of goods depends then, first of all, on economy, on labour and self-control, on self-denial of present enjoyment, for the sake of the future. In world's wealth it is on these conditions that he that hath, to him shall be given. Half the folly of men may be attributed to short-sightedness. If the immediate effects of conduct be enjoyable, they are careless of ultimate consequences. But if high wages were obtained as often as they are demanded, for a limited period, it is plain to all that there must be a limit. For it is demonstrable by the known laws of political economy, that the consequences would be a rise in prices of all commodities; and the labour of the future would be taxed very heavily to redeem the enforced idleness of strikes. These would be the results, if capital were not transferred to more pleasant and equally remunerative branches of industry. But if workmen try to make capital as little remunerative as possible, and so lessen the amount that can be devoted to the employment of labour, it is plain their mischief shall return upon their own heads.

The strike of the miners in Scotland this year has resulted in loss similar to that in Pennsylvania in 1867:—

"**COST OF A STRIKE IN PENNSYLVANIA.**—The great strike just at an end in the ironworks of Pennsylvania has ended badly for the strikers. The origin of the strike was an announcement by the ironmasters, in December last, that in consequence of the decline in prices, the wages of puddlers—then receiving 9 dols. a ton—would be reduced. On hearing this the puddlers struck; and the other workmen dependent on them were, of course, compelled to follow their example. Three thousand men have consequently been out of work for seven months. The dispute has now been arranged on the following basis:—The puddlers are to receive 9 dols. per ton for the first fortnight in August, and after that date are to be paid in proportion to the selling price of iron. To attain this result—which they might readily have attained without any strike at all—strikers have thrown away at least 3,000,000 dols."

Instead of seeing that, other things being equal, the welfare of the master is the welfare of the servant, too many workmen are careless of the interests and feelings of their employers,

provided they get their own ends served. It is also true, that too many employers are careless of the highest interests of their work-people. There would be fewer strikes if employers were to practise economy on scriptural principles (Col. iv, 1): "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that you also have a Master in heaven." Noble men like Sir Titus Salt are exceptions. The greater the powers the greater the responsibilities; and all men are tempted more or less after the same manner as the Lord Jesus. Under the pressure of the necessities of hunger, that he might be immediately relieved, he was tempted to put forth his miraculous power: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But he answered and said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Tempted to use his power injudiciously, he resisted; and neither the pangs of hunger, nor the prize of ambition, greater than man ever had, could prevail with him to use illegitimate means of gratification. Seeing the folly of all sin, the temptations of present enjoyment, or pompous display, had no power over him. Of all examples of economy and self-restraint, his is the greatest. For although he had power to multiply five barley loaves and two small fishes, so that five thousand were satisfied, "When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Although he could still the storm, and walk on the waves, he would not dispense with human agency: the boat had to be launched when he returned from the country of the Gadarenes. Although at his command Lazarus came forth from his grave, he employed men to roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. Neither the wiles of the devil nor the clamours of the crowd could prevail with him to work a sign for the gratification of the love of display. Throughout his whole life on earth we see the judicious management of power. Jesus in this is not only an example to us, but a revelation of divine economy. For divine power is never employed capriciously or arbitrarily, but always wisely and well. Hence it holds true not only in respect to material interests, but also in respect to the spiritual, which is the primary and most important reference of the words, "He that hath, to him shall be given." "Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you; and unto you that hear shall more be given:" more—even glory everlasting.

Of all disputes, the oldest is yet the greatest—the controversy between God and man. Energy and time are given to man to devote to God, to employ righteously: for the ways

of the Lord are right. Reader, how have you managed these powers? Have you attended to the message of redeeming love? The present is your opportunity for improvements, for forming habits of economy. If you have rejected the Gospel, repent and believe: for "now is the accepted time; now the day of salvation." But we read that there comes a day when in judgment it shall be said, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Then destinies will be settled by the principle that has engaged our attention, "He that hath, to him shall be given."

R. C.—G. *

REMINISCENCES OF BY-GONE DAYS: THE FISHER FOLK.

MY first sermon from a pulpit was preached under somewhat trying circumstances. Five of our coasting vessels were at Perth loading cargoes for London. I had gone there to see them all cleared out and despatched. One of the captains suggested that we should have a religious service on board his ship, which was the largest, and offered to clear the decks, put some sort of seats down, and pipe all hands to attendance. No sooner said than approved. But the captains and crews of other vessels, having heard of this project, requested permission to attend. There was not room enough for all. It then occurred to me that we might get the use of the Bethel Chapel, and having called one of our captains, I said, "Go to Baillie Bowes and ask for the use of the chapel for a service this evening at seven o'clock, and tell him to bring his minister down with him." "All right," replied the captain, who belonged to the place, and away he went directly, returning shortly with the keys of the chapel, and then up went the Bethel flag. The sailors filled the chapel, and the Baillie, who put in an appearance at a little before seven, expressed his delight at the prospect of such a service. "But where is the minister?" I inquired. "Oh," said the Baillie, "Captain Angus told me that you were to preach." Well, this was a thing I was not prepared for; but there was no help for it, and so I put a few hurried thoughts together on the subject of Christ's disciples crossing the lake in a storm, and their being delivered by Jesus himself, who was seen walking on the sea. I remember how, when showing that the alarm of the disciples was like the alarm of the sinner, and that the receiving of Christ into the boat, and the "great calm" that followed, was like the peace which comes by faith in his

finished work, it occurred to me to say, "Now, look here; these disciples were sensible men; they did not say, If it is ordained that we must be lost, we shall be lost, or that we must be saved, we shall be saved. They felt that they had something to do, and they did it." And then I put the question, "What would you have done had you been there?" A fine looking young sailor stood up in his seat and said, "Row, to be sure." This was unexpected; but with a readiness I could not command now, I replied, "You are right, and you see what came of it, for we are told that when they had rowed five-and-twenty or thirty furlongs they saw Jesus walking on the sea, and they were afraid; but when he said unto them, 'It is I, be not afraid, immediately they received him into the ship, and they were at land;' and so, although when Christ presents himself to the sinner when tossed on the sea of conviction there is fear, yet when he is received into the soul there is peace." The attention was profound, the meeting was evidently impressed; and thus my first sermon from a pulpit was preached. Twenty-five years pass away; and who should walk into the vestry of my first church, one Sunday evening, but the sailor, saying, "Don't you know me, sir?" "I do not." "I am the sailor who stood up in the meeting at Perth, and said, 'Row, to be sure. I am here in a wind-bound vessel, and having heard that my old governor was a parson, I thought I must go and see him.'" We parted. I have never seen him again; but the captain of the ship who suggested the service has long been retired from the sea, and is a useful member and deacon of an Evangelical Union church in the north of Scotland.

Apropos of these experiences in connection with the shipping under our management, one or two of the adventures which were then within the range of youthful daring may be given. They will illustrate "God in Providence," as well as in spiritual life. One evening, for example, a tidy little smack, well found in everything, was about to sail for a port in the Frith of Forth, from a port on the north-eastern coast, and it was of some importance that we should see the cargo safely and soundly delivered. There being no railways in those days, and coaching over-expensive, we jumped aboard as the vessel was leaving, and enjoyed the racing with a lot of other craft which left with the same tide, but soon left most of them behind. Toward midnight a heavy gale from the north-east came on, and the sea was soon up, rising at times to a great height. It was full moon, and we could see some of the other ships on the crest of a billow, till we lost them as they fell into the trough of the sea on the one side, as we got into a

deep hollow on the other. For hours we kept running free, until at the entrance of the Frith we had to haul to, or veer round a few points of the compass, to clear the Carr Rock. This was an anxious moment. The heavy swell of St. Andrews Bay is at any time sufficient to make fresh-water sailors pay their devotions to Neptune; but on this night, meeting the gale with a flood tide, the waves rolled mountains high. But how wonderful are God's laws in nature! If it were the law of motion that sea waves should come rushing on, raising their head first like the sea serpent, few ships could live through a gale; but, instead of this, the rest of the wave comes forward first, and it is only now and then that a great billow, in deep waters, curls its head, breaks forward, and disperses itself over its more quiet neighbour in front. But sometimes these billows do break over the ship, and most sailors can tell when they are likely to be "pooped." We had this experience in grand style. Just as our little smack was at an angle of sixty degrees, bow up, the captain's keen eye, even in the moonlight, discovered an "ugly fellow," as he called him, curling up astern, like a lion rearing himself for a spring on his prey. "Look out," he said, as I was standing before him, when I ought to have been in bed—"look out; that wave is going to poop us; down on your face at once." No sooner said than done; but scarcely had we embraced the rudder, while the captain held on by the tiller, when a crashing, tearing, merciless sea broke right over the larboard quarter of the ship, and swept the decks clean before it. Up rose our gallant little craft like a sea-gull, and glad were we to find that the only loss was useless timber from the deck, part of the port bulwarks, and a favourite dog, whose master, a passenger, had been swept to the forecastle head, and jammed between the scuppers and a cable which was coiled there. The Carr was now rounded, and with a free sheet we sailed gloriously up the Forth.

But our next adventure was one of a more serious character. We had a smart little vessel loading at one of the ports in the Moray Frith, but being unexpectedly delayed, we ran down to see the captain, and thus missed the coach in which we had taken a place to ride fifty miles. Finding that the sloop was about to sail, the captain said, "Come along with us; you are a good sailor, the wind is fair, and we will land you as we pass your home in the morning." We soon started, and for hours sailed beautifully along that weather-beaten coast, with its towering cliffs projecting here and there, its old castles overhanging in ruins the sea, which was as smooth as a mill pond; while here and there the little cottages of the fishermen were seen perched on the sides of the gulleys, or sitting like

conies on the rock. Happy were the few hours thus spent, and strange the stories told of that rock bound-barrier of the German Ocean. At length we turned in, as the sailors say, and slept soundly, until, by a sudden jerk, we were pitched nearly on to the cabin floor. Startled, and looking out of the state room, it seemed as if the ship were sinking, but she righted herself, came to even keel again, and then we guessed, and guessed rightly, that she had been in the stays, and that what was the lee, or lower side of the cabin, had now become the upper side, when the vessel was on another tack. But we could not sleep; and, going on deck, found the little ship labouring hard with a chopping sea from the south-east, and heavy rain. "Where are we, captain?" "Off Kinnaird Head, with the light on the starboard bow five miles distant, and bad weather coming on." "What are you going to do?" "Shorten sail, and dodge ship till morning, and then run for the harbour." We looked for a little in the direction of the lighthouse, and then hearing a low hoarse sound, as if we were nearing the shore, it struck us all at once that there was danger, and going to the bow of the vessel, we could see through the darkness breakers ahead. The captain was a stranger on the coast; but knowing every creek and cranny there, and fearing that while the ship was making headway, the tide was sucking her southwards, where there was a ledge of rocks stretching out about a mile into the sea, called "Cairntuly Briggs," we urged the captain to put about, holding strongly, as we did, with an old captain, called "Deaf Wattie," who, when asked what was the main point of navigation, said, "A good ship, with plenty of water beneath her bottom." But the captain saw no danger. He was, indeed, obstinate; and as two men were aloft stowing sail while the mate was below, he had to steer himself; but being earnestly urged, he said, "Take the helm, and I'll go forward and look." We took the helm, and in a moment heard the stentorian voice, "Helm aport!" It was done; for the moment he left me I planted the tiller on one side, and with a desperate push got it aport, when the smart little craft began to come round, and then she struck! Another stroke, and then a harsh, grating sound, as we dragged over the rocky bottom, when a huge wave, coming on us right astern, lifted the ship right over the hollow part into deep water! There for a few moments she was motionless; when the captain called out, "To the pump! to the pump!" followed by, "All sail on; we shall run for the sands." And so we did right bravely; for, being now between the "briggs" and the land, in the bight of the bay, we could even try the harbour. It was an anxious time; but before daybreak our ship lay

between the pier heads, not much the worse for her adventure. That night there was a prayer-meeting of our church, and thanks were gratefully offered to God for our wonderful deliverance.

It has been said that some people have a charmed life; but we do not believe in charms; and yet how wonderful to think that we yet live after being twice plunged into the sea, once nearly killed by the bursting of a gun with which we shot sea-gulls, and once in a dark night saved from going over the "Man-trap" rock, between Newhaven and Leith, by a friend whom we met, and who told us of our danger, and once from shipwreck, in a steamer nearly lost in a bank of fog, on the East Coast, after running five hundred miles, in forty-eight hours, from London. We were nearing land, and the captain, a noble Christian man, was sailing by the lead and the chart; when all at once the fog lifted, and we then saw that in a quarter of an hour, had the fog continued, we should have run right into the face of a ledge of rocks, with but little prospect of either ship or passengers being saved. "Tell me," said one who kept house well at home, while we had to be often abroad, "when that happened?"—"About half-past six in the morning." "All night I was troubled about you, knowing you were at sea. In the morning, from six to seven, I prayed, from a deep conviction that you were in danger; and at that hour the fog lifted!"

Akin to this subject is the intercourse we had with the fisher folk. The people on the East Coast to a great extent live by themselves, a hardy and industrious race,—of whom it was once said by a quaint author that when at sea in their fishing-boats, they had but half an inch of deal between them and eternity! They have a language and habits which are peculiarly their own; and, strange to say, in some villages the aspirate is as much misapplied as among the cockneys of London. Seldom do the fisher folk intermarry with other people; and hence there is such a mixture of blood, that in most of the little towns the added "aliases" are so numerous, that only those intimately acquainted with the families can distinguish the one from the other. Indeed, we remember hearing of a case in which the parish minister gave the "alias" in his prayer for one of his parishioners who was sick, "lest," as he innocently said, "there should be any mistake." But they are a very social people. Let us enter one of their cottages. The outside of every row of the low-walled cottages is festooned by ropes laden with jackets and petticoats, and bright-patterned handkerchiefs, or else these articles dry peacefully on the thatch. Occasionally *haulins* tipped with hooks are seen; or creels or

murlins, clustered round a pole, which overtops the wooden *lum*, or chimney itself. The men are at sea, many women away disposing of their fish; and only nursing mothers, and happy, noisome, playful, *dirty* children enliven the scene. A solitary sea-gull, or *scrath* (cormorant), a huge gray creature, three feet long, with clipped wings, a captive, struts with a solemn, half-happy pride about the mussel *middens*, or wades through the gutters, or approaches the edge of the undulating wave which rushes gently up to kiss the smooth sand beach. Let us, however, enter one of their cottages. The floor is earthen; but, being Saturday afternoon, it is neatly sanded over, from the door inwards to the hearth. There is no passage: the cottage consists of two rooms—a “but” and a “ben.” At the far end from the door the turf fire is burning on a hearth of bricks, and the smoke ascends past the *couples*, out at a hole in the roof. As the evening is approaching, the fish on *hakes* (wooden triangles, with nails for hooks), which during the day hang outside the walls to dry, are now suspended on them inside. In one corner a few deal boards are nailed so as to make a bed for children above, and a place for fuel below. A wooden cradle is opposite. The seats are fir stools and chairs, and the little round turning-up table is of the same material, and all are as clean and white as snow. Oars, wicker-baskets, and creels and nets are placed on the *couples*. Let a regard for *Finnan haddies* invest these details with interest and respect; for from such a scene and such an environment do they pass on their way to make up that feast for the gods—a Scotch breakfast. The evening darkens in, and the *cruisie*, a small, iron lamp, is lit up. A patriarchal family assembles, including sometimes four generations. Let a reverence for the great domestic drama of every-day life here stir the imagination to realize these humble details. The grand-dame, with her grand-child on her knee; the nursing mother, the toiling father, the children gazing at their elders studiously, the little fellow asleep on the net on the floor, and the small light struggling with the smoke to display all. I will look at the Claudes and the Titians in your pictured drawing-room another time. It is a poor place; but you cannot fill your palace with more interesting things than it sees—births, deaths, and marriages—life.

“The late Dr. Chalmers and Sir Culling Eardly Smith were one day discussing the question of the best means for christianizing the unconverted. ‘Give me,’ said Sir Culling, ‘Evangelical Rugbys, with Christian Arnolds as their governors, and I will work from the upper strata downwards; for the lower classes are always imitating, while they pay great deference to

those above them.' 'Give me,' said Chalmers, 'the fishermen of Galilee, and I will work from the lower strata upwards, and convert the world.'"^{*} Both were right; and we have now reached a time when the "mighty" and the "noble" are coming boldly out for Christ, as well as the "common people," who always "heard him gladly."

The revival which laid hold of the whole of the East Coast of Scotland about ten years ago, did its greatest work among the fisher folk. A devoted minister, interested in that revival, in asking every one to take part in that work, said, "It required no spiritual attainments, no high position in life, to enable a man to work for Christ. It was remarkable that out of the twelve apostles four were simple fishermen, and it was more remarkable that they, with only one exception, were the only apostles who had written epistles. The great element of Christian work was faith, and there was no craft which tended more to develop that virtue than that of the fisherman, whose work was done at night, with a net which was not seen, and who never knew whether he would or would not obtain fish. Christ seemed to pick out these men for these qualities, and it had been remarked that Christ never worked miracles to produce qualities in men if the men had not those qualities. They required only for Christian work a strong faith. They required to believe in God's word—that it would not be void, and in the everlasting nature of the kingdom of Heaven. They must have faith in the Lord." And these fishermen had it.

One of them, for example, an old man, was so disappointed when he heard that the Committee of Supplies refused to allow a promising young preacher to return to supply the vacant pulpit of a small church, that he set out one morning early, in the dead of winter, walking forty-four miles, in a snow-storm; and when he saw the lights of the city of Aberdeen as he approached it, he went behind a *dyke* for shelter, and falling on his knees in a wreath of snow, earnestly prayed that God might prosper him in his errand. And he did prosper him. The brethren in the city were so struck with this man's faith and energy that they consented to the request; and that young minister not only became pastor of the church, but was a burning and a shining light in the rising town for many years, and was my own spiritual father. He was a man also of wonderful sagacity. One day he said to me, "James, I have got an impression that God intends to make some good use of you in the world. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. *Never build on another man's foundation.* When I came out of

^{*} *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1849.

college and began my public ministry, I preached in Perth in the pulpit long occupied by William Orme and John Burnett. Crowds attended. One Sunday evening I had to get in by the window next to the pulpit, the passages being full. I received a call. Having preached with acceptance also in the old little chapel of Fraserburgh, I received a call from the handful of people forming the church and accepted it. I saw that here I had a quarry, and every living stone I might be enabled to take out of it and add to the church would be my own; whereas, if I should fail to interest and instruct the people of Perth, as those abler, and more popular men than I could ever expect to be, had done, the cause would decline and break my heart." He was right. A most devoted church was gathered, and his spiritual children have gone from it to every part of the world.

Among the "Elders," as they were often called (although "Deacons" was their proper name), was another fisherman of original and sturdy type—Andrew Noble; and when the late Joseph Morrison of Millseat in Banffshire was to be ordained in the little chapel, whose congregation he himself had helped to *gather*, Andrew and I travelled twenty-two miles out in the morning and the same distance home at night. It was a solemn and deeply impressive service. There were present, besides local ministers, the late Rev. Alex. Spence and the Rev. Alex. Thomson of Aberdeen, and the Rev. Dr. Morrison of London, brother to the pastor-elect. "These that turn the world upside down are come hither also," was Mr. Spence's subject; and he did show with singular force and skill that the apostles "had gone to Thessaly to turn the world upside down, because the world was wrong side up, because the world would never right itself, and because these were the God-sent men to turn it." The father of the Morrisons, old John, was a noble Christian. He was present, and could not but rejoice as he compared the freedom and popularity of the services of that day with the persecutions which he himself endured at the hands of the Established Presbytery of the district, who, though he was an Independent, yet claimed to rule him as a parishioner, and summoned him before their court, to show cause why he, a layman, should presume to exhort or preach, or even teach a Sunday school, although he had gathered it into his barn. What the Doctor's subject was I cannot call to mind, but this I remember, that when walking home, Andrew was not pleased with the way in which he preached. "Didn't ye like the Doctor, Andrew?"—"Na, na, Jamie, I didna like him; and hoo could I like him? he preached like a crow (crow) pickin' corn." "A what?" "A crow pickin' corn. Havena ye seen a man

sawin' (sowing) ates (oats), an' craws sometimes followin' him? Weel, havena ye noticed that the craw taks a pic, an' a pic, an' syne lifts up his heid, an' looks aboot him tae see if he may gang on in this way? If naebody sees him, doon gangs his nib again for anither pic. Sae wi' the Doctor. He had a paper, an' he read, an' read, an' looked up, an' looked noo tae this side, an' noo tae that, an' then doon went his heid again, till he got tae the end o' his tether. Na, na, Jamie, that kin' o' preachin' 'll never save souls; an' as for Joseph, his brither, he didna need a paper." This good man, like all other fishermen now, had a strong feeling, amounting to a prejudice, against the paper; and no doubt he would heartily have sympathized with the bellman of Kirkcaldy, whose parish minister, to prevent him from intimating a sermon by a dissenting minister, had snatched the notice paper from his hand opposite the manse, and marched off with it,—John saying, "Keep it, sir, keep it; but dinna think that 'cause ye canna tell your story without a paper that I canna tell mine!"

Seriously, this question of *reading* or *preaching* is one of vital importance. Some men are born to read, but they are the great exception to the very general rule. I had a lesson about reading in my first preaching experience, which was of infinite value to my future work. On returning from chapel, one Sunday, after preaching from full notes, and perhaps more slavishly than I had then any idea of, I found that our little boy had got tired with a story which his mother had been reading to him. Giving him a short release, she said, "Come back, Jamie, in a short time, and I'll read the rest of the story to you." "Will you read it yourself first, mama, and then *tell* me the story?" answered Jamie. She did so, and then as she told him the story with a mother's eloquence, a mother's eye, and a mother's heart, he would have listened for an hour. The application was soon made—"Get your story into your own mind, and then *tell* it to your people, and you will have your reward." From that day forward I never had a manuscript in the pulpit again, and from that time much of the good that was done by means of preaching I ascribe to that incident. It was a new era in the history of a ministry which has been largely blessed on both sides of the Tweed.

I remember also that this course was sanctioned by the late John Angel James. He was the preacher when Hare Court Chapel (now Dr. Raleigh's) was opened in London. He read his sermon. After the dinner, in the afternoon, a Doctor of Divinity, who read his sermons, and read well, took occasion to say how pleased he was to see Mr. James *reading* that morning-

Mr. James, in reply, said, "I did read, but that arose from increasing infirmity, and not because it is my practice. I do not believe in *read* sermons. Take my own experience. When I went to Birmingham, I prepared carefully, and read every sermon. But one Sunday, when returning home accompanied by one of my deacons, he suggested that I might try a sermon or two without the manuscript. I said the subjects handled were of such a solemn and important character that I could not depend on literary efficiency if I had to rely on memory in preaching. 'What you gain in literary efficiency by reading,' he replied '*you lose in practical power.*' Those words laid hold of my heart. I thought over them, I prayed over them, and I resolved to lay aside the papers. It required an effort; but memory likes to be trusted, and what was at first difficult soon became easy. I never read from that time, but I never prepared with less care; and now, let me say, that if any young brother will but try this as he enters on his ministry, I am quite sure his church will give him a dispensation, when he has preached for forty years without the manuscript, to use it for once should he have to preach the sermon at the opening of a new chapel, as I have used my manuscript to-day."

Here, for the present, our reminiscences must close.

J. H. W.—L.

"SATAN HINDERED US;" OR, CROSS PURPOSES.

Brave men have frequently to push forward to duty, even when their breasts are pressing against the sharpest points of adversity. There are few aspects of grief more piercing than that which a hopeful soul experiences, when some great purpose has not been reached. As, when the thunder-cloud wraps the sky, the lark will fold its wing and hush its song, and dart to earth again, so does the disappointed soul forsake its hope, when the heaven of its invention has been clouded with failure. To carry the bright dream of one's spiritual youth right on through life requires a nerve that can only be strung through constant contact with him who is mighty to save.

We know how much it cost the Apostle to keep his spirit sweet, and, at the same time, meet discouragement in every formidable aspect. It is always painful to a genuine man to be misunderstood by men whom he loves; and hence his words of self-defence draw largely upon his heart. There is in this word a minglement of grief and indignation. It is not only a sufficient vindication of his own character, but an

opening up of the entire philosophy of Christian conflict. It lets light in upon the cross purposes that are ever at play—the counter wish and will with which the good have to contend.

The taunt of failure, which is sometimes cast at good men, is made, we think, in most culpable ignorance of the infinite entanglement of human affairs through which Christian principle and purpose have to work their way. The wonder rather is, when we think of the labyrinth of evil, the sinuosities of erring thought and design, and the subtle constant counter-working agency that must be met, that anything like encouraging success can crown a Christian's purpose. The mental and moral inertia that make men more like bodies wanting souls; the subtle network that incloses and chains men who, in their better moods, long for liberty; the secret cords by which, when pulled, the puppets dance; the low price at which men sell themselves to do evil; and the servility with which men bow down that Satan may put his heel upon their neck, is discouraging enough.

We see, then, that noble Christian purpose is often crossed by base Satanic purpose. Satan "hinders." The Apostle looks through the secondary agencies that were at work, and directs attention to that dark presence that, like an evil genius, tracked his steps. He is the representative of all the obstructive forces with which the good and the Gospel have to contend. He bars the way. He keeps the pass so long as an inch of ground in thought and feeling can be maintained. He digs his deep trench, and with many a dark deed defies the noble purposes of Christian hearts. We, in our moments of haste, hurl our reproaches upon the failures of missionary enterprise. We have hard things to say about reformers who grow cold and recreant, or who have not succeeded in their schemes. We cover the preacher with contempt. We point the finger to the dark spots in personal character. And we think, in our shallow philosophy, that we have taken in the whole facts of the case. We hasten to call this man and that a failure, this and that movement a failure, this and that doctrine a failure. Have patience, men; and remember the great hinderer who, for a time at least, may be standing in the way.

We see, also, that the difficulties which beset the good man's purpose must be traced to a designing mind and an active will—"Satan." It is thus a conflict of wills. In our explanation of moral phenomena, it is necessary to carry with us as a regulative idea this fact—namely, that there are other wills crossing the path of the good man's. Freedom of action is often interfered with when psychological freedom cannot be touched. The Apostle's generic purpose in this matter was

a standing thing, though outer influences hindered its action. It is not within him, in this case, but without him, that the hindrance is found. It is not by exciting fear in his heart, that he is retarded, as it were, from duty. Sometimes the hinderer may work in that way. It is not by diverting attention from the most pressing business on hand that he crossed the Apostle's purpose. Sometimes he may work in that way, too, and lead men to lose many a tide of glorious opportunity, that might have floated them on to prosperity and power. It is not by some hidden, illegitimate, unacknowledged attachment that, like a strong cord, binds him to other objects, and hinders pressing action. Sometimes he does indeed work after that fashion. The little latent things in the soul are used by him to hold it fast, as the submerged anchor holds the stately ship; as the little chip hinders the vessel from sliding into the deep; as a wedge of gold will stay the march of a mighty people. And even when that soul will rouse itself to action, how often does some thin edge shunt it on to a line where destruction awaits it. We are not ignorant of hindrances.

But the hindrance in this case was not within the Apostle. It was in the wicked wills that Satan could enlist and inspire for his purpose. They stood in the way of the King's messenger while hastening on in his mission of mercy. Just what many of the obstructive attitudes of society are doing still. And while doing so, they will whiningly lament or reproach the failure of Christian effort. While lending themselves out, or hiring themselves out at so much, to thwart the work that good men would do, with an amount of cant that might make a black man blush, they mourn the failure of Christian purpose.

We see again that Christian purpose may be none the less noble that it cannot compass the object at which it aims. It may be "*hindered*." Wills are not to be drawn now, as magnets draw the steel dust to them. You cannot cut your way through ranks of godless hearts as you can through granite hills or forest brushwood. You cannot rein in the raging passion as you can the foaming steed. You cannot leave your mark on souls as you can on steel and iron. You can send your ploughshare through the stiffest clay, but you cannot so send your thought through the deep stiff soil of an unthinking man. You have first to get at him, which may cost you trouble. There may be much form or folly to press through ere you put your hand on him. And then you must get his consent to let you lodge your thought within him, which, in his peculiar circumstances, may not be quite convenient. In these circumstances, is it a marvel that good men cannot do all the good

they aim at? Is not the good they do, amid obstructions so great and numerous, a thing to rejoice over?

And once more we see that Christian purpose, though crossed and hindered, works for itself a way by which ultimate triumph is reached. It is only up to a certain point that the hindrance can work. The hindrance is not absolute, if the Christian purpose remains steady, working its way through every opening that occurs, not doubting that the hindrance must one day be swept away: just as you have known the huge rotten tree, that lay right across the footpath that ran by the side of the crystal stream, lifted and borne away as the waters rose one day to a great height; so must we one day see the false in thought, and the embodiments it takes, swept away from the path of the truth of Christ, as the river of Christian purpose increases, and its pressure becomes a constant thing.

Meantime, however, there is a gain to Christian character by the pressure which the hindrance brings. Just as the strong wind that bends the oak gives the roots a tighter grasp of earth, so the hindrance and the pressure which the Christian labourer feels, sends his purpose deeper into the soil of eternal things. The desire and the endeavour increase by the very thwarting forces against which they have to contend. The pith and pluck of character are put to the test. Enduringness is developed. The back-bone of moral being is strengthened, while the sinews of resolve are fitted by severity of discipline to bear the greatest strain. There is thus always a great gain to a genuine purpose, even though it does not lay its hand on every object at which it aimed. The gain is immediate. It is palpable to the person, though to other men it may not appear. This increase in the wealth of character; this consciousness of purposing the right; this conviction of being on the line of the divine action with all the spirit open to the influence of God, is real gain, and cannot be done away with, simply because there are other wills which hinder you from realizing all you aim at.

But there is also a gain to Christian character by the felt need of brotherly aid that is deepened by struggle. When Paul, having been on the stretch so long, could bear no longer, he sent Timothy to the brethren, that words might be spoken and work done. He must needs call to his aid one who was a fellow-labourer, though less in mental stature and official power. This mutual dependence and mutual help of opposed men has a healthy influence upon us all. Like the pressure of the individual stones of the arch, there is unity and strength and utility by mutual action. It is a fine lesson of humility which

a man learns when, crossed and baffled in his purposes, he must call to his aid more humble power. It prevents that over-developed individualism into which he is apt to fall, as if the whole machinery could be worked by his own hand. It deepens his sense of the importance attaching to other men. There is a work for them to do. There is a niche for them to fill. There is an honour for them to win and wear. The little have their place as well as the great. The plains are everlasting as the hills, and should have their own meed of praise. Thus the crossing of purpose may have something to do in rounding character and making it complete.

But there is also a deepened feeling of dependence upon God. In the tenth verse of the third chapter of 2 Thess. Paul speaks of praying exceedingly, night and day, that he might be able to carry out his purpose. What glimpses into spiritual realities he must have got during those nights and days of intense prayer! What problems in mental and moral things are solved, which the roundabout ways of our human philosophies could not reach. What a sense of human need as only met by the divine personal action must have come down upon him. And what pictures of that terrible Satanic and human antagonism to goodness and God must have presented themselves to him, as he night and day talked with God about the thwarting forces that crossed his purpose. Out of all this there must have sprung a centreing of the heart on God, which is among the chief blessings of earthly struggle. The gains in thought and action on which men lay their hands with ease do not so deepen this feeling, do not so enrich character, do not so open up the universe to a man. The wreaths we win without a scar are not the wreaths that last the longest, or become us best. It is when the Christian purpose cleaves a path through all the Satanic crossings, and gains its end in spite of them, that a prize is won.

R. M.—M.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Science—Theology—Religion: with notices of the teaching of Professor Struthers, and others. By REV. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.A., Director of Chanonry School (The Gymnasium), Old Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY's election as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University is apparently beginning to bear literary fruit already in the Granite City. Dr. Struthers, one of the most accomplished professors in the medical

faculty, in a lecture to his students, allowed himself so far to espouse the peculiar views of Mr. Huxley as to say, that "Science and Theology have long ago declared war; but that with religion, no form of truth can ever clash, because religion is a thing of the heart and conduct." Mr. Anderson, in this spirited pamphlet, shows that there can be no true religion without a basis of theology, and that there is no antagonism between the undeniable findings of science, and the utterances of the Word of God, candidly and liberally interpreted. Perhaps the most valuable part of the publication is to be found in the appendix, where ample proof is led that the startling hypotheses of the Darwinian school are not accepted by great numbers of scientific men.

On Force. By the REV. JOHN KIRK, Professor of Practical Theology, in the Evangelical Union Academy, Glasgow. London: Wyman & Sons, 74 Great Queen Street.

IN this vigorous paper, which was recently read before the Victoria Institute, London, Professor Kirk has given to the world, in an enlarged form, the very argument which he laid before our readers in the month of March, in his article entitled "Matter and Mind." He shows at great length, and manifestly after great research, that what Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and others of that school call Force is simply Motion; and that, instead of solving the mysteries of the universe, or being an independent energy itself, this phenomenon, far from filling the throne of God, requires a Personal God for its originator and upholder. Great names are nothing to Mr. Kirk. He brushes them all aside with a stroke of his pen, and with a healthy contempt for their daring speculations that is quite refreshing to the Christian mind. The lecture closes with a glowing exhibition, by way of contrast, of the spiritual nature and free will of man, and the peerless claims of the Christ of God.

Complete Triumph of Moral Good over Evil. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Pp. 505.

THIS large and instructive volume is the production of a gentleman who modestly has withheld his name from the public. The author belongs evidently to the section of the church which is called Universalist; and his work has been composed with the view of showing that in their system of truth the best antidote is to be found to the sceptical theories and tendencies which meet us on every hand.

The author is exceedingly well read in what may be called modern free-thinking literature, as well as in the works of Christian apologists. We confess that we are his debtors for his first chapter, in which he shows learnedly and glowingly how much the Bible has done for the world, as well as for his second, in which he defends the inspiration both of the Old and New Testaments.

Even on his own peculiar ground, we thank him for much that he

has said against the dark teachings of Calvinism, and in favour of the milder system of Arminius. When, however, he advances to state fully his own creed, we confess to a little surprise. Perhaps all our readers may not be aware that our Universalist brethren, with all their liberality, actually advocate a kind of union of Calvinism and Arminianism. They say, if Christ has died for all, all must be saved; and thus universal salvation, they maintain, will be realized in the future world. Again, they understand Election as the Calvinists understand it; that is, they believe that God has shown unconditional grace to a certain portion of the human family, but only that they may be made ultimate blessings to humanity as a whole. Yet, even when our author is explaining this part of his creed, his good sense leads him to say that "This special grace is given in *almost all instances* to those who have improved the common grace." This looks to us very like giving up the Calvinistic position altogether, and coming right over to the Arminian side.

Our author seems to hold that when men get rid of their "vile bodies," the soul, originally put into the flesh pure and uncontaminated, will be in much more favourable circumstances for receiving the Gospel, which will then be pressed upon its acceptance even more urgently than had been the case during its period of probation here. Thus, the chief period of probation and Gospel privilege is pushed forward into the world to come. It may be so; but we must, in candour, conclude that such a doctrine is more a matter of benevolent speculation on the part of our author and his friends, than of revelation in the Word of God.

Our author writes so correctly and eloquently, that if he had not confessed his ignorance of the original tongues of the Old and New Testament, we would have supposed that he had received a complete classical education. We must, therefore, tell him that the word rendered "eternal," in the last verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, means literally "ever-being," that is, "ever-during." If he had known this, he would not have been so easily carried away by Mr. Maurice's ingenious and poetical, but really incorrect, rendering of the term.

For ourselves we have never been staggered by the difficulties which the Universalist school advance. The saving mercy of the Lord will be dispensed to a far greater number than many narrow-minded people imagine. The lost will just be left to themselves; and their hell hereafter will be no worse than it often is in this world. Their existence, such as it will be, they would greatly prefer to that annihilation which some of their friends would kindly provide for them. Still it will be *life without the enjoyment of God*; and thus we preserve in the Bible that warning to the impenitent which Universalism takes away.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

It is our sad duty to notice the deaths of two young ministers of the Evangelical Union, which have both taken place within the last month. We notice them in the order of their occurrence.

The REV. J. D. HOGG, of Dalbeattie, Dumfries-shire, was a member of the Galashiels church when he was received into the Evangelical Union Academy. His disposition was most amiable, endearing him to all his fellow-students; while his diligence and docility endeared him equally to his teachers. But even as a student, his delicate appearance made his friends and admirers fear lest his ministerial course might be a short one. His mind, moreover, ran much on the heavenly world, as if already he heard the summons home.

So it has proved. Neither his young wife nor his attached church have enjoyed his society or his services long. But he was "ripe for glory"; and now he "knows as he is known" within that veil whose secret glories his eager spirit longed to scan, even when he tabernacled among us. We regret that, owing to the distance of Dalbeattie from the centre of operations, we have not been able to introduce many facts concerning MR. HOGG's ministry into our notice.

The REV. DANIEL CRAIG, of Hamilton, was brought up at Saltcoats, and was a member of the church in Ardrossan till the time of his arrival in Glasgow, to prepare for the work of the ministry. In this city he joined Dr. Morison's church; and his labours in the Brunswick Street Mission in connection with North Dundas Street endeared him to all who knew him, and revealed a heart that was deeply devoted to God's work. His ministry at Hamilton, from the first, was a most successful one; and we deeply sympathize with the church which has lost so vigorous a leader. During MR. CRAIG's brief pastorate of two years, a new chapel has been built; large audiences have been drawn together; and the prosperity of the church altogether was so great, that it must have been with a bitter pang that the young minister felt that the mainsprings of life were giving way. But he bowed submissively to the divine will, and it becomes us to do the same. The immense train of mourners who accompanied MR. CRAIG's remains to their last resting-place, attested the powerful hold which, in a short time, he had taken of the public sympathies.

THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

SIXTH SERIES.

No. II.—DECEMBER, 1874.

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK.—No. 2.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

A REFUGE, A PARK, AND A PRAYER MEETING.

I HAVE already described minutely the way in which Dr. Morison and myself spent our first day in New York. The heading, which I have just inscribed for the purpose of indicating the contents of this chapter, is intended to include our proceedings on the second day of our stay in that great city.

On the forenoon of Friday, the 8th of May, as we were writing letters after breakfast, we received a visit from one of the excellent city missionaries of New York, which pleased us much. Mr. Love was a native of Campbeltown, in Scotland, but had emigrated to the United States many years ago. Having been led, in the providence of God, to devote himself to mission work, he had begun to be painfully impressed with the apparent contradiction that obtained between the Limitarian views which he had been taught at home, and the earnest desires that welled up in his own heart for the conversion of all the poor and perishing people of his district with whom he was brought into daily contact. About this time one of the publications issued by a minister of the Evangelical Union fell into his hands, by a kind of accident, as man might say; and he was delighted to find that there were other Christians in the world who had felt the very difficulties which he felt, and had worked their way to these very scriptural solutions of them after which he was himself prayerfully groping. He immediately entered into correspondence with Dr. Morison;

became a subscriber for our magazines and journals; and found himself much helped in his mission work by the theological and expository aid which these afforded him.

Mr. Love, having heard of our arrival in New York from a mutual friend, came running to our hotel with much excitement and delighted expectation. The meeting was one of reciprocal joy between friends who had never seen one another before in the flesh, but had corresponded with one another across the broad Atlantic both by means of the pen and the printing press. But Mr. Love had an object in view. He had put himself out of breath by his race to Brevoort House, because a public examination was about to be made that very day of the *New York Juvenile Asylum*, in which he was deeply interested; and he thought that we would be deeply interested in it too. Indeed the thing seemed quite opportune. We would get, in his opinion, a most providential treat. The asylum was six or seven miles away, near the end of the Manhattan Island, and in the outskirts of New York. We would get a train, if we would just walk a little way down the street. And the good Mr. Wetmore, one of the directors of the New York City Mission, was waiting at the railway depot to receive us.

Although we had been resolving to rest ourselves that day after all the fatigues of our voyage, the offer was too tempting; and so we sallied forth to get our first ride in an American railway car, and our first view of the waters of the Hudson—at least in its pure fresh-water condition. Our little journey lay up its banks, and we enjoyed much our view of its broad Rhine-like expanse, and our unexpected introduction to the suburbs of the great city. I intentionally postpone my description both of the railway cars and the Hudson till I have to tell of a longer journey in the former and a whole day's sail on the latter; but one peculiarity which was made very patent even in our brief trip, I must not omit. I could not understand why we heard so incessantly what seemed to be the ringing of a factory bell. It struck me at first that this sonorous tinkling might announce the early dinner hour of some public work near which we were passing; but the sound kept too continuous to admit of that explanation; and at length it dawned upon my mind that we were carrying the sound with us. The fact is that in the United States the railways in leaving or entering a great city deliberately cross the public streets; and in many instances even are constructed like tramways in these streets themselves. This convenient arrangement, however, renders two other regulations indispensably necessary: first, that the trains, in such circumstances, must needs move more slowly

than when they are in the open country; and, secondly, that the bell referred to must be swung and rung while a city or town is being entered or left. It is the duty of the stoker or driver's assistant to ring this bell, which is hung in the very front of the engine. Often during my journey, when in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Cincinnati, I said to myself, "The dinner hour must have arrived, for the factory bells are ringing," till I remembered that I was not in Glasgow; and that the tinnabulations which had resounded in my tympanum were caused not by motionless mills but by cautious locomotives.

The Juvenile Asylum which we went to visit stands quite near the place where the Island of Manhattan ends, and the mainland of the State of New York begins. The small river-like arm of the sea which separates the two is spanned by a great railway bridge; whence the asylum is often called the "High Bridge Juvenile Asylum."

Two carriages were waiting at the railway depot when we reached the termination of our journey, into the first of which Mr. Wetmore and some of his New York friends entered; while Dr. Morison, Mr. Love, and myself occupied the second. The sun's rays were very fervent; but our friend informed us that the spring was very late of coming this year, and that the weather had been intensely cold, with rain and hail and snow till within a week of our arrival. The previous Sunday had really been the first warm and sunny Sunday of the season; and consequently, although the heat was as great as we have in our hottest July, the trees, for the most part, were bare and leafless. In some species, indeed, where the floral development was rapid, a sudden luxuriance of verdure had already burst forth; but these instances were comparatively rare; so that such trees, arrayed in their garniture of green, contrasted strongly with the bare branches of their less precocious companions, reminding me of what is sometimes seen in the spiritual garden of this world—a few green trees here and there, but the great majority leafless and dry.

When we reached the asylum we found it to be a great building, situated on an eminence, and not unlike those numerous reformatories for wayward children which are to be found in the neighbourhood of all our great British cities and towns. The word asylum is apparently not applied in America, as with us, to institutions for the insane, but by a kind of euphemism is given to those shelters which open their arms to receive the evil-doer and the unfortunate.

We found about 600 boys and girls who had begun to give trouble to their parents accommodated in this admirable establishment. We dined with the superintendent and his wife,

and afterwards visited the dormitories, kitchen, laundry, and indeed the whole of the apartments. If I should be asked if the institution excelled our British reformatories in any particular, I would reply, perhaps, while I could not say that the rooms in which the children slept were cleaner than with us, they seemed to be more expensively furnished and fitted up.

When we reached the great hall in which the children were waiting to receive us, the sight was very impressive indeed. They were dressed in their best, and seemed pleased to look upon so well filled a platform of strangers. Mr. Wetmore occupied the chair; and it was plain that he was regarded by all parties present—children, teachers, and visitors—as the father of the institution. Several of the boys and girls recited pieces in which their elocutionary powers were tested; while the singing, led by the lady teachers, was decidedly superior. As Dr. Morison declined to speak, I was called upon to address the scholars, and I found them to be very appreciative listeners. They were like their seniors in the country, undoubtedly *'cute'*; for before I had my stories told they saw what the end would be; and before I had my jokes and puns out they anticipated me, and laughed and cheered by ready-witted anticipation.

One good result which issued from my address was that I got an invitation from a grand New York gentleman, who had come out with his lady to visit the asylum, to accompany him in his carriage to the city and inspect the beauties of the Central Park, on my way back to Brevoort House. Dr. Morison was not in the least degree jealous to see me wheeled away in splendour before him, but signalled to me, as I drove off, that he and Mr. Love, with Mr. Service, would return to town in some humbler turn-out.

I may here inform my readers that every inhabitant of New York is proud of the rising glories of the Central Park. It is the Hyde Park—the fashionable promenade—of the city. Eighteen years ago, the ground it now occupies was a marshy swamp, full, moreover, of such immense boulders and rocky eminences, that it seemed to defy all the skill of the civil engineer and the architect, when the progress of New York northward up the Island of Manhattan demanded that either it should be parcelled off into new streets, or be put out of the way. It certainly was a bright idea—and the man in whose brain it was conceived deserves a prominent monument—to turn the wilderness into a garden, so that the swamps should become smiling lakes, and the rocky eminences verdant slopes, the whole inclosure blooming and blossoming like the rose.

The Central Park is a rectangular area of 843 acres, extending from Fifty-ninth to One-hundred-and-tenth Street in length;

and from the Fifth to the Eighth Avenue in breadth. My readers who are bearing in mind the explanations made in last article, will thus understand that the park stands in the very centre of the upper part of Manhattan Island, with streets and avenues ending at its walls at both ends and on either side,—to the progress of which, indeed, it may be said to offer a beautiful and ornamental interruption.

I had coasted along the Hudson in the train in the forenoon, but now I was being driven back along the highway in the afternoon. The suburbs of New York almost reached the asylum itself; although I must confess that the streets, as seen by me on this return journey, even where they were deliberately measured off and numbered on the lamp-posts, were at first but sparsely built upon. As our ride advanced, however, houses became more frequent, and we began to meet numerous dashing equipages that had just left the park to which we were approaching.

When we entered the park itself the drive became exciting, as well as delectable. Although Saturday is the great day for the promenade, Friday assuredly is a demi-semi-holiday; for I could hardly conceive of a greater number of handsome vehicles being driven through a park than I saw that afternoon. One peculiarity attached to all these conveyances strikes a European as something remarkable—I refer to the thinness of the wheels. In many instances these seemed to be no thicker than the hoops which boys amuse themselves with at a certain season of the year. You would think that a strong gust of wind would knock them over; but I believe that accidents are rare; and the carriages being much lighter on account of the lightness of the wheels, are more easily pulled along,—which the horses, I am certain, regard as an important consideration, whatever may be the opinion of the human, sometimes the very inhuman, charioteers.

There are about ten miles of carriage-way in the park, six of bridle-paths, and thirty of foot-paths; and additions are constantly being made to them. One great sheet of water sets it off, which covers 106 acres of ground, and answers the double purpose of an ornamental lake and a reservoir of water for a part of the city. Two or three minor lakes cover upwards of 43 acres. In the centre there is an elevated terrace, with a tower, from which a commanding view can be had of the entire inclosure.

There was just one drawback to the beauty and amenity of the park which struck me as we drove along. I refer to the fact that some very poor wooden houses were visible, standing in close proximity to the elegant walks. My friend informed

me that these were the poor Irish who had lately "come over," and had encamped in these tumble-down shanties near the low walls, and which were thus visible from the higher ground. However, as the streets become occupied with good stone houses, such an eye-sore, my informant added, would be taken away, and the newly arrived emigrants would be compelled to encamp elsewhere. But, lo! we are out of the park now, and actually in the Fifth Avenue again; and very soon my friend's dashing turn-out draws up at the front of Brevoort House.

When Dr. Morison and Mr. Service arrived at the hotel, about a quarter of an hour after me, I found that they were bent upon spending the evening in a way which squared admirably with my own inclinations—namely, by attending Henry Ward Beecher's weekly prayer meeting. And as it was now past six o'clock, and we were not certain whether the hour for this Friday evening's service was half-past seven or eight P.M., their proposal was to set off immediately, as the distance to Brooklyn was four or five miles, including, of course, the steam ferry over the intervening arm of the sea. To be candid, I recollect distinctly, at this interval of months, that I would have liked very much to have got a cup of tea before starting, and something substantial along with it; for I had not been able to do justice to the excellent *déjeuner* at the asylum, and now began to feel a little of that vacuum which nature abhors. My friends, however, had apparently no sympathy with my physical feelings; and being myself anxious for the spiritual feast, I gladly set off with them, under the expectation that an hour with Beecher would drive tea and toast out of my mind.

Behold us, then, making our way down Broadway, and standing at Fulton Street Ferry about seven P.M., waiting for the steamer. Generally one has not long to wait; but it is a little tantalizing when one is eager and impatient, as we were that night, to see the great broad steamer just leaving the wharf as you are coming up, necessitating a delay of seven minutes or so. But see! how rapidly the great and elegant saloon is filling up in which people wait who are to cross; for in the evening the Brooklyn ferries are very busy, as the greater part of the inhabitants of that city do business in New York during the day, and are drawn back at night by the magnetic attractions of home. And now, when the next steamer has arrived, and has landed its crowd of passengers, the gates of the shed-like saloon are thrown open, and, in a trice, the expectant crowd rushes into the steamer and fills it up. I explained in my last article that the centre of these

great ferry-boats is reserved for carriages, while the sides are partitioned off for passengers; but these sides themselves are long and spacious cabins, capable of containing several hundreds of persons. We may either sit down under cover on one of the long seats that run from end to end, or we may go out to the prow of the vessel and get the view of the arm of the sea on which we are sailing, and which is called the East River. It is about a quarter of a mile wide; and the buildings and spires of Brooklyn rise prominently on the other side. The current is so strong that, at certain times of the tide, the pilot cannot go right across, but requires, as when ships are tacking at sea, to make for a point up or down the river, and then dart suddenly into the wharf, whose open arms are waiting to receive him. But the passengers need be under no apprehension, as the pilots are skillful men; and see! the one on whom we depend is sitting aloft, as he steers the ship, on a high platform, from which he can best comprehend the state of the current, and observe the numerous vessels that are doing business in these well-worn, yet trackless, waters.

But what two great towers are these which are more distinctly visible from the centre of the stream, notwithstanding the gathering shades of evening, as they rise up on either shore? They are the towers which have been built for the great viaduct that is to span the East River. For let all the world know that the enterprising men of New York are determined to annihilate, if possible, the natural difficulties of their position, and bridge over the beautiful chasm which yawns, or rather gleams, between these two great cities at that splendid sea-port. A great sum of money has already been expended on the undertaking, and stories are rife of municipal fraud and speculations in connection with the gigantic undertaking. While we were there operations were suspended, whether on account of engineering difficulties, or from want of money, we could not accurately learn. But I have no doubt that the work will be proceeded with and executed, *if possible*; for American ambition aims at marvellous feats, and does not like to see a great work left undone.

But now our boat bumps heavily against the side of the wharf, which, however, some way or other, is so skilfully constructed that, like a good-tempered man, it yields to the pressure and provocation, and appears to be wholly uninjured and unoffended by the rude assault. And now we are securely berthed at the Brooklyn pier; and the majority of our fellow-passengers hurry off to get cutlets and curtain lectures; but alas! there are no cutlets for me. Yet hush thy clamour, O earth-born vacuity, for I am about to hear a lecture from a

great orator that will surely serve to satisfy the cravings of both the inner and the outer man.

Plymouth Church is not far from the ferry, and under the guidance of our two friends, Messrs. Service and Crawford (the latter of whom met us at the river), we soon left the crowded thoroughfare, and found ourselves walking along streets which were entirely occupied by elegant residences. In one of these, called Orange Street, Plymouth Church is situated—the building which has, for so many years, been so celebrated as the scene of Mr. Beecher's wonderful ministry, but around which so dense a cloud of painful anxiety has of late months gathered. We did not, on this occasion, enter the large building, which we could observe, however, to be a great and well-finished erection of red and finely painted bricks. We kept along the eastern side of the church till we reached the lecture room, which, indeed, is situated at the back of the chapel, and on a line with it. It was now half-past seven o'clock; but we found that we were half an hour too soon, as the prayer meeting did not begin till eight o'clock. However, a considerable company had already assembled, and we were happy to learn that Mr. Beecher himself was expected to preside on the occasion. We sat down on a pew, which was at once near the door and the pulpit, and had leisure to survey both the place and the people, who were rapidly filling it. The room would contain about 500 of an audience; and when it began to get quite crowded, a side gallery was opened overlooking the lecture room, so that when Mr. Beecher arrived fully 600 people were waiting to receive him. I noticed that the majority of the worshippers seemed to be middle-class citizens in comfortable circumstances, who had apparently risen from dinner or tea to come to the prayer meeting. They looked a very nice and spiritually-minded people, in as far as one could judge from their outward appearance and their manner during divine service.

As eight o'clock approached, we almost regretted that we had taken our seats so near the door, because there began to be a dense pressure there; for the members of the church who knew the secrets of the place, when they found, on arriving, that all the seats were filled, withdrew to the adjoining chapel and returned each with a cane-bottomed chair,—a large supply of which useful articles seemed to be kept always on hand for the customary crowd on the Lord's-day. But although we found ourselves at last jammed up in a "press," like the multitude at Gennesaret, we were waiting, like them, to hear the blessed Word of the Lord.

I had both seen and heard Mr. Beecher during his visit to this country in 1864; but Dr. Morison had never seen him

before. Our readers who were present at the examination of the E.U. Theological Academy a few years ago, when the Doctor presented each student with a certain number of volumes as the gift of a friend, will remember that he remarked, concerning a book of sermons by Mr. Beecher, that "he was the prince of living preachers." It was therefore with considerable eagerness that he waited to see one of whom he had formed so high an opinion.

Mr. Beecher came in punctually at eight P.M., threw down his felt hat, and occupied the chair which had been set for him. A gleam of satisfaction seemed to break over his face as he looked round upon the crowded meeting. It was like a kind father surveying his children—happier to meet with them by themselves in the familiar family meeting than on the great day of the feast when many strangers are present. After contemplating the company for a little, he took up the large hymn book, which had been lying on a table near him, and gave out a hymn. He merely mentioned the number 640, or thereabouts (for all the hymns he gave out that night were among the 600's); whereupon a gentleman, who was seated a little in front of the slightly raised platform, struck up the tune at once, accompanying the singing of it on a little harmonium, or American organ. The whole congregation broke forth immediately and simultaneously in a glad outburst of song. The hymn was the well-known one "Nearer my God to Thee"; and although the tune was not the one which we commonly sing to that fine paraphrase of Jacob's Bethel experience, it was one that was very easily followed, and the singing of which I very much enjoyed. When the hymn was ended, Mr. Beecher, by a look and a whisper (for the sound was scarcely audible), indicated that he wished a gentleman who was also seated near the platform, to lead the prayers of the congregation. The gentleman referred to was evidently a man of culture, as well as of spiritual aspirations; and I felt it to be edifying as well as pleasant to join in his supplications. One expression which he used made me suppose that perhaps his duties led him from home from time to time—probably to sea; for he spoke as if he had but recently returned after a period of absence. The leading item of news that week was the outbreak of hostilities in Kansas between the rival Governors, accompanied with bloodshed—as to which the petition was appropriately breathed forth: "And grant, O Lord, that we may never again in this land be called upon to pass through the horrors of civil war." Touching references were also made towards the close of the prayer to Mr. Beecher's own ministry, and the good he had been enabled to effect during many years

of laborious service. When the supplication had ended, Mr. Beecher's lips opened for the third time since his entrance, but only to give the number of the hymn, 663, or some number like that; and whenever the hymn was sung, either by nod or whisper he intimated his desire that an old gentleman should pray, who was also seated quite near the platform. This brother was not so polished as the first petitioner, as it struck me; but there was even more unction and power in his prayer. It turned out that it was Mr. Halliday, who is called assistant pastor, and who helps Mr. Beecher in the visitation of the sick, and in general church work. Mr. Halliday prayed also most affectionately for Mr. Beecher; and the hushed silence that reigned during these pastoral references, when I look back upon it now, was evidently produced by the unexpressed undercurrent of sympathy with their minister which the persistent accusations of his enemies had called forth. When this prayer was over, Mr. Beecher began his brief address, which is generally reported in the newspapers as "Friday Evening Talk in Plymouth Chapel." He took no text, and kept the hymn book in his hand while he spoke—his chief action being to twirl it round and round, resting it from time to time on his knee. He did not rise up during his lecture, but remained sitting in the true oriental fashion; and as there was no table between him and his hearers, they had the advantage of seeing the full person of the speaker, who, indeed, looked like a father addressing his children from his easy chair at the fireside on a winter evening. I am perfectly certain now that Mr. Beecher in this address was referring to his past troubles, and to the storm which must then have been threatening to burst out upon him, although he generously avoided mentioning his own sorrows, and referred only to theirs. He spoke to somewhat of the following effect:—

"These sceptical men of science in the present day are continually saying that I, and the like of me, should not criticise their speculations, because from our professional occupations we cannot be expected, as they allege, to be accurately acquainted with their newest investigations. Now, I frankly confess that there is something in their objection. I, for one, cannot keep up with them: they go so fast. But when they draw conclusions from their fancied discoveries which I know to be contradicted by facts of my consciousness—far more surely revealed than their newest proclamations—I feel that I have a right to speak. An argument for the being of God is sometimes based upon the marks of design that are to be found in the universe, and sometimes again on the wonderful powers of the human mind, and especially upon the faculty of con-

science ; but I feel disposed to-night to prove the existence of a personal God from the sorrows of the world. We have had not a little sorrow in connection with this congregation of late. First of all, we had the commercial crisis ; and more recently there has been much sickness and death. You have sent for me again and again when you were weeping over the wreck of your ruined fortunes, and also when you lamented over the sick-beds or the cold clay of those who were near and dear to you ; and I felt that I could not do my work without the doctrine and the fact of a personal and sympathizing God. I can suppose a man—a cold logical man—being a sceptic, who must have everything proved mathematically to him, and who looks at everything from a cold intellectual standpoint ; but I cannot understand how a man, having my work to do, or the work of any other minister, which consists so largely in comforting the sorrowful, could get on without a personal God. And since the world is full of sorrow that needs to be soothed, I conclude that there must be a Personal God."

When Mr. Beecher had spoken in this strain for ten or twelve minutes, he suddenly stopped and said, "Some of you talk now." It seems to be the custom at Plymouth Church prayer meeting to leave a portion of the time "open," that is, to allow any one to exhort, or put a question to the minister—who, on his part, courts, rather than dreads, such inquiry and criticism.

The first gentleman who stood up was designated a teacher next morning in the *New York Herald* (for there was a pretty full report of the meeting in the Saturday newspapers). He spoke as follows : "Mr. Beecher, I am one of the men to whom you referred in your address, who need everything proved to them logically and mathematically." Mr. Beecher here interpolated, in a low voice, "I'm sorry for you,"—at which a distinct titter was audible, joined in by all who were near enough the platform to hear the *sotto voce* observation. Not much daunted by the interruption and the laugh, the speaker continued : "I was reading a book lately, the author of which used the following similitude : 'How could we expect a great philosopher to pay much attention to little ants in his garden ? And how could we expect the Infinite Jehovah to be interested in such puny beings as we are ?'" In his subsequent remarks, the gentleman did not bring out very clearly the proper reply to this objection, namely, that we are of more value than many ants or sheep or sparrows ; and Mr. Beecher apparently did not think that the question required any further elucidation, for he made no remark at all when the interrogator concluded.

But he had really no time to make remarks ; for hardly had

this first speaker ceased, when a second began. The voice on this occasion did not come from the ground floor, but from the side gallery, which was occupied with the later arrivals. This new questioner spoke as follows: "Mr. Beecher,—that's not my difficulty at all. My great difficulty arises from the number of the heathen. It is now supposed that there are fifteen hundred millions of human beings on the face of the earth, and there are at least a thousand millions of them who have never heard anything of Christ; and of those even who inhabit what is called Christendom, how many are merely nominal Christians! Surely in the day of judgment the Lord will have some broad and merciful basis of reckoning according to which he will try these men. He assuredly will not judge them by the Gospel which they have never heard, but according to the lesser lights of nature, conscience, and dim religious privilege which they may possess." Mr. Beecher seemed to be well pleased with this gentleman's deliverance; for he immediately rejoined, "You speak like a man of sense. Without doubt judgment shall be delivered at last on broad and charitable grounds. Do you not remember what the Apostle Paul says: 'They are a law unto themselves'? Yes; it will be found in that day that God will be much more merciful than many of his interpreters."

Having so expressed himself, and having given out the number of the concluding hymn that was to be sung, Mr. Beecher added: "When this hymn is over, I am to have an after-play of my own." What this "after-play" was to be, no one apparently could dream, although from the arch smile that seemed to play around the lips of their pastor, the congregation doubtless expected something unusual. Nor were they disappointed; for whenever the last notes of the hymn died away, Mr. Beecher said, "Miss —— will now address you in behalf of her mission among the coloured people down in South Carolina." I am sorry that I forget the lady's name. It was a common name like Thomson or Robinson; but certainly she was no common woman. When she came to the platform and stood beside the great preacher, she literally gasped with excitement; but, after a little, the tumultuous palpitations of her heart subsided, and she continued in the following strain: "When I first went down south to work among the poor coloured people, I had to keep a revolver in the school beside me; and my sufferings from the antipathy of the neighbours have been very severe. But when I have seen the girls whom I have educated taking respectable places in society, and when I have heard them testify that they owed their religious and moral elevation, under God, to my instructions—(here the

speaker's voice failed her through emotion, and after an affecting pause, she added, with difficulty)—I have felt myself to be amply rewarded." Evidently she had not, like the unfortunate minister, written "weep here" at the wrong part of her manuscript; for her tears came in most naturally, and were without doubt the unexpected outburst of genuine emotion. They were most productive, too; for whenever the lady had concluded, Mr. Beecher announced that two or three of the deacons of the church would carry round collecting plates; and we observed from the papers next day that upwards of 240 dollars had been contributed on the occasion.

As we left the church we were confirmed in the opinion which we had formed at home by what we had heard and read, that Mr. Beecher was truly a great and useful man, and his followers a most useful people. We were still further strengthened in this belief as we walked down to the ferry, near 10 P.M., by having a considerable building pointed out to us which had been reared and was maintained entirely by the energy of Plymouth Church. This was what would be called among us *a public house without drink*. Newspapers and harmless games were advertised in the well-lighted windows; and we were informed that the establishment had been decidedly successful.

When we reached Brevoort House, near 11 o'clock, I was surprised that the Doctor, although he had been richly fed as to the inner-inner man, did not need any refreshment for the outer-inner man. But, notwithstanding the excellence of the Plymouth prelections, I felt that I required to *ply* my own mouth after a literally fleshly fashion; and I was glad that the rules of the Brevoort House admitted of my doing so at that unseasonable hour. Thereafter I slept soundly, having been fatigued with the labours of our second day in New York; for I dreamt neither of asylums, parks, or privileged conventicles. Indeed I should have slept soundly, I verily believe, although I had been under the necessity of putting a revolver below my pillow, like Miss Blank, the heart-melting and purse-opening missionary to South Carolina.

Saturday, May 9th, need not detain us long. We were occupied during the forenoon in fixing our berths for our homeward voyage in June, and in getting money orders cashed at banking offices to which we had been recommended before leaving Glasgow. Talking of banks,—when we were in the neighbourhood of Wall Street we looked in upon the building which answers in New York the same purpose as the Bourse in Paris. The half frantic cries of the votaries of the Stock Exchange certainly amused us; but they did not sound quite

as wild and Babel-like as those of the metropolis of the sister republic on the banks of the Seine. We spent the afternoon and evening, according to previous arrangement, at the house of our excellent friend, Mr. Aitken, in Forty-fourth Street. We were glad to learn there that a treat remained in store for us on the following day. Miss Aitken had kindly written to a friend of her own to ask if we could be accommodated with seats in his pew, in the front of the gallery, in Plymouth Church. We were now informed that an affirmative reply had been received, and we felicitated ourselves that as we had listened to the Friday evening talk, we would hear the Sabbath morning oration, of the greatest of Transatlantic preachers.

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY WITH BEECHER AND TALMAGE.

SUNDAY morning, May 10th, found us on our way to Mr. Beecher's church again. The day was exceptionally hot for the season. Our landlord informed us that the thermometer rose to 93° in front of the hotel door. We were not a little alarmed, for we argued thus: If the heat be so great in the beginning of May, what will it not be ere we can get out of the country in the end of June? But we were told not to feel uneasy; for a reaction would come, and cooler breezes would blow before the really hot weather would set in. Still, the oven-like heat made us thankful all day for rest and shelter.

We reached Plymouth Church at 10 A.M. exactly. As public worship, however, did not begin till half-past ten, we were half an hour before the time, but not half an hour too soon. We found the stairs leading up to the gallery already lined with people who were willing to stand there with the bare hope of being admitted; while all the back seats of the gallery (which are free), with those in a loft near the ceiling, were already crowded. We were glad that our friend, Mr. Service, was accommodated in one of these seats; for we required to leave him, and were conducted by one of the pew openers to the pew for which we had an order, in the front of the gallery. It was situated on the preacher's left hand, and was leased by one whom we are now happy to call our friend, Theodore B. Starr, Esq., of Brooklyn and New York. As Mr. Starr had not yet arrived, we had time to look about us. The building was large and spacious; and while devoid of unnecessary

ornament, it was far from being offensively plain. It was remarkably well lighted, and seemed to have been cleaned and painted not long before; and as the white colour predominated, the chapel looked pure and clean. In style and structure it was not unlike Wellington Place U.P. Church in Glasgow, in which Mr. Moody's mid-day prayer meetings were held last spring; but only it seemed to be twice as large—the difference being not in the breadth but in the great length of Plymouth Church. When we entered at 10 o'clock the building would be about one-third full; but the audience assembled very rapidly, and by a quarter past 10 it was three-fourths filled. And now Mr. and Mrs. Starr, with some friends arrived, and welcomed us with much cordiality to their pew. As I had the pleasure of sitting next Mrs. Starr, she had the opportunity of communicating to me some interesting items of information. "There are 2,800 sittings in the church," she observed; "but when it is as full as this (and indeed it is always as full) we know that there are 3,200 people within the walls." I should have noticed that while we had been exchanging greetings with our new friends, it looked as if all barriers at the door had been removed, and the eager crowd without had been allowed to fill all the aisles and passages.

There is no pulpit in Plymouth Church; and the platform, which is almost on a level with the ground, is visible from all parts of the gallery. Our readers who have perused Mr. Beecher's lectures on preaching, will remember that when he speaks of the architecture of churches, he mentions that Charles Dickens, after giving one of his readings in Plymouth Church, sent Mr. Beecher the message that "Plymouth Church was perfect." This message was complimentary to the Brooklyn pastor, for the building had been planned by himself.

My attention had by this time been directed to the singing gallery—that is, the pews occupied by the choir. These were behind the minister's platform, and right over his head. An imposing choir had already entered; and Mrs. Starr thus described them to me: "The greater number of them are voluntary singers, being young ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. Four of them—namely, these sitting on the right and left of the organist—a quartette, are paid, and paid well; one of them, that young lady on the organist's left hand, is a splendid soloist, and one of the best singers in New York. The old organist himself, who has already taken his seat, with a smoking cap on his head, is quite a musical genius in his way."

But lo! here comes Mr. Beecher. He walked up to his seat on the platform with a rapid step, and began to survey with interest the immense multitude before him. A beautiful and

evidently expensive flower (and Mrs. Starr said that one was always provided for him) filled a vase on his right hand.

Although Mr. Beecher had taken up a book, and had begun to look for a hymn, he seemed to be in no hurry to rise; and I soon found out the reason. In it was revealed a peculiarly American or United States custom. The minister does not initiate proceedings on the Lord's-day. The choir begin of themselves. They choose the "voluntary" for the opening of divine service; and the minister is not expected to rise till they have ended.

The voluntary which was sung that morning was certainly well chosen. I have already remarked that the day was oppressively hot; and we had not a little prospective sympathy with Mr. Beecher, when we thought of his being under the necessity of preaching in such a temperature. When I indite, then, the words which had been chosen by the leader of the choir for their opening song, my readers will admit that the selection was appropriate. They were the first four lines of Tate and Brady's version of the 42nd Psalm:—

" As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace."

The music was by Mendelssohn; and if it was worthy of the words, the singing was worthy of that master of song. The vocal powers of the young lady whom Mrs. Starr had pointed out to me, were now displayed to fine advantage. She got the most of the performance to herself. Sometimes the other members of the quartette joined her; and sometimes the whole choir struck in with full swelling harmony; but viewed as a whole, the performance was hers. As her voice rose or fell in graceful cadence, the hearers were not only led to admire her power of song and the genius of the great German composer, but chiefly that divine grace which refreshes the fainting spirit in a weary land. For the chief idea which was impressed upon the mind by the musical piece and the words to which it was allied, was this, that there was refreshment for the poor oppressed soul in the house and in the mercy of God, even as the thirsty animal or the thirsty traveller enjoys the cooling shade, and the cooling draught of water, on just such a day as that on which we had met together. I may here remark that this custom of a voluntary before religious service is common through all the States; for we heard it not only in Dr. Taylor's church in New York, but in the Cumberland Presbyterian churches of Pittsburg and Lincoln, Illinois, and in the Presbyterian church in Detroit, in the State of Michigan.

I have nothing particular to record concerning the preliminary exercises in Plymouth Church, on this Sabbath morning. The hymns were sung with much effect and power; for although I did not know the tunes which were sung, the great mass of the people knew them. Mr. Beecher read the fourteenth chapter of the epistle of the Romans; but there was nothing to strike one, either in his emphasis or his intonations. The passage was simply read, in a sweet tone and voice, and in a natural and unaffected manner. Nor do I remember anything remarkable in his morning prayer. It also was simple and quietly uttered, save where he began to offer supplications for God's blessing on the whole race of mankind, wherever they might dwell; for here his voice perceptibly increased in compass, as if from the increased compass of his thoughts. But I certainly was not prepared for a very remarkable scene, which took place before the sermon was commenced.

The choir began to chant a beautiful baptismal service; and presently fifteen pairs of fathers and mothers were led in to a space before the platform, each father carrying in his arms the child that was about to be dedicated to the Lord. Mrs. Starr had by this time whispered to me that the baptisms for the month were about to be administered. I was surprised at these two things: first, that the child was in the arms of the father, not of the mother; and, secondly, that the children were all about a year old, and therefore able to sit up in the arms of the fond paternal parent. Mr. Beecher descended from the platform to celebrate the rite—Mr. Halliday, his assistant, accompanying him as he passed from child to child, and holding in his hands for the convenience of the distinguished pastor the vessel of water which was used on the occasion. Mr. Beecher merely wetted his fingers in the basin and touched the forehead of the child, so that no crying or screaming accompanied the administration of the ordinance; yet one or two of the most spirited among the little ones seemed to be not very sure about even the gentle digital imposition, for they made sundry demonstrations, which caused a titter to run through the observant crowd—or, as a Bridgeton man once expressed it to me, in unconscious felicity of speech—"an audible smile." Indeed one little fellow rudely pushed the great preacher's hand away; and if he had only been a little older he would evidently have said what a little urchin did really say in similar circumstances, to the dignified Dr. Wardlaw, "What's that for?" Let us hope that praying mothers and faithful fathers, in their quiet Brooklyn homes, may yet have an opportunity of answering the important question, "what's that for?" to the thoughtful child with budding intellect and tear-filled eye.

After another hymn had been sung, the text for the day was given out: "But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way" (1 Cor. xii. 31).

In the exordium of his sermon, Mr. Beecher ran over, in a kind of cursory paraphrase, the main argument of the apostle in the preceding part of the chapter about the miraculous gifts of the early church. When he came to the clause, "to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom," he said that means "your metaphysical men—the dry logicians, who remind me always of the twisted gnarl in the hard oak,—men whose books have a place in our libraries, but how seldom are they ever read! And yet" he added, "the men doubtless have their place and do good; for if ever you wish to have a piece of rare fancy wood veneered in a chair or door-way in your houses, I am certain to find the old gnarled bit of oak." The first "audible smile" that ran over the immense audience was caused by this happy saying.

But leaving the immediate reference of the text, Mr. Beecher applied the spirit of the passage to the present day, in the following manner: "If Paul were in the United States to-day, he would say, Episcopacy is good; Presbyterianism is good; Independency is good; Methodism is good; Baptism is good; even Popery for some states of mind is good; and yet I show unto you a more excellent way—that is, whatever body you may belong to, there is something more important than creed and denomination—namely, that we have in our heart that beautiful love or charity, on which he insists in the 13th chapter." The sermon, as reported in the papers next day, was entitled "A Plea for Christian Liberty." We were told by Mr. and Mrs. Starr that we were extremely fortunate; for we might have attended the church for half-a-year and not have heard a more characteristic discourse than the one which was delivered that morning. It embraced a review of the whole Christian church in America, and pled for freedom to all the different sects to explain and defend their peculiar doctrines or dogmas, but at the same time denied to them the right to oppress and persecute, either corporeally or socially, the men who might not agree with them.

Thus, on certain differences then agitating the Episcopalian Church, he said: "It has lately been asserted 'if they be not pleased with the rubric, let them leave the church.' Ah! brethren, it is not so easy to leave a church. A church ain't a hotel. You go into a hotel and they put you up to the seventh or eighth storey; and you come down in the morning, pay your bill, and walk out. But a church ain't like that. It costs a great struggle to leave the church one was brought up in.

Don't tell these earnest Low Churchmen to leave their connection. Let them stay in and do all the good they can. The Episcopal Church! God bless her. I love her, because she was my mother's church." And here the preacher's voice faltered, and his eyes were suffused with tears.

Then, coming to the Presbyterian Church, he referred thus to the trial of Professor Swing, of Chicago, which was being held that very week: "I don't like to make puns in the pulpit, but I find it difficult to keep from calling him David Slings; for, like young David, he seems to have gathered some rare pebbles of truth, and to have slung them and flung them right into the brow of the Goliath of gigantic, self-complacent, and self-styled orthodoxy. The Presbyterian Church! The church of my father! I honour her! There are noble men in her. I know them well—men who are willing to make sacrifices for the truth. We trod the wilderness of Indiana together; for I commenced my ministry in that communion; but although it is not given to all to leave the church they were reared in, I could not remain in her fellowship, but joined the Independent body, that I might get freedom from that book. [Here Mr. Beecher held up a copy of the *Westminster Confession of Faith*.] Yes, it was to get liberty from the third chapter of that book that I became an Independent. They tried my poor old father too, and threatened to expel him for alleged departure from the rigid predestination theory; and I never saw anything more humbling all my life than the way in which the poor old man tried to make himself believe that he believed this third chapter of the *Westminster Confession*, when he did not believe a word of it from the hair on his head to the nails on his toes." Here the audience broke out into almost unrestrained laughter and applause.

On the Church of Rome he expressed himself charitably, too. He said: "I rarely try to convert a Roman Catholic after he is fifty years of age. Even if you bring nominally converted Papists into a church like this, they would not be happy in it. They may come out heartily during a great upheaval, like Luther's; but as things move on ordinarily you cannot make much of them, except by trying to do them all the good you can, through kindly actions and gentle hints, while they remain in their own communion. I plead for liberty to them too. They are fellow-citizens; and they have a right as citizens to ventilate their own opinions; but if they come to me and say, 'If you don't believe as we believe you'll be damned,' in the first place, I wouldn't be damned, you know—(the preacher accompanied this remark with so knowing and comical a wink that the whole audience laughed, and there was distinct

applause in the gallery);—and in the second place I never could believe as they believe.”

In the course of this sermon Mr. Beecher also gave his views on what I may call the ethics of church fellowship. He proposed the question, “Should a man join a church when he knows that the minister and people do not believe all that he believes?” The reply was, “If he felt that his soul got a blessing in that church, undoubtedly he should.” “But should he tell the minister all his views when he is making application?” “Only if the minister should happen to ask him—(laughter); but after he is in the church it should be a point of gentlemanly honour with him to make no schism or disturbance on points of doctrine as to which the great mass of the church may be at one. For the sake of his soul’s edification he should keep the peace.”

It was after this fashion that this most remarkable man discoursed for about an hour and a half, pleading for Christian liberty. The sermon was more an ecclesiastical one than a spiritual one; yet it was most refreshing to us to hear a man of so much mark and eminence discourse so charitably on points which so nearly concerned us. It seemed quite providential that we should have heard such a sermon. Dr. Morison was deeply moved when Mr. Beecher held up the *Westminster Confession of Faith*—the very book by which he had been “weighed in the balance and found wanting.” The Rev. Dr. Squires, of Pittsburg, told us, when we reached that city, that he looked upon Mr. Beecher as a man who was always, in liberality of sentiment, a year or two ahead of his fellow-countrymen—like a lofty mountain that catches the sun’s rising rays before they have reached the humbler hills in the vale below. And remembering the impression produced upon our minds by the remarkable sermon which we had heard, we could say that the witness was true.

And here I cannot keep back the expression of my deep regret that, since the period of our visit, such dark accusations have been made against the moral character of so great a man. I fondly hope that before the solemn tribunal of law he will be able to clear himself from all suspicion, as he has cleared himself already before the tribunal of his church. When I remember the vast audience that hung upon his lips, and how fully all his utterances were reported in the daily papers; and when I reflect how immensely religious and moral power exceed that which is only material and political, I conclude that for such a man to fall from such an eminence, would be far more deplorable than for a Napoleon to be driven into exile, or a powerful premier to lose the favour of his king and country.

But I cannot even entertain the idea of the possibility of such a theory, and gladly fall back, re-assured and satisfied, on Mr. Beecher's own sworn declaration of his innocence.

The audience seemed a very intelligent one, being largely composed of middle-class gentlemen, apparently in professional as well as in mercantile positions.

There was one acknowledged reporter, who sat at a table in the front of Mr. Beecher's platform, and took down every word of the sermon, and every word of the prayer. All the Plymouth Church sermons are thus published, like Mr. Spurgeon's (but on better paper), and are sold over the country at the cost of ten cents each, that is, about fourpence of our money. But there must have been many reporters scattered throughout the building, as the numerous daily papers on Monday morning had all longer or shorter digests of his discourse.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr were very desirous that we should be introduced to Mr. Beecher at the close of the service. We were somewhat averse to this, being unwilling to trouble him when he was exhausted with his work. But when our friends urged us on the plea that Mr. Beecher was sorry when ministers from a distance were not introduced, we allowed ourselves to be led to him. Owing to the great throng, he had already reached the outside of the church before we could reach him. He not only shook hands kindly with us, but introduced us to his brother, the Rev. Edward Beecher, who was standing at his side. He remarked, "If I had known that two Glasgow ministers were hearing me, I don't believe I could have preached that wild sermon." When Mr. Service explained to him that Dr. Morison was the author of the *Commentary on Matthew*, which he knew he possessed, he remarked that it was "an admirable book." And now, as if standing on the pavement before Plymouth Church, I must say farewell, for the present, to Henry Ward Beecher, hoping that in every respect he may *fare well*.

We crossed by the ferry to New York, and spent the afternoon at the house of our friend, Mr. Service, enjoying there much the cool shade and the refreshing siesta, on so hot and enervating a day.

The twilight of evening found us crossing the ferry again; for we were bent on attending the church of Dr. Talmage, of whom the people of this country have heard so much for a year or two. Several of our New York friends were surprised at our desire to hear this gentleman, and ventured to hint that there were others who enjoyed a greater fame in America than he; but we informed them that both the revival and the temperance periodicals in Britain had made his celebrity second only to

that of Mr. Beecher, by re-publishing his eloquent and exciting addresses from week to week, in London, and our principal provincial towns.

I spoke of the twilight of evening, because on the Lord's Day, in the United States, the second service—at least in summer time—is held at a very late hour, that the assembling congregation may have the advantage of the comparative cool that follows complete sunset. If I remember aright, half-past seven was the hour of Dr. Talmage's evening service; but it was no uncommon thing for us during our journey, as at Detroit for example, to find ourselves on the way to Sabbath evening service at eight P.M.

Dr. Talmage's church lies much nearer the heart of Brooklyn than Mr. Beecher's, so that we had a much greater distance to walk in the evening, than in the morning, after leaving the wharf. We found that the great tabernacle of this distinguished Presbyterian preacher was also situated quite in a good street, and among the houses of apparently wealthy people. For, as we approached the building, I remember seeing ladies and gentlemen sitting out before their doors (a very common New York custom on summer evenings) and surveying the multitude of people who were, like us, on their way to the church.

Some of my readers may remember that the first large tabernacle which had been built for Dr. Talmage, when his fame began to spread, had been burnt down, and that this second one, yet more splendid and more expensive, had been erected very expeditiously, and had been opened free of debt. This event had taken place only a short time before the period of our visit, so that we had the opportunity of seeing and hearing the Doctor in his *bran* new church.

The pew openers informed us that the exceptionally hot evening had the effect of keeping back the customary crowd; for although the immense chapel was full, it was not full to overflowing. Between three and four thousand would be present; but a full thousand more, we were told, would have been crammed into the building had the temperature not been so high—extreme heat producing the same diminishing effect on a congregation in New York as a very wet day does in Glasgow. We were glad that the church was not over-crowded on that evening; for the gas-lights in a great central chandelier that lighted the whole house, in addition to the sultriness of the evening, made the heat almost insupportable.

Dr. Talmage's tabernacle is nearly circular in form, like the Kibble Palace in Glasgow. It is not, indeed, so large as that convenient conservatory; but a deep gallery enables it to afford

sitting accommodation to almost as many individuals. The platform and organ occupy the one end of the house; and I thought that the only defect in the arrangements was the absence of a choir. The Doctor looked quite solitary on the great platform; and although the organ was a grand and handsome one, its powerful tones did not make up for the want of such harmonious voices as we had heard at Plymouth Chapel in the forenoon. The only leader of whose services the congregation had the advantage, in addition to the organist, was another solitary gentleman, who stepped upon the platform as each hymn was to be sung, and not only raised the tune, but tried to keep time by the authoritative gesticulations of his extended arm and indicating finger.

Dr. Talmage is rather above the middle size; and as his hair is fair, he is one of these men as to whom you cannot tell whether he is thirty-five or fifty years of age. His forehead is not very high; but his eyes are sunk so deeply behind his fair eye-brows, as to leave the impression upon the beholder that his mind is penetrating as well as imaginative. Dressed in a black surtout and black necktie, he had nothing on the large platform with him but a plain little chair, a very little table on which he rested his elbow while the hymns were being sung, and a very little Bible in his hand—smaller indeed than the copies of the Scriptures which were being used by many of his congregation.

The text for the evening was 2 Kings, x, 15, "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?"—the words of Jehu to Jehonadab, the son of Rechab. The brief question, however, "Is thy heart right?" formed the text proper. The following was the introduction to the sermon:—

"Four years ago, in St. Paul's Church, London, I heard the Dean of St. Paul's read this chapter at evening service, as one of the prescribed lessons for the day; and whenever these words were uttered, 'Is thy heart right?' I said to myself, That will make a good text some day. The day has at length arrived: for I have come down to this service to-night to press upon you the question, 'Is thy heart right?'"

The discourse that followed was simple, earnest, and powerful. The particulars which were successively illustrated were these: A right heart is (1) a penitent, (2) a believing, and (3) an expectant heart. It struck me that the discourse was carefully prepared, either by being written out or thought out; for in several instances the antithetical sayings were so felicitously balanced that I could hardly conceive of their being thrown off on the spur of the moment. It was just such a sermon as was calculated, in the hands of the Divine Spirit, to impress the

careless, and bring the inquiring to evangelical rest. On account of the great heat of the evening, the doctor curtailed his sermon, and preached only half an hour. At times his action and vehemence of oratory were considerable; but Dr. Morison and myself were sorry to observe that his throat seemed to be weak. Indeed once or twice his efforts to make the loudness of his intonations correspond with the excitement of his own heart, were positively painful, and produced something like a screech or scream. We were not surprised to learn afterwards that Dr. Talmage had been twice off work with the affection which is known as "minister's sore throat"; and we fondly hope that so useful and accomplished a man may be enabled to guard so important an organ as that of speech, wisely and well.

But however deep our interest may have been in the principal service, the "after-meeting" interested (not to say surprised) us yet more. The reason why Dr. Talmage is not liked by many of his Presbyterian brethren in the United States is to be found in the fact that he is too much of a "Revivalist" for their tastes, and conducts himself, both in his mode of speaking and working, more like a follower of Wesley than a follower of Calvin and Knox. Of this state of things we found ample proof when the benediction had been pronounced.

Fully one-half of the audience remained to the prayer meeting; and no wonder—for Dr. Talmage earnestly pressed them to do so, both because the sermon had been shorter than usual, and because he depended specially on the second service, as he remarked, for the real fruits of his ministry. A hymn or two were sung, and three gentlemen prayed in succession—very earnestly indeed, yet not indicating in speech or manner the culture which was apparent in the prayers which we had heard in Plymouth Chapel lecture-room on the Friday evening previous. When these supplications were ended, Dr. Talmage delivered a final address. He said he had often found that if persons who had been impressed under a sermon were only brought to commit themselves publicly, if it were but in the way of rising up in their seats to confess that they had received a blessing, and wished to be prayed for, that simple fact strengthened them afterwards in the hour of temptation, so that Satan found it to be not so easy to steal the word away out of their hearts. Proceeding then to bid for convicted penitents, much after the fashion of an anxious auctioneer, the reverend doctor spoke as follows: "Is there no one here who has been impressed to-night and is willing to rise up in his pew in token of that impression? Has this earnest sermon been preached to so many people, and is there to be no fruit? Is no one prepared to rise up and say to the Christian people here, 'My heart is not right, but I wish

it to be put right'? Not one? So many people to hear such a sermon, and not one impressed by it! Ah, there I see one rise up in the gallery! Thank God for that one! But only one? No more than one, out of so many? Two!—yes, two!—three!—thank God for three! and that his Spirit has been working among us to-night, and is still working. But only three? I see another, and another, and another! Thank God that impressions have been produced to-night!" In this way Dr. Talmage proceeded for several minutes, till it seemed to us that at least fifty individuals must have stood up in their pews, till they caught the speaker's eye, and were thus numbered among the impressed and inquiring. At length the "bidding" process drew near a close, and the speaker concluded thus: "I am about to give you a last chance. You may never get another. Are these all that have been impressed? Is there not one more who will rise up, and by so doing virtually ask the prayers of this congregation? Not one more! (Here a young man rose up in the seat exactly before us.) Is that to be the last? This is really the last chance. If you quench the Spirit to-night, He may never strive again,—this may be your last Sabbath. Is there not one more? (Here a young lady rose up far away at the opposite end of the great building.) That is the last. Let us pray."

The Doctor then led the prayers of the congregation for a blessing to follow the whole evening's service; and especially that it might rest richly on those who had been moved to confess themselves sinners and ask the prayers of the Church, so that their "goodness might not be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that goeth away." At the close of this supplication the audience dispersed; but it was intimated that a meeting would be held in some adjacent hall for the professed inquirers. As far as we could observe, the majority of them seemed to take advantage of the opportunity.

As we left the great and elegant church, we could not help contrasting the two remarkable men whom we had been privileged to hear that day. They were the antipodes of one another—the one suiting the palate of the intellectual Christian with the "strong meat" of the spiritual larder, rendered pungent with the spice of overflowing wit and sarcasm; the other content to give forth, day after day, the sincere milk of the word for babes that they might grow thereby, and yet so mixing the milk with the cream of sanctified eloquence that the adults of the family also verily were fed. And as to the remarkable scene of the penitents rising in their pews, we were reminded of two verses in the chapter which Mr. Beecher had paraphrased in the morning: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit;" and "There are diversities of operations, but

it is the same God who worked all in all." What fits one does not fit another; and it is a great blessing that neither men nor modes of preaching and teaching are all alike. For we could quite readily conceive it to be not only possible but probable—outré although the evangelical "going, going, gone," seemed to be—that some of the fifty individuals whom we had seen rise up at the eccentric preacher's soliciting call, might be kept from sin during the week, in the hour of strong temptation, by the very fact that they had professed to be awakened before so many witnesses.

The account of our visit to these metropolitan churches has detained us so long, that the close of this second article still finds us tarrying in New York. If any apology were needed for the lengthiness of these narratives, we could easily find it, not merely in the eminence of the men whose utterances we have reported, but also in the fact that such evangelical and theological reports agree entirely with the aim and spirit of this magazine. In next number, however, we hope to begin to take our readers with us in our south-western progress across the rivers, mountains, and states of the great Transatlantic republic.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

THERE are in the Book of God many promises made concerning prayer. We find also in the Bible many instances of things being asked of God, and the event turning out in accordance with the request. Every-day events of greater or less importance are occurring, which are claimed by Christian men as answers to prayer. Cases such as those of George Müller, Pastor Harms, and many others, rise before our minds. In addition to these we have of late been made familiar with special requests made at public meetings, and answers reported thereto. The question will arise in many minds, "Are those cases really answers to prayer, or are they merely coincidences which, coloured by imagination, resolve themselves into miracles to those who believe them?" It is not our intention to take up any case or cases, and defend them as special answers. Nor do we intend to vindicate any special mode of prayer and condemn its opposite. Seeing that questions are asked regarding the exercise, and difficulties occur alike to the scientific man and the humble believer, we propose to offer a few thoughts that may be helpful in strengthening faith.

If we believe the Bible we are not warranted in playing fast and loose with what it says. When it makes a simple direct statement we must receive it in its simple direct meaning. We must not, however, take a single statement of doctrine as if it alone contained all sides and views of Christian truth. We must seek the whole truth. Yet we must never in thought attribute to God that "paltering with us in a double sense" which is a just characteristic only of the fiends. Hence, while a simple statement of one doctrine may be explained, unfolded, or, it may be, variously modified, by another, it never can be contradicted.

Let us, following this rule, consider the promise of our Saviour. He said to his disciples, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." This promise must be true. No after-promise or evolution of doctrine can contradict it. It may be explained, amplified, or curtailed by the conditions affixed to it. But it must in consistency remain such that we can unhesitatingly believe it and act upon it. Thus the first point for a believer to reach is a firm faith in the answer to prayer.

If, however, we follow out the consideration of this subject, the next question that comes is, "Are there any modifying circumstances or conditions attached?" The first modification that we find is contained in the words, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." If we wish to know what is meant by abiding in Jesus, and having his words abiding in us, we find it explained by Jesus himself in the words, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer *believing* ye shall receive." Here then we reach a modifying condition—namely, believing. If a man does not believe, he has no warrant in Scripture for looking for an answer to his prayer. If, however, he does believe, he may with confidence expect it.

But what must a man believe in order to receive? It is not simply necessary that a man believe that he will receive the thing asked. He must in his faith begin much farther back. He must first believe that God is. He cannot believe this without assigning a character to God. He must believe in the true God. The true God is merciful. If, therefore, he, believing in the merciful God, were to pray, "O God, become unmerciful for one hour that I may be avenged of mine enemies," it is impossible that his prayer could be answered. The true God is righteous. He cannot be unrighteous. Therefore, no man can get a prayer answered wherein it is involved that God should become merciless or unrighteous. No man, however, who be-

lieves in the true God could offer such a prayer in faith, for he knows that it could not be answered.

But still further, a man must believe *in Christ* before he can have confidence in Christian prayer. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father *in my name*, he may give it you." Prayer made to God by those who did not pray explicitly in Christ's name, was answered by God before the time of Christ. Prayer offered in simple faith by those who do not know Christ may still be answered. All that we contend for is that before a man can claim for himself the promise of Christ he must believe in Christ. In other words, Christian prayer must always be offered up in Christ's name—that is, as if it were Christ who prays. Apart from the name of Christ the promise is for us non-existent.

We have thus far seen (1.) that Christ gives us a simple promise of answer to all our prayers; (2.) that one leading condition is faith; (3.) that this condition includes two minor ones—namely, that there be faith in the true God, and also in Jesus Christ whom he sent. In those conditions, or indeed in the one condition of faith, are infolded all the modifications and limits of prayer.

Now, practically, there is no difficulty whatever when we are asking that for which we are commanded to pray. There are many things that we are certain must be right. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." "If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." "I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men: for kings and for all that are in authority: that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." Those are some of the things that are right. With them, therefore, there is no difficulty. It is not necessary in them to debate as to whether or not we may be exalting our own will above God's. We know that those things are according to God's will. Nor do natural laws present any difficulty here. The laws of nature are God's constant action in nature, and those are the great purposes for which He acts. We may be mistaken in the

form in which we expect those blessings, but never in expecting the blessings themselves.

But here some one may say, "These are no answers to prayer. God would have blessed his people, and established his kingdom, whether men had prayed or not." Now, what is prayer? It is not simply asking. It is certainly not begging. It is the offering up of our desires to God. God would certainly establish his kingdom, although this man, and that man, and that other man had never prayed for it. But how could his kingdom be established in hearts except there were first desires for it in those hearts? And if there be desires, they must be offered up by all whose hearts are full of them. Therefore in the coming of God's kingdom those desires which have become prayers are answered. If there be no desire or love for the kingdom of God, the kingdom cannot come in its highest form, which is rule over loving hearts. So that if all men were to refrain from prayer, the kingdom would be hindered.

But that sphere of things in which most practical difficulty is met with is the sphere of common life. From day to day we are in perplexity. Many things are doubtful. If I get this which seems good, will it turn out to be really good? If I shun this which seems evil, may it not be that I have avoided a blessing in disguise? I pray for health, and strength, and prosperity in worldly matters, whereas it may be good for me to receive sickness, and weakness, and adversity. Is my little will, with its limitations, its caprices, its ignorance, to be the measure of God's action to myself and my friends? Will God for me stay the sun upon Gibeon, or the moon upon Ajalon? Our consciousness of weak and limited capacity makes us tremble at such a thought. If God has given over the government of this world to man in his weakness, then it must soon go to wreck.

For explanation of this also we must revert to our first principle of faith. Let us understand what we believe. We believe in a righteous God who hears prayer. We cannot, therefore, believe that he will act unrighteously even in answer to prayer. I might ask rain for my own purposes, while my neighbour might ask fair weather for his. We might be equally sincere and equally ignorant as to what is good for us. But if I be a true disciple I must know that I am ignorant. And except I am certain I cannot say, "Give me this unconditionally."

There must be such intelligence as will produce a continuity of faith. There must be no wavering. If a man has before his mind ever so many possibilities, and looks

first at one and then at another, and hesitates as to which is the true or the likely one, he cannot expect to receive anything. Let us suppose the case of such a waverer. He is to-day intensely desirous of one thing. He begins to pray for it, and he persists in prayer, remembering for a week the apostolic injunction to "pray without ceasing." But before the week's close some other object occupies his attention, and he soon begins to forget what he has been asking. His new desire is something totally different from his old one, and perhaps even inconsistent with it. This new desire grows old in turn. And so from one desire he passes to another, praying always for what is uppermost at the time. Would there be any wisdom or any kindness in granting that man his desires? Even the ancient heathen could perceive this, and they spoke of the gods punishing men by granting their prayers. And we can easily see how in such a wavering state it would be the greatest possible punishment to receive what we ask.

And here let us notice how conscious ignorance limits the field of faith while knowledge extends it. A man who is consciously ignorant can have little confidence in his requests. He cannot be sure whether if he knew more he would not change his request. He must of necessity be uncertain. A man who knows is confident. He can discern between the good and the evil of life. He chooses the good intelligently, and prays for it definitely, while the other can only in a general way ask what is good. The man who knows is as one who walks in daylight, planting his foot firmly; while the ignorant man walks uncertainly as in darkness. Faith is increased by knowledge. In strict metaphysical language, what we know we cease to believe. But also in strict metaphysical language, the more we know the more we believe. We are like men who, confined to a narrow glen, believe that our horizon bounds the world, and think that nothing can happen different from what we have seen. But we leave our glen, and find the world wider than we thought, and see more wonderful things than we dreamed of. Thereafter we believe more readily in the expanse still beyond us, and in the wonders that are farther off than our present view extends.

Let us suppose therefore that there is something which a believer earnestly desires. He means to pray for it, but he is uncertain whether it be the best thing for him. His first question must be, "Am I sure that this that I ask is right? Is it for my good, and for the good of all my friends? Am I sure that it would help the up-building of God's kingdom?" If he can wisely and intelligently say that it is such as would do good, then let him ask in faith, nothing doubting. But if

in his ignorance he feels that he is not sure, then his faith must take a slightly different direction. He must still believe in God, and in the promise of Christ. But he must insert an "if" in his request. He must ask it only if it be good and right. He must pray also to be enlightened concerning it. And if he has faith he will receive light. God will show what is good. And when he knows it, he can look forward with great confidence to certainly receiving it.

Look at two illustrations of this. Moses failed to honour God at the waters of Meribah. His punishment was that he should die on the journey, and not cross over Jordan. Earnestly he prayed, "O Lord God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness and thy mighty hand: for what God is there in heaven or in earth that can do according to thy works? I pray thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." But the answer was, "Let it suffice thee: speak no more unto me of this matter. Get thee up to the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan." Moses did not get the thing he longed for. It would not have been wise and good. The people would not have thought so much of sin if Moses had not died on Nebo. God did not give Moses what he asked, because the request was unwise. But what blessing could be wisely given was bestowed. Now we do not doubt in the smallest degree that Moses acquiesced most completely in God's will. God knew what was best. Moses was ignorant. Moses therefore, having true faith, would not become querulous, but would say, "Thy will be done."

From the many other cases with which the Bible abounds I shall select one, the greatest and most truly sublime, while it is also the most mysterious—the prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane. He who taught his disciples to pray was in the habit of retiring very often to the mountain solitude for prayer. In Gethsemane we hear the voice, that promised to give anything to the disciples that they might ask, itself lifted up in agonizing supplication.

Now we are so ready to think that Jesus was unlike ourselves, that we feel almost as if it were detracting from his greatness to say that this was a real human prayer. We forget that "in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, he was heard, in that he feared." We forget that he did not come in glory to dazzle us, but as man to raise us. And as man he taught us, not by word

only, but also by example, how we ought to pray. In that dark hour night gathered round his soul, and he felt what a relief it would be to get that cup removed. Thus he prayed in bitterness of soul.

But mark that prayer. It was not unconditioned. He does not say, "Let this cup pass," but "*if it be possible*, let it pass." If the great work can be accomplished without it; if Satan's kingdom can be overthrown, and the kingdom of God established without it, then let it pass. But does he who might, if any one might, have prayed unconditionally, does he lift up his voice querulously or repiningly because the cup is still there? He conquers the tempter who is there beside him, and ends his prayer by "Not my will, but thine, be done." In these words the human is subdued to the divine—man yields to God. We here read a lesson for all our prayers.

We must not suppose that Christ in that hour was separated part from part in his inner nature, and that one part spoke while another was silent. He was still the one Christ—the one Messiah. Here certainly there is great depth of mystery. Angels desire to look into it. We stand on the outside of it, and see our High Priest, one with us, dying for us. And in his agony there is such prayer for us, and for himself, as leads us to see how we too should pray—how for ourselves, and how for others. Let there be unhesitating and unwavering confidence in all righteous prayers. But whenever human nature would assert itself too strongly, let us say, "Not our will; thine, O Lord, thine only."

It has been proposed to submit the subject of prayer to the same scientific tests by which other questions are tried. Believers need not object to this, provided only the test be scientifically accurate. In order to be accurate, none of the conditions must be absent. All the conditions are included in faith in Christ. Now if a man has faith in Christ to begin with, he believes all the words of Christ. Hence he believes in Christ's promise to answer prayer. Thus, before the experiment has been made, the experimenter must have faith as one of the necessary conditions. The experiment therefore can never be made by an unbeliever, but only by a believer. The result of it may strengthen a believer's faith. It certainly does confirm confidence, when answer after answer is given to the deepest and holiest desires of the heart. But the test can never be accurately applied where there is no faith, because then the prime condition is absent.

If therefore we are to proceed on strictly scientific principles the experiment must be made by believers. They, believing already, do not need the test, except in so far as every answer

goes to confirm faith. But it may be conceived that a certain number of doubters should persuade a certain number of believers to pray for something agreed upon. This would be perfectly legitimate according to scientific method. It would be perfectly right, provided the thing asked was right in itself and also perfectly good for the race. Here, however, a difficulty would present itself. There might be doubt, not easily solved, as to the universally beneficent nature of the thing prayed for. Let us suppose, however, that that difficulty is overcome. The test is applied. What will be the results?

Believers do not need the test to awaken faith, for they have it already. It is possible, however, for them to receive confirmation of faith. This result will probably be attained in proportion to the manifested power of God. For it is inconceivable to the believer that, if all the conditions be fulfilled, the answer will be withheld any more than that the blasting of a rock with dynamite will fail if all be properly arranged. In the case of non-believers, we do not suppose there would be any marked effects of any kind. A few of the investigators might be convinced of the power of prayer; but the vast mass of those who doubted at the beginning of the trial would remain in doubt at the end.

Perhaps some one may dissent from this conclusion. He may say that the result of such an experiment would be that all doubts would be set at rest for ever. But we have a good reason for the conclusion. Our reason is *that the experiment has been made repeatedly already*. Every professed answer to prayer is an experiment in this direction. We shall deal with no particular case. All that we contend for is that prayers have been offered up and have been answered repeatedly. The circumstances are fully related in hundreds of cases. If any man will take the trouble to read a few of them, he will see that the experiment has been made over and over again. This is our conclusion as to the probable results of any modern application of scientific method. There are already weighty facts, and they are powerless to influence the doubter. Will any additional fact be treated in a different way?

Personally we should have no difficulty in submitting our belief in prayer to a scientific test. Only we should stipulate that the test be really scientific. We should take such measures as to secure that no necessary condition should be wanting. We should submit to the test, not for our own sake, but for the sake of those who wish it. But we should feel certain in doing so that the result would again be what it had been before. For prayer has been made for a man's recovery, and he has recovered: those who doubted before said that it was all due to

medical skill. Prayer has been made for rain, and rain came: and doubters have said it would have come in any case. Prayer has been made that some terrible plague might be stayed in its devastating course: and still it has been said either that sanitary precautions have been effectual, or that the plague has exhausted itself. Thus coincidence and human skill, either separately or combined, have been accepted as a full explanation of all that has been put forward as answer to prayer. It is forgotten that even sanitary measures may be the answer. We do not think that any true believer will doubt as to the result of investigation in any way and from any point of view. True faith seeks the light. But the believer must object to the investigator's refusing to follow the scientific method to its legitimate result, and accepting the conclusion which it forces on the mind.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the believer's faith does not stand in that kind of scientific experiment. If a man believes in God, and believes further that the Bible is the book of God, wherein God's word is written, he needs but to read it. For him the simple word is enough. He asks no more. There can be but one preliminary question, "Are these the words of God?" If they be, then there is no further doubt as to prayer. But if a man hesitates to accept these as the words of God, then he cannot be persuaded of the efficacy of prayer simply because an answer is promised there. It is the man who doubts the Bible who will doubt the efficacy of prayer. For him scientific method may have value. But a prior question even with him is the nature of the God in whom he believes. From being satisfied as to that, he may be led to believe in Christ. If he reaches that sure footing, he will have reached conclusions which will not very greatly need experiment to confirm them. Nor will his conclusions be unscientific. All true thought is truly scientific. Thus by accurate thought at the beginning he will find his faith shape itself before his mental vision. If we get on the right road to begin with, we shall easily reach the right place, every step bringing us nearer to our destination. And if we begin by one true proposition concerning God, grasped with firm faith, we are led onward, it may be step by step, but onward still, up to the fulness of divine truth.

If we own a master's authority it is not respectful to him to doubt his word when he speaks to us. It is our part to believe and obey. And so with God. Believers acknowledge him. He comes demanding their faith and obedience. In the ultimate in all things you come to first principles. In the field of religious thought faith is a first principle. Believe, and life

follows. Disbelieve, and death follows. Believe the promise of God in prayer, and you will receive answers. Refuse to believe, and however you may investigate in the field of nature and of social life, you can never have that close and intimate proof which the believer receives every time he prays. The surest way is to try it in simple faith, and the result will increase confidence.

It is not at times when faith is strongest that there is most questioning as to the efficacy of prayer. Nor are those who are in the habit of praying often and receiving frequent answers very much concerned about working out for themselves a philosophy of prayer. They are more interested in the full and wide application of the promise of Christ,—according to your faith, so shall it be unto you. This applies both to degree and to kind. Do you believe in the bountiful God? Then you shall share his bounty according to your faith. Is your faith so narrow and low that you come before God as a timid beggar? Then as a beggar you shall receive. But is your faith large, and do you present generous requests before God? Then largely and generously shall you receive. And is it wonderful that it should be so? He has given us free choice in our everyday life. Surrounded by all manner of laws and forces, yet we may choose our course among them. That fire is hot cannot prevent me from being cold if I go far from it in a winter evening. I do not break the order of nature, or overturn her laws, if I light a fire in the midst of perpetual snow, and keep myself alive thereby. By swimming a man prevents himself from drowning. By a sufficient supply of hydrogen gas a man ascends in the air when gravitation would drag him down. And so in every action of our life. We employ force to overcome force—one law to set us free from, or take us beyond the power of, another. We do this in the exercise of free choice. Is it wonderful then that in this life God should open up to us another field of free choice, covering both the spiritual and material spheres of being, wherein as in our ordinary life he may grant us all those choices and desires that he sees good for us? The one is not more wonderful than the other. We do not think of natural law as presenting any barrier to the exercise of free will in the sphere which God has assigned to it. Yet if free choice were not a thing common to all, we might expect the same kind of discussions over it as over the answer to prayer. And, indeed, the objections urged against free will have been the same in principle as those now urged against prayer. But men choose and act every day. Hundreds of millions of human beings who never thought on the subject yet live and act in the full exercise of the faculties with which they have been

created. And so, too, with prayer. The facts are first to be studied. The explanation must be a secondary matter. The best course for believers to pursue is to multiply facts in the shape of answers to prayer by increased earnestness and persistence. And let every believer be not only firmly persuaded of the promise of Christ, but let him also be very modest regarding his own powers. And thus there will be present an intense faith in God; and human presumption, which always ends in disappointment, will vanish entirely away.

E. C. L.—G.

THE NATURE OF CHRIST'S WORK.

AN ESSAY FOR YOUNG MEN.

IN bringing under the notice of our readers the subject of the nature of our Saviour's sacrificial and redemptive work, we do not deem any apology necessary, because of the frequency with which it has been discussed. The work of Christ is a great and all-important topic for human consideration, whether it be viewed in the light of its own intrinsic grandeur, or of its vital connection with the highest welfare of the human race. It is a subject which can never be surpassed by any other, at least on this side of time; and it will be a melancholy day for the world should it ever arrive, when men generally shall regard it as antiquated and worn out. Our apology ought rather to be that we are so incapable of doing anything like justice to the greatness and importance of the theme, and that we only presume to take it up because, in our humble opinion, there is an undue reticence on the part of our denominational *litterateurs* regarding this grand central doctrine of our theology.

We may say frankly at the outset that we have no "new views" to propound on the nature of the Saviour's work. Our aim is a much humbler one—viz., to endeavour to bring out in their harmony with each other two prominent aspects of that work which have been dealt with by different schools of theologians, but which have been far too often looked upon as contrary and antagonistic. One of these aspects (which indeed, from its general reception by Christians, may be termed the orthodox view) is that which regards the Saviour's work as occupying chiefly a legal, piacular, or substitutionary position between God the Creator and Moral Governor, and man his sinful creature and subject; affording to the former a safe, just, and righteous ground for the extension of pardon and all the other blessings of eternal salvation to men, and to the latter a meritorious ground of approach to, and peace with, God.

The other aspect of Christ's work, and one which hitherto has been looked upon by the mass of Christians as heterodox, is that which regards the work of Christ, not as having a legal and substitutionary relationship, but as forming a *direct* and *real* medium of communication between God and man, whereby God may convey *actual* life, peace, and moral purity to sinful man, and whereby man may in return yield an *actual* sacrifice of repentance, obedience, and filial allegiance to God. We have italicized the words *direct*, *real*, and *actual* here, to indicate that those who hold only the latter view of Christ's work regard the substitutionary aspect of the sacrifice of Christ, with its cognate doctrine of Imputed Righteousness, as being of an unreal and fictitious nature, and as being superfluous and absurd.

Both parties are at one regarding all the other leading doctrines of Christianity. They are at one as regards the divinity of Christ, and the necessity for his mediatorial work; they are at one as regards the fallen condition of man, and his need of regeneration; and they are at one as regards the fitness of the Saviour and his work to accomplish the regeneration of man. Both hold with equal tenacity the Scripture doctrine of Salvation by Faith. Both maintain as of superlative importance the scriptural truths, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus; "Without shedding of blood is no remission"; "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." They only differ in regard to the particular method by which this vital relationship between God and man is sustained.

One might suppose that here there was common ground upon which both parties might stand and fraternize with each other, regard one another as really Christian brethren, and, while agreeing to differ upon minor points, yet co-operate with each other cordially in the great work of human salvation. But no. With that fatal bitterness which—strange to say—is so characteristic of all theological discussions, both of these parties have been at drawn daggers with one another, and are seemingly far more opposed to each other's errors than to the far greater errors of Popery and infidelity. We confess that, in our opinion, the blame of this bitterness of feeling lies more at the door of those who deny the substitutionary aspect of Christ's work than of those who affirm it. The former are the aggressors, the latter act chiefly on the defensive. The latter would tolerate the views of the former, where these are of an affirmative character, and only object to their negative views. But the former, with an air of superior wisdom, as if they had discovered the entire truth of that sublime doctrine, the depths of which

are past finding out, are intolerant, and will allow no place whatever for the views of their opponents. But, on the other hand, the orthodox party are prone to retaliate, and to aggravate the dissension by almost unchristianizing their opponents, and by applying to them such a lamentation as "They have taken away the Lord, and we know not where they have laid him,"—which is true neither in intention nor in fact; and, moreover, the orthodox party, as a whole, have laid too much emphasis on the merely legal aspect of the Saviour's work, and too little upon what we may be allowed to term its moral and spiritual aspect.

We are humbly of opinion that both aspects are true, and that when properly viewed they are not only not antagonistic, but supplementary, to each other. With all our regard, moreover, for the orthodox view, which we look upon as in strict accordance with both reason and Scripture, we are nevertheless inclined to think that the other, so far from being secondary in point of importance, goes deeper into the spiritual nature of man, and is more fitted to renew that nature and reproduce in it the spirit of Christ than its more popular rival. The one has chiefly a reference to the justification of man, and to the demands of external law, order, and government; while the other has a more special reference to the sanctification of man, and to the higher demands of the spiritual universe. The one may be termed the outer court of the sanctuary; the other the *sanctum sanctorum*, or "holiest of all." In the one the ways of God are justified, and his law magnified and made honourable in the sight of all the universe, and the way is thus made plain into the inner sanctuary: "the wall of partition is broken down." In the other, God and man are seen in close communion, and man is made partaker of the divine nature, "being filled with all the fulness of God."

It would be foreign to our present purpose to enter into any elaborate exposition of either of the two aspects of Christ's work to which we have referred. Were we to do so, our first duty would perhaps be to show that, in its essential nature, Christ's work is simple, and not complex nor even duplex; that it is one glorious sun, shedding brightness and effulgence on all sides, and all around the moral universe of God. But dealing as we are with two important aspects in which that work has been regarded, all we care to do is simply to enunciate them clearly, and indicate that both are true and scriptural, and therefore in no way contradictory of one another.

The first or orthodox view of the Atonement of Christ is that which regards it as a scheme or device introduced by God, whereby he may extend to sinful man the blessings of pardon,

peace, and eternal life, without detriment or injury to his moral government, and to the principles of justice and morality. Sin is an evil brought into the moral universe, and is at once displeasing to God, and subversive of the true welfare of moral beings. It is dishonouring to the great Moral Governor; and were God to allow it to pass unpunished or unheeded, his government would be degraded, and his character obscured. Right and wrong would be confounded with each other, motive would be destroyed, and moral chaos would reign everywhere. To obviate these evils, God has chosen to manifest his displeasure against sin, and to promulgate his decree, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." In the natural order of things, sin is followed by punishment—death; and it is evident that ere sinful man can be delivered from the consequences of his sin, the requirements of this law of retributive justice must be met and satisfied, and the sacredness of God's law in some way vindicated and declared. Were God to pardon sin, or withhold its penalty, without in some other way showing forth his righteousness, as his law of retribution is calculated to do, it would have the same effect upon the moral universe as the absolute abolition of all penalty whatever. Moral distinctions would be confounded, and true moral government would be impossible. The work of Christ had therefore, undoubtedly, this problem to solve: "How can God declare himself to be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly?" "How can the penalty of God's law be removed and man forgiven, while yet God's law shall be magnified and made honourable?" A great deal has been said to the effect that penalty cannot be removed except through the removal of sin which is the cause of penalty; and while this is no doubt true in a great, and real, and important sense, there can be no doubt that this does not refer to all penalty, but simply to what may be termed the natural consequences of sin. The legal or governmental penalty of sin, and which consists in the direct manifestation of the divine displeasure against sin, remains; and this penalty is removed through the *forbearance*, the *forgiving mercy* of God. It was partly to make good, and become a true and proper substitute for, this penalty, that Christ came down to the earth and "bare our sins in his own body to the tree." If it be argued that this view of penalty introduces an artificial and fictitious view of God's government, we reply that it has its type or analogue in human government; and as such human government is a righteous and reasonable provision for the welfare of society, we see no reason to doubt its efficacy and justice in the divine government. We are made in God's image, and our laws are, in so far as they are just and right, the reflex of God's laws and method of government. Jesus Christ,

then, in his great work of Atonement, bare in our room and stead the expression of God's wrath against sin, in his own person, and thus saved sinful man from the necessity of bearing it; thus enabled God to forgive sin, and safely to say to the sinner: "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."

Now, setting aside for a moment certain objections which have been urged against this view of Christ's work, and looking simply at the doctrine thus represented, we cannot but see that upon the very face of it there seems to be a real and rational adaptation of means to end. It must never be forgotten that men do live under a system of Divine Government or Public Administration, in which the Governor or Administrator has not only a relationship to and jurisdiction over the individual subject, but also over the entire body of the governed, viewed as a unit or whole; and that each subject is related not only to the Divine Governor, but also to the entire body of his fellow-subjects. It clearly follows, then, that in the government of his subjects God must act upon great broad principles of justice which are patent to all his subjects, and by which the perfect integrity and rectitude of his government may be manifested and declared. In maintaining rule over a large community there must necessarily be a public manifestation of the laws and principles regulating that community, so as to secure anything like order and harmony amongst its members, and the supreme authority of the governor. This fact is clearly brought out in the Scripture records of the Mosaic economy, in which, whether we consider the penalties attached to sin, or the provisions for atonement and expiation, it is evident throughout the entire economy that God desired to make a public exhibition of the righteous and holy character of his laws. Keeping this in view, and remembering further that the expression of the divine mind and heart in relation to sin is needed both to instruct and influence man himself in relation thereto, we see the reasonableness of that view of Christ's work which regards Christ as bearing in our room and stead the expression of the divine wrath against sin. Here a necessary element in the divine administration is fulfilled in a manner quite explicit and sufficient for the purpose of government, and that without the necessity of sinful man enduring the righteous wrath and condemnation of God.

The same principle holds good with reference to the positive blessing of eternal life. The removal of penalty is only one, and that somewhat of a negative, aspect of man's salvation. There is the other and positive aspect of "Justification unto life" to be provided for. Under the theory of Atonement we

are now considering, this provision consists of the imputed righteousness of Christ as the meritorious ground of man's hope in, and title to, an inheritance with the saints in light. Now, here also, apart from objections and difficulties which may be and have been stated, there seems to be a wise and beneficial end secured by this doctrine of Imputation. What is that end? Simply this, that God thereby makes known to his entire moral universe that his regard for his law, and for the purity and holiness of his government, is so great that he cannot admit any one into his fellowship and kingdom who is not invested in a righteousness which is spotless and perfect. It has been urged that this is a mere fictitious method of government, and that there is nothing real and honest in such a transaction. This objection we shall notice presently; but we affirm that, understood properly in the light in which it has been represented—viz, as a public exhibition of the divine mind in relation to sin and obedience—there is a reasonable and an appreciable adaptability in this doctrine to the ends of moral administration. No right thinking man can doubt that, if there is nothing in this doctrine of Imputation repugnant to the principles of justice and truth, it does serve the purpose of exhibiting to intelligent beings the divine wrath and displeasure against sin, and the divine love and approval of righteousness, even while the sinner is pardoned, and the unrighteous received into the fellowship and friendship of God. This is a bare outline of the orthodox doctrine of Atonement. We warn our readers against receiving it as anything like a full or adequate idea of that doctrine.

That this view of Christ's atoning work is revealed in the sacred Scriptures is, we think, abundantly manifest. Some of the sacrificial and other ordinances of the Mosaic economy, and which are admitted on all hands to be typical of Christ's work, cannot possibly, we think, be rightly understood upon any other principle than that of substitution. The scape-goat which bore away the sins of the people into the wilderness is one case in point. And this Old Testament representation has its fulfilment and confirmation in the words of the great apostle of the New Dispensation: "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." It cannot be, as the opponents of substitution have contended, that this scape-goat of the Old Dispensation on the one hand, and its Great Antitype on the other, signified the actual bearing away of sins, and not merely the penalty of sin; for they were past sins that were borne away—sins which *had been* committed; and these cannot in any sense be transferred or removed except as regards the penalty or the curse of sin. And this is completely

borne out by the word "curse" used in the New Testament Scripture just quoted.

The sprinkling of the blood of the lamb without blemish upon the door-posts of the Israelites, on that dread night when the Lord smote all the first-born of Egypt, but passed over the first-born of Israel, upon whose door-posts the sacrificial blood was found, is, to our mind, also an indubitable proof of the doctrine of Substitution. Here was an impending judgment from Almighty God averted by means of the blood of a slain lamb sprinkled upon the door-posts. Whom does this lamb represent but the "Lamb of God which beareth away the sin of the world"? And is it not clear as day that the lesson is here taught that sinful men are delivered from the wrath of God through the substitution of Christ, who died that we might live? God's judgments against men have been averted by the voluntary sacrifice of the "Lamb of God." The great prominence given to this ordinance of the Passover all through the Jewish Dispensation, sets forth most distinctly the prominence that should be given to the doctrine of Substitution in the Christian Dispensation.

On what other principle, moreover, than that of deliverance from the avenging justice of God can the institution of the Houses of Refuge for the reception and safety of criminals be explained? In this type of God's plan of salvation there is no suggestion that the houses of refuge blotted out or removed the crime of those who sought refuge therein. All that is taught is that a hiding place from avenging justice was provided for the criminal. And yet this is a doctrine which is explicitly denied by many of those who oppose the theory of Atonement which we are now advocating. There are many other Scripture representations of Christ's work, both in the Old Testament and the New, which, in our opinion, clearly teach the doctrine of Imputation or Substitution, and which time would fail us to mention. One passage more will be quoted from the New Testament which, besides teaching the doctrine of man's sin imputed to Christ, also teaches the correlative doctrine of Christ's righteousness imputed to man. That passage is 2 Cor. v. 21, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." It is inconceivable that God could make Christ "to be sin" in any other sense than that, in the matter of his treatment of Christ while he was upon earth, he dealt with him as if he had been a sinner. The words "who knew no sin" imply that, in so far as his own character was concerned, Christ did not deserve such treatment at the hands of his Father. It was for the purposes of man's redemption that he was so treated. And

the result sought, which is expressed in the words "that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," is just the counterpart of the previous half of the passage; and the evident meaning of the whole is just this, "Christ was treated as if he had been a sinner, that we might be treated as if we were righteous." The same doctrine of Imputed Righteousness is manifestly taught in the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son, in Matt. xxii; while the doctrine of Satisfaction of Divine Justice is as clearly taught in Rom. iii, 25, and 1 John ii, 2, where Christ is set forth as a "propitiation" for our sins. And these passages are only a selection from hundreds that might be quoted of similar purport.

We cannot at present examine all the objections which have been urged against the foregoing representation of the Atonement of Christ. We can merely refer to one or two of the more prominent of these.

One very common objection is that the doctrine of Substitution represents God as vindictive, demanding satisfaction for sins committed against his laws, and not appeased unless he receives "blood for blood." We reply to this that the very same charge might be urged against the common doctrine of retributive justice, or penal suffering. Even on the hypothesis that the latter is a natural consequence of sin, this reply holds good; for it is by the will and ordination of God that this natural law exists. But such law, instead of appearing cruel and vindictive, is beneficent and good; and why not the law of Substitution, which lays the penalty upon one that the many may be delivered?

But, continues our objector, the doctrine of Substitution is unjust, as it inflicts penalty or suffering upon the innocent that the guilty may escape. Where is the principle of justice or morality in such a transaction? Well, to this also it is sufficient to reply that this objection is not at all peculiar to the doctrine of Substitution, in the orthodox sense of that term. Whatever view may be taken of the doctrine of Atonement, it is equally true that Christ, the "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," suffered by the will and decree of God (see Acts iv, 27 and 28), *in order that* sinful men "might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Still further, it is objected that this doctrine of Substitution represents God as dealing with Christ and sinful men in an unreal and fictitious manner, feigning wrath against, and visiting penalties upon, the one which were deserved by the other; and imputing righteousness and granting blessings to the one which were not due to them but to the other. To this objection we reply that all the unreality or fictitiousness pertaining to

this doctrine lies upon the surface, A second look reveals a deeper and more tangible reality. *God feigns no wrath against Christ.* All through he is the "only begotten and well-beloved son." Even in the Saviour's hour of direst isolation and darkness, he exclaims, "MY GOD, MY GOD!" God only visited upon Jesus an expression of his *wrath against sin*, and Jesus consented to bear this, so that sin might be publicly reprobated and condemned, while the sinner went free and was restored. Consider that "it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." Christ became that chosen one. It was an expedient devised for peculiar circumstances, the consequences and deep moral meaning of which more than justified the means. The sacrifices of the Old Testament—whatever view of Atonement is adopted—were confessedly figurative, and therefore in a sense fictitious,—symbolical rather than real. Yet they were expressly instituted by God, and were consequently right and proper. And while the Atonement of Christ, which these symbolized, is reality itself when compared with them, still it is no derogation of that Atonement that it is, itself, of the nature of a grand and glorious expedient introduced for the purpose of bringing about great and eternal realities. There is a sense in which it may be said that the condemnation of criminals by human law is a fictitious thing. It is the crime and not the criminal which is hated and condemned. Even while the capital sentence is being executed, the poor criminal is pitied and loved, and every effort put forth for his ultimate, eternal salvation. The criminal is doomed and the blow is struck, that the crime may be shown to be detestable and evil. And so it is with the sin-bearing of our blessed Redeemer.

But, persists our objector, the moral influence of such a doctrine is pernicious. It encourages selfishness, leading men to rejoice in the sufferings of another, merely because they themselves escape the deserts of their sins. It also blunts the moral perceptions about right and wrong, and induces in men a carelessness about their own moral conduct, seeing that they are not dependant for salvation upon their own righteousness, but on that of another. Well, we confess that even as some men, by their miserable, unhappy dispositions, turn their very blessings into curses, so also may men be found distorting the doctrine of Substitution in this manner. But it is only by such persons as we have described that this can be done. There is another, and, to our mind, the natural and proper view that may be taken of the matter. We were sinking into utter ruin and misery by our own wilful sinfulness. It was impossible for us to save ourselves. None of all our fellow-creatures could

in any way assist or deliver us. But One who was mighty came to our aid. He drew us out of the horrible pit and the miry clay. He set our feet upon a rock, establishing our goings. What is the natural result? That we despise our Deliverer, go on in our old ways, and when we are again in despair cry out for another Saviour! Surely this is a caricature upon the nature which God has given us, and a contradiction of all human experience. Is it not the case rather as the Scripture suggests: "The love of Christ constraineth us . . . that we should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto him which died for us and rose again"? "We love him because he first loved us." And if his death and sufferings were caused by *our sins*, will we, if we love him and abide in him, feel inclined to love and abide in *those very sins* which nailed him to the accursed tree? Surely this is to turn nature and reason upside down.

Once more it is objected that if it be the case that Christ has paid the penalty of our sins and satisfied divine justice on our behalf, why are not all men saved but only those who believe? Where is the justice of inflicting penalties twice? This objection seems to be a stumbling block to many young minds; and yet we wonder that it should be so. It seems to us a very superficial objection, and one which arises out of a very distorted view of the facts of the case. For consider, in the *first* place, that the work of Christ is not the offering of a neutral and independent being who comes in between God and man, and stays the wrath of a vengeful and inflexible being who seeks the destruction of man. On the contrary, it is God himself who provides the substitute and says, "Deliver from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom." From beginning to end, salvation is of the Lord Jehovah, and has he not a perfect right to impose any condition he thinks proper upon those to whom it is given? Consider, in the *second* place, that the penalty which God has attached to sin is not a fixed and definite quantity, which Christ has entirely absorbed, leaving nothing more to be borne by mankind. Neither is the satisfaction which God derives from that penalty a mere gratification to a remorseless principle of justice, which has its fixed and inexorable demand of so much suffering for so much sin. It is utterly weak and unphilosophical to speak in this manner of the principles of the divine moral administration. The end of penalty is the moral welfare of God's moral creatures; and where this end can be secured without penalty, it will certainly be done. But where it cannot be secured without penalty, then penalty must be inflicted. The sufferings borne by Christ in his atoning work are sufficient to exhibit the righteousness of God, so that

God may safely remit the penalty of all who believe. None can charge God with indifference to his moral law by his so doing. But then our nature is so constituted that our true moral welfare and renovation cannot be secured apart from our faith; and as these are the ends sought for by the atonement of Christ, it was necessary that the condition of faith should be attached to salvation, otherwise salvation would not have been moral well-being. It would merely have been exemption from suffering, which would have been a moral evil instead of good. And this latter consideration fully explains why the penalty of the unbeliever's sin still remains. Had it also been removed, the whole work of the atonement would have been nullified and destroyed. Had men been as happy or free from suffering and condemnation while unrepentant as when repentant and believing, then right and wrong would have been confounded, and the work of Christ would have been an unmeaning farce. In one Scripture sentence—"Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth as a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. . . . that he *might be just*, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii, 24—26)—the whole matter is clearly set forth. The propitiation enabled God to remit the sins of men through the *forbearance of God*. It did not *necessitate* God to remit the sins of any. But we are led to infer that he could not have *remitted the sins of any whatever, with safety*, had the Atonement not been made. Hence the value and importance of that Atonement. But God having provided the Atonement, he, in the exercise of his sovereign right, and for wise and beneficent reasons, as we have seen, bestows the blessings of salvation, which the Atonement made possible, only upon those who believe. All the others remain under condemnation for the very same reason as before—viz, to show forth the righteousness and justice of God, and as a fitting expression of God's antagonism to sin.

There have been numerous other objections raised against the aspect of Christ's redemptive work, now under consideration, but those noticed are the most important; and as we think we have at least indicated the line of argument by which they may be met, we do not deem it necessary to examine the minor objections. We must also pause here for the present, and reserve for a future paper the consideration of that other aspect of the Saviour's work to which we have referred.

A. W.—G.

THOUGHTS ON THE UNITY OF REVELATION.

THE Bible is well-named, for though it consists of many books it is yet but one Book. These component books were written at different times, throughout the long period of fifteen centuries, by men varying in rank and position, from the king on the throne, or the priest at the altar, to the humble herdsman or the unlettered fisherman. The composition differs according to the varying circumstances and idiosyncrasies of the respective writers, and the objects they had in view. Historians write in plain unvarnished style historical facts; moralists teach in pointed epigrammatic language their moral precepts; poets sing their songs so rich as to meet every spiritual want, and so varied as to suit the circumstances of every human being; prophets disclose their wondrous visions in language dressed in the most gorgeous imagery, denounce judgments on the ungodly in words that are burdened with woe, and pregnant with the most fearful doom; evangelists tell their sweet Gospel tale with unaffected simplicity and unimpeachable sincerity; apostles write their most edifying and precious epistles with all the wisdom and delicacy of the sage, and all the warmth and tenderness of personal friends. The diversity of the several books is great; but just as in the works of nature around us, so in the Bible before us the unity is as perfect as the diversity is endless.

Let us first glance at this unity from a literary point of view. The first five books of the Old Testament are a unity, as the name Pentateuch, or fivefold book, indicates. They are believed to have been written by one and the same author; nor are there good grounds for questioning the soundness of the commonly received opinion. In subsequent writings they are referred to as a whole by such terms as "the law," "the book of the law," "the book of the covenant," "the book of the law of Moses" (2 Kings, xxii, 8; xxiii, 2, 21; 2 Chron. xxv, 4; Neh. viii, 1). While each is complete in itself, and has its own purpose to serve, it is linked to all the rest in much the same way as the members of the same family are linked to one another. The book of Exodus presupposes Genesis and continues its history. Leviticus and Numbers take for granted the departure from Egypt. Deuteronomy completes the series, combining the separate historical facts, and moral and ceremonial laws, into one harmonious whole. This book is again the foundation on which the following books rest. Reference is continually made to it, and its words are not unfrequently quoted. The history of the Israelites in Palestine was moulded, and their policy as a nation was, or

ought to have been, determined by the Mosaic institutions. They were peaceful and prosperous, or the reverse, just as they did or did not attend to the instructions contained in their Torah. This law, especially the book of Deuteronomy, was, as the late Professor John Duncan has said, "the ground-work on which all the prophets formed themselves." It was, one may say, their text-book; and poets found in the marvellous events recorded both the inspiration and the theme of many a sacred song. The Psalmist once and again gives an epitome of the history of his people; one historian relates anew the events recorded by another; one prophet refers to or quotes from the writings of another; and all look forward with eager hopeful eye to the advent of the long-promised Saviour. Thus are the books of the Old Testament joined together by inseparable bonds; but still they look like an unfinished structure; they need the books of the New Testament to complete the wondrous Bible edifice. These latter everywhere presuppose the former. The first book of the New Testament at the very outset links itself on to the whole of the Old, in the genealogy it gives of our blessed Lord. And as every careful reader has observed, it is characteristic of Matthew's Gospel to show that Old Testament prophecy is fulfilled in the events it relates. The Christ of the Gospels is the Christ of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. They who were the custodiers of these sacred writings fulfilled them in condemning him whose "testimony is the spirit of prophecy."

The allusions to, and quotations from, the Old Testament in the New are very numerous. All the more striking events of Old Testament history, from the temptation in Eden to the case of Jonah and the whale, and all the more prominent personages from Adam to Daniel, are referred to, and in some cases additional information supplied concerning them, in one part or another of the New Testament. Of quotations more or less exact there are, upwards of three hundred. These numerous references and quotations show how familiar our Lord and his apostles must have been with the sacred Scriptures. They show further that these writings to which they allude, or from which they quote, were in their estimation of divine authority. David, when speaking of Christ as his Lord, did so "by the Spirit." To refuse to hear Moses and the prophets was tantamount to refuse to listen to the voice of God. Scripture is once and again boldly identified with its divine Author—his attributes of judgment and prescience being accorded to it thus: "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin" (Gal. iii, 2). "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before

the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." (Gal. iii, '8). So that What saith the Scripture? is equivalent to What saith the Lord? Besides, the New Testament writers give expression to ideas which were foreign to the language in which they wrote. Classic words are made the vehicle of spiritual conceptions drawn from the Hebrew Scriptures. "It is a fact," says Dr. Lindsay Alexander, "that Hebraisms abound to such an extent in every part of the New Testament, that the language of this book may be justly characterized, in the words of one who more than any other, perhaps, has made its peculiarities the subject of careful investigation, as a sort of Judaizing Greek, which was for the most part unintelligible to the native Greeks, and the object of their contempt." Peculiar Old Testament expressions, such as the "Lord of Sabaoth," "the Highest," &c., are carried over to the New Testament, and made to do service there. So that in the very words employed, in the nature of the thoughts expressed, as well as in the direct quotations made, we are continually reminded of, and referred to what had long before been written in the historical, poetical, or prophetical books of the Old Testament.

And when we come to the last book of the Bible—the Apocalypse of St. John—we come to a book which combines the style of the Old Testament prophet with that of the New Testament apostle. The visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel shed light upon the still more wonderful and mysterious visions of the seer of Patmos. "The first great key," says Dean Alford, "to the understanding of the Apocalypse is the analogy of Old Testament prophecy." "In that great book," says another who has made it the subject of special and prolonged study, "our Lord has adjusted the whole of Scripture. Hence we do not meet with a single sign, symbol, figure, or reference in Revelation that cannot be traced to its origin in previous holy writ."

We thus return to the point from which we started. The Bible, though consisting of many books, written at intervals, in two or three different languages, in various styles of composition, and by divers authors, is yet **ONE BOOK**. And the ground of this marvellous unity in the midst of such great diversity cannot surely be anything less or anything else than its divine inspiration. "Holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—that is the secret of *this* unity.

Let us now look at this characteristic from a doctrinal point of view. The following proposition we believe to be demonstrably sound—viz., The teaching of both Old and New Testaments (1) respecting the being and character of God; (2) respecting the present condition and future destiny of man; and (3) respecting

the great essentials of salvation, is substantially the same. As regards the first member of this proposition it is worthy of remark that neither the Old Testament, nor the New, makes any attempt to prove the existence of God. The Scriptures everywhere seem to take it for granted that man as man has an intuitive conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being. The Bible's first declaration is alike simple, satisfactory, and sublime: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." If this be not true, then the search after truth must be vain and fruitless in the extreme; but if true, then are the systems of atheism, pantheism, and materialism false to the core. Ignorance of that Creator-God is culpable. Men "did not like to retain God in their knowledge." Hence that knowledge would, in course of time, have been completely lost had God not taken steps to reveal himself to men in another and higher form than that in which he is revealed in the works of nature without, and the law of conscience within. The Bible contains, perhaps we should rather say, is the record of this supernatural revelation.

This revelation is progressive in its form, though perfect in its kind. There is a gradual unfolding of the great and precious truth; and though that truth shines more clearly in the pages of the New Testament than in those of the Old, the beams are the same; the source from which they come is one. No doctrine is more explicitly taught in the Old Testament than that of the divine unity. The grand fundamental lesson which the chosen people had to learn is thus expressed: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord" (Deut. vi, 4). How long they took to learn it; through what painful vicissitudes they passed ere they thoroughly mastered it, let their history tell. With scarcely less distinctness is the doctrine of the Trinity taught in the pages of the New Testament. If it is not formally expressed, as in the creeds, it is yet unmistakably implied in the words of Christ and his apostles. Assuming then that this is the case, we naturally expect that there will be some glimpses, some forecastings more or less distinct, of this great truth in the pages of Old Testament Scripture. Nor are we disappointed in our expectations. The Hebrew term denoting the Deity, *Elohim*, is a plural noun, and joined as it is with singular pronouns, adjectives, and verbs, seems to point to a plurality in the divine nature. How otherwise can we account for such expressions of the one God as "Let *us* make man, in *our* image, after *our* likeness"; "Whom shall I send, and who will go for *us*?" Still further, there are passages in which such phrases as "the Spirit of the Lord," "the angel of Jehovah," occur in such a connection as seems clearly to point to a dis-

inction of personalities in the divine nature. Perhaps the most remarkable of such passages is Isaiah lxiii, 7-10, in which mention is made not only of Jehovah as such, but also of the angel of his presence and of his Holy Spirit, and where each is spoken of as distinct from, and yet one with, the others. "This," says Christlieb, "is the Trinity of the Old Testament"; and he quotes the remark of Delitzsch to the effect that "these three forms of divine manifestation dominate the whole of its history." If this be so, then the fact points to the Unity of Revelation.

As regards the character of God, the Old Testament and the New seem to superficial observers to be at variance. To such persons the former reveals a God inflexibly just, sternly severe, awfully unapproachable; the latter a God of infinite tenderness, matchless grace, and forgiving love. Justice is the main feature in the character of the one; goodness in that of the other. The one awes and repels; the other attracts and embraces. Now, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that in the full-orbed, all-perfect character of Jehovah there is a stern and severe side, as well as a mild and gentle. "Behold," says Paul, when speaking of the fall of the Jews,—“Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God.” This severity is made very conspicuous in certain parts of Old Testament history. Judgments the most terrible that can be conceived of are inflicted upon individuals and families, upon cities and nations. When, in our boyhood, we read such incidents as those of the blasphemer and sabbath-breaker being stoned to death, and of the man Uzzah, who put forth his hand to steady the ark of God, being there and then smitten to the ground for his error, we felt as if these persons were harshly dealt with; and the God thus revealed seemed too stern and severe to be loved. We have since learned, however, that it was needful in those early days that God should in a very signal manner show his hatred to sin, and his determination not to allow it to go unpunished. In the childhood of the race the harder lessons of justice and holiness required to be learned, ere the pleasanter lessons of mercy and grace could be rightly appreciated. The law must precede the Gospel, if the Gospel is to have any power to renovate the heart and reform the life. The awe-inspiring revelations of Sinai are necessary to prepare the way for the heart-melting manifestations of Calvary. Hence the prominence given to the sterner side of Jehovah's character in the Old Testament. But there also are the riches of his mercy disclosed, and the fulness and tenderness of his love exhibited. Even on Sinai's cloudy summit did the Lord pass by before Moses and proclaim his name to be "the Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, longsuffering, abundant in goodness and in truth," &c. (Exod.

xxxvi, 6). How condescending the attitude he assumes in relation to his chosen, and how tender the feelings he cherishes towards them! In the Psalms and prophets there are passages of exquisite beauty and ineffable pathos scarcely surpassed by anything that is said in the Gospels or Epistles. In these latter again, while the goodness of God is so conspicuous, there are not wanting statements which, if duly pondered, will impress one as much with the thought of the divine severity as anything contained in either of the five books of Moses. The New Testament has its woes as well as the Old, and *these* seem to be even more terrific than *those*. The Old Dispensation had its fearful judgments; but the New speaks of a *sorer* punishment. The Hades of the one is even more to be avoided than the Sheol of the other. And all this goes to convince us of the Unity of Revelation.

The same harmony exists between the teaching of the Old Testament and that of the New respecting the present condition and future destiny of man. The former tells the sad story of man's fall, and the latter corroborates the fact, and unfolds its doctrinal significance. When Paul in his Epistle to the Romans writes to describe the depraved and miserable condition of both Jews and Gentiles, he can find no fitter language than that which had been already employed by David in one or other of his Psalms. (Comp. Rom. iii, 10-18 with Psalms v, and xiv.) In neither the Old Testament nor the New is there any attempt to hide the sad facts of the case on the one hand, or to exaggerate them on the other. Both alike faithfully depict human character and describe human conduct. The failings of an Abraham, a Moses, or a David are not glossed over; neither are those of a Peter, a Barnabas, a James, or a John. In each does the present condition of man appear in its true light.

Nor is there any variance between the two in what is said of man's future destiny. Owing to the progressive nature of the revelation, the New Testament is, of course, much more explicit on this subject than the Old. "Christ brought life and immortality to light by his Gospel." At his baptism the heavens were opened. At his transfiguration the present world and the eternal, for those on the holy mount, were, for the time being, merged into one. In his parabolic teaching he sometimes drew aside the veil and favoured his astonished hearers with a scene from the invisible. His resurrection has dispersed the gloom from the grave, and filled the breasts of his disciples with a glorious hope. But Old Testament saints, though they lived in the dawn of revelation, were not without a similar experience. They too believed and rejoiced in a future state of existence. This seems plainly to be taught in the 11th of the Hebrews, where

we are told of the patriarchs that "they all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country," &c. The peculiar language too in which the patriarchs and Israelites were accustomed to speak of death "as a going to," "a being gathered to" their fathers seems to imply their belief in a future state of conscious existence. David expresses his faith in immortality in a very decided way when he so grandly says, in reference to his departed child, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The doctrine of the resurrection is more or less distinctly taught in the Hebrew Scriptures. The Psalmist speaks of the resurrection of Christ, when he says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption." (Comp. Ps. xvi, and Acts ii, 31.) Whatever may be the correct rendering and interpretation of that famous passage in the book of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," it is surely a declaration of the afflicted man's faith both in a bodily resurrection, and in a blissful immortality. And in the book of Daniel we read that "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan: xii, 2). So that as we read the Gospels we are not surprised to find that there was among the Jews in the days of our Lord a firm belief in a future state. The scepticism of the Sadducees was an exception to the prevalent opinion, and was thus rebuked by the Saviour, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God" (Matt. xxii, 29). We are prepared also for the remark of Martha in relation to her dead and buried brother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day" (John xi, 24). But not to enter further into this inviting subject we may say that the great doctrines of the resurrection from the dead, of the final judgment with its rewards and punishments, were, as the result of Old Testament teaching, matters of common belief among the Jews long before the first book of the New Testament was written. And if so, how grand the Unity of Revelation!

The third member of the proposition above stated is that, as to the great essentials of salvation, the Old and New Testament Scriptures are substantially at one. God's saving plan is, like himself, unchangeable. It is the same for all men everywhere throughout all the ages of the world's history. From the nature of the case it could only be gradually unfolded. We have "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." The declaration respecting the seed of the woman

bruising the head of the serpent, is the root out of which springs the Abrahamic covenant, the Levitical economy, the promise, so prolific of great thoughts oft repeated, made to David to the effect that his house and his kingdom would be established for ever before him, and his throne established for ever (2 Sam. vii, 13). All these have been grandly fulfilled in "great David's greater Son," through whom alone salvation flows to guilty man. Just as there is but one Saviour, so the great essentials of salvation have been ever substantially the same. These are, according to the plain unmistakable teaching of the gospels and epistles, faith and holiness, or faith which worketh by love, or a new creature. (See Heb. xi, 6 ; xii, 14 ; Gal. v, 6, and vi, 15.)

See how the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the long list he gives of Old Testament worthies, shows the necessity, and magnifies the importance, of faith. See also how the Apostle Paul, reasoning out his radical doctrine of justification by faith without the works of the law, refers to the case of Abraham as an illustrative proof of the soundness of his conclusion. (Compare Rom. iv, 1-5, and Gal. iii, 6-9.) See also how in that rich Gospel passage, Rom. iii, 21-25, in which he treats so fully of the evangelical "righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe"—see how careful he is to say of that righteousness, that it is "witnessed by the law and the prophets." Note still further, that the same apostle, distinguishing betwixt the righteousness which is of the law and the righteousness which is of faith, quotes in illustration of the latter as well as the former from the law of Moses. (Compare Rom. x, 6-8 with Deut. xxx, 12-14.) Observe in addition, how in vindication of his great doctrine, he once and again quotes the pregnant saying of the prophet Habakkuk, "the just shall live by faith," or as some would have it, "the just by faith shall live (Heb. ii, 4 ; Rom. i, 17 ; Gal. iii, 12). We meet sometimes indeed with passages in the Old Testament from which it would appear at first sight that the essentials of salvation were not for the chosen race before Christ came, what the apostle shows them to be now for Jew and Gentile alike. We refer to such passages as, "Ye shall keep my statutes and my judgments: *which if a man do, he shall live in them*" (Lev. xviii, 5 ; Neh. ix, 29 ; Ezek. xx, 11). But there is really no more antagonism betwixt such passages and the doctrine of justification by faith than there is betwixt the words of the same apostle when in one place he speaks of works of merit, and in another of works of faith. The one set of works he strongly condemns, the other he as warmly recommends (Rom. iv, 1-5 ; Titus iii, 8). The doing of these statutes

which results in life is a doing that presupposes faith in God as a merciful, gracious, and forgiving God. The mere outward observance of them, while the heart was not right, was greatly displeasing to Jehovah. Hence such injunctions as, "Circumcise therefore the foreskin of your heart" (Deut. x, 16); and such prayers as "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me"; and such assurances as "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. li, 10, 17). From all this we see how the New Testament dovetails itself into the Old; and how the Old not only prepares the ground for, but overlaps, so to speak, the New. How true it is, that the New is pre-figured in the Old, and the Old fulfilled in the New; or as Augustine finely expresses it, *Novum Testamentum in vetere latet, vetus in novo patet*. The Unity of Revelation is thus perfect and complete; and the knowledge of the fact is fitted greatly to enhance our interest in, and promote our study of, the sacred Scriptures, especially the Old Testament Scriptures; for, as Dr. Barrows of New York says, "The manifold wisdom of God, in adapting his dealings with men to the different stages of human progress, cannot be seen without a diligent study of the Old Testament as well as the New. Whoever neglects the former will want breadth and comprehensiveness of Christian culture. All profound Christian writers have been well versed in 'the whole instrument of each Testament,' as Tertullian calls the two parts of revelation."

J. F.—D.

THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF THE EVANGELICAL UNION.

No. XXIII.

BESIDES the five Congregational ministers and churches in the south already referred to, two or three others in the north of Scotland were suspected of being unsound as to their views of the nature and extent of the work of the Holy Spirit, and were dealt with accordingly, in the year 1844, by the sister churches in their immediate neighbourhood. We have already remarked that this mode of neighbourly remonstrance of church with church was the plan of ecclesiastical action, recommended by Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, however, was all along opposed to such a mode of procedure; for he took up the ground that the pastors should be dealt with, not the churches; inasmuch as, he maintained, churches would adopt, as a general rule, any view or set of views which their pastors might please to advance, so that if

the pastors could be got over, the churches would follow. This programme of action was certainly more complimentary to the clergymen than to the churches; but as there were no ministerial heretics in Dr. Alexander's immediate neighbourhood, he had no opportunity of acting out his minister-isolating scheme.

The two suspected churches in the north were at Westhills, then called Blackhills, and Cotton, or Woodside, both in the immediate neighbourhood of Aberdeen; and the Aberdeen churches resolved to adopt Dr. Wardlaw's plan of catechetical correspondence with them. The pastors of these churches, whom rumour declared to be unsound, were the Rev. Alexander Monro, now Dr. Monro, of Forres—a gentleman who has since proved to be a benefactor to his native land, by his lectures and publications on the 'hydropathic treatment of disease, as well as by the establishment of hydropathic institutions in different parts of the country; and the Rev. James Byres Laing, M.A., now Dr. Laing, of Hamilton, province of Ontario. The questions which were sent to these ministers, as the representatives of their churches, and which were intended to be laid before the latter, bore chiefly on the question of election and the work of the Holy Spirit, and were much to the same effect as those already quoted, which had been sent from the Glasgow pastors to their brethren in the neighbourhood of that city. The Aberdeen missives were signed by Alexander Thomson, John Kennedy, David Wallace, and David Arthur, in name of, and as representing, the three Congregational churches in George Street, Blackfriars Street, and Frederick Street, of that city,—one of which, however, was a collegiate charge. Our readers will recognize in this list the names of the eminent Dr. Kennedy, of Stepney, London, recently the chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, as well as of the Rev. Mr. Arthur, whose ministry in Aberdeen for upwards of thirty years has been so eminently successful, and whose friendship and kindly co-operation have been so highly prized for some time back by the Evangelical Union churches in that city.

The Blackhills Church, in their reply, took up peculiar and impregnable ground; or, if that latter word be thought too strong, it was certainly ground which it must have been felt very difficult to storm. Mr. Monro's predecessor had been the accomplished Rev. Anthony Gowan, afterwards Rev. Dr. Gowan, of Dalkeith, and one of the Professors of the Congregational Divinity Hall. He had found the Church strictly Limitarians as to the atonement of Christ,—believing that the Saviour had really shed his blood only for the elect. Mr. Gowan had left them believers in the doctrine of the universal

atonement; for he had taught them Dr. Wardlaw's view, and they had, to a man, aye, and to a woman, received it. Now this enlargement of view, on the part of the Blackhills Church, was very well known in the north, and accordingly the interrogated brethren made a dexterous use of the fact in their rejoinder. They refused to answer the questions which were put to them by the Aberdeen churches, (1) because these were not asked for the sake of eliciting information, but simply, in their opinion, with a view to provide an ostensible ground for a pre-determined condemnation; and (2) because it was most unreasonable that the Aberdeen churches should find fault with their enlarged view of the Holy Spirit's work when they had found no fault with their enlarged view of the work of Christ, and all the more when the second enlargement was only the logical and legitimate outcome of the other. Our readers will now understand what we meant when we said that this Blackhills position was hard to take at the point of the ecclesiastical bayonet. The little church seemed to be strongly and securely entrenched on its *black* and frowning eminence. A reconnoitring theological general, if candid, would have confessed that it had rather an ugly look, and that it would need to be cautiously circumvented and surprised!

Mr. Laing and his church replied more directly to the doctrinal queries that were put to them; but as no lengthy pamphlets were published in connection with the case, like that which the Glasgow churches issued, we are not able to do more than simply record the fact that these replies were not deemed satisfactory, and that final letters were sent to the two suburban societies announcing the withdrawal of the city churches from fellowship and co-operation with them. We may mention that the Blackhills or Westhills Church is still supplied from the Evangelical Union and is in connection with it; but the Woodside Church, ten or twelve years ago, when Dr. Laing removed to Canada, was taken back again into the fellowship of the Congregational Union, and that too, without having professed its faith in the Calvinistic doctrine of the unconditional election of some men to eternal life. It is freely asserted that Dr. Kennedy of London, with the enlarged charity of heart which thirty years of public life have produced, and having himself also kept pace with the development of religious thought in the southern part of the kingdom, does not now hesitate to say that the ecclesiastical action of 1844 was a mistake. We have already mentioned the name of him who is to-day the leading and the senior Congregational minister of Aberdeen as having, by his conciliatory conduct, indicated a similar change of opinion. We hope that the

friendly interchange of denominational greetings between the C. U. and the E. U. annual conventions, which has been recently proposed, may yet take place, and may have the effect of repairing the rent that was made yet more effectively, and of wiping out all that was disagreeable in the past.

A third minister in the North of Scotland, the Rev. Archibald Duff, of Fraserburgh, also suffered in this same year of 1844 for the maintenance of "The New Views." This gentleman, as well as Messrs. Monro and Laing, had been a fellow-student of Mr. Kirk at the Congregational Academy, and had warmly sympathized with the doctrines of free grace which Mr. Morison and he had taught. At first the leading members of the church in Fraserburgh fully approved of Mr. Duff's teaching, and took part with him in the circulation of the tracts that came from the south. But eventually it was supposed that some personal misunderstandings led these gentlemen to array themselves against Mr. Duff's doctrines as well as against himself, fortifying their theological position in various stormy church meetings by letters from neighbouring ministers in Aberdeen, Banff, and Stuartfield. As the result of these disputes, Mr. Duff withdrew from the church, along with fifty-nine members, three of whom were deacons, and formed a new Congregational church, which has ever since received ministers and licentiates from the Evangelical Union. Mr. Duff preached his last sermon in the Mid Street Congregational Church, on the last Sabbath of 1844, and his first to the nucleus of the new cause on the first Sabbath of 1845, in the Town Hall of Fraserburgh, the use of which was kindly granted to him by the chief magistrate, the late Lewis Chalmers, Esq., till his new chapel would be ready. This building was rapidly proceeded with; and it may be mentioned that the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, a warm friend of the "New Views," as they were called, contributed handsomely towards its erection. Mr. Duff afterwards removed to Liverpool, where he preached for some time to the friends of the Evangelical Union in that town; and subsequently he rendered very important service by filling the pastorate of the E. U. church in Hawick for several years. Ultimately he was induced to return to Canada, whence he had come to Scotland to prepare for the ministry; and there he at present ministers to a large Congregational church, in Sherbrooke, province of Quebec.

About the same time the Congregational church in Forres was shunted, by the ecclesiastical proceedings which were common at the period, into the siding of the Evangelical Union, from which body it has ever since received its supply of preaching and its ministers. Mr. Nisbet Galloway had finished his

theological training at the Glasgow Academy just a year before the expulsion of the nine students took place. But, although he had narrowly escaped the crucial test of May 1844, he was not to be let off altogether; for when he had received and accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Forres, it began to be rumoured throughout the north of Scotland that he too had been infected with the heretical taint of believing that there was "no respect of persons" with God's Holy Spirit. Accordingly, a committee of inquiry must needs come down on him too. The Rev. Messrs. Munro, of Knockando (father of Dr. Munro), and M'Neil, of Elgin, met with Mr. Galloway, and, after a lengthened interview, declared his views on the work of the Spirit to be unsatisfactory, and refused to ordain him. Dr. Monro, of Forres, writes us: "Mr. Galloway then applied to your father, Dr. Laing, and myself to ordain him. Compliance on my part was the unpardonable offence that cut me off from fellowship and intercourse with all the churches I had been familiar with from my youth." It is sad to observe to what suffering a man of Dr. Monro's affectionate disposition must have been subjected, in being thus denied ecclesiastical intercourse with his dearest friends, and, among them, his own father, for maintaining that the Divine Spirit knocked honestly and earnestly at the heart of every man to whom the Gospel message came. Mr. Monro, sen., was a good man; but he took high ground as to this Calvinistic position. Doubtless, it must have pained the veteran minister to be separated ecclesiastically from so excellent a son; and on the other hand, He who said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," would take note of the sacrifice which the son made in venturing to differ from and displease his venerable sire. What a comfort to reflect that all such differences shall be forgotten and obliterated in that blessed land of light to which we are all hastening, and where we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known!

. The Rev. Nisbet Galloway, now of Newburgh, Fife, has continued ever since to labour in connection with the Evangelical Union. We have no hesitation in saying, that the reason why the E. U. Church in Muslin Street, Bridgeton, became so thoroughly and intelligently consolidated, was that it enjoyed for ten or twelve years the advantage of his thoughtful and edifying ministry.

We have now, in this detailed history, narrated all the ecclesiastical proceedings which took place in connection with those ministers and churches that may be regarded as the founders and parents of the Evangelical Union, along with

the students of the Independent Theological Academy, against whom also distinct action was taken. These were, Kilmarnock, Bathgate, Falkirk, and Kendal, in the Secession Church; and Hamilton, Bellshill, Cambuslang, Bridgeton, Ardrossan, Westhills, Woodside, Fraserburgh, and Forres in the Congregational body. There were so many village stations, however, principally in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock and Hamilton, which desired preachers, and eventually pastors, in full sympathy with the expelled ministers, that the number of the churches co-operating with the new denomination soon mounted up to twice the original thirteen. For these young charges the nine expelled students, as well as Mr. Morison's first quaternion at Kilmarnock, were found to be quite providentially prepared. Thus, Mr. William Bathgate, in 1844, was settled at Shotts Iron Works; Mr. A. C. Wood at Strathaven; and Mr. J. B. Robertson at Galashiels—the latter being the first, but happily not the last, outpost in the south-eastern part of Scotland, at which the banner of the Three Great Universalities was unfurled.

But as yet no voice was lifted up in behalf of this world-wide Gospel in any of the great centres of population such as Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is true that the Muslin Street Church, in the suburbs of Bridgeton, had already been opened; but many who had heard Dr. Morison plead at his trial in Glasgow, and who also warmly sympathized with the nine Congregational students, were very anxious that the condemned tenets should be publicly expounded and defended in the heart of that great city. Accordingly, as early as the month of June 1844, arrangements were made to hold a series of revival or protracted meetings in the Trades Hall, Glassford Street. The late Mr. John Little, author of "The Death-bed Experience of Mrs. Little" (a tract which reached an immense circulation, having been highly recommended by Dr. Campbell in the columns of the *Banner* newspaper), and Mr. James Clark, well known in public circles in the city of Glasgow, were prominent among the Christian laymen who formed the nucleus around which the new cause gathered. The meetings from the first were a decided success. Large numbers attended on week nights; and on the Sabbath Day, especially at the evening service, the hall could not contain the crowds that assembled to hear the words of eternal life. The Revs. Messrs. Morison, of Bathgate and Kilmarnock; Kirk, of Hamilton; Ferguson, of Bellshill; McRobert, of Cambuslang, and Mather, of Ardrossan, assisted by some of the nine students, took part in the meetings, which were held for several weeks. The ministers themselves were surprised at the great number of people who remained for

religious conversation. The leading doctrine which they advocated—immediate peace to the soul of man through the simple belief of the great fact of the atonement effected eighteen hundred years ago, brought relief to many sin-burdened consciences, and also dispelled, by God's blessing, the clouds that hung over the minds of many good people who had been mixing up their own subjective frames and feelings with the great objective work which alone reveals the heart of God, and alone constitutes the ground of reconciliation. Before the meetings were concluded as many as seventy or eighty individuals had put down their names in token of their willingness to be formed into a church, on the basis of the unlimited love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to the whole world. These friends were formed into a Church by the Rev. James Morison, of Kilmarnock, towards the end of July, who dispensed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to them in the presence of as great a multitude as the hall and the adjacent rooms and lobbies could contain.

The brethren of the new church were very anxious that Mr. Morison should have removed, at that time, from Kilmarnock to Glasgow, to take the pastoral oversight of them; for his fame and popularity were such that an immense multitude was always eager to hear him, when at any time he was advertised to preach in the city. But Mr. Morison could not see it to be his duty at that time, to leave the church in Kilmarnock, which had clung to him so devotedly during his ecclesiastical trials. Ultimately, the attention of the church was called to Mr. Fergus Ferguson, jun., the youngest of the nine students, who accepted the call which had been tendered to him, in the month of December 1844. For a few months Mr. Ferguson acted as missionary to the church—visiting the sick during the week, and either preaching himself on the Sabbath day, or supplying for those who occupied the platform in the Trades Hall. In the month of April 1845 (on the Glasgow Fast-day), he was ordained, before a large congregation, in the City Hall of Glasgow, and removed in the month of June, in the same year, with the Trades Hall Church, into the chapel in Blackfriars Street, where he has ever since ministered.

A successful effort was also made, towards the close of the year 1844, to draw together a church on the basis of the "New Views" in Edinburgh. Mr. J. H. Stott, one of the magistrates of the city, took the lead in the matter, and secured the Waterloo Rooms for a series of week-day meetings and Sunday services similar to those which had been so successful in Glasgow. The ministers already referred to all aided in the effort;

and numerous crowds came together in Edinburgh also to hear of God's great salvation. The fact is, that not only had the ecclesiastical proceedings against them made these preachers notorious (and notoriety is next door to popularity); but large masses of the Scottish public, by reading the proceedings in the church courts, and the pamphlets which had been published from time to time, had come to the conclusion that this was a consistent Gospel for which these men had suffered—indeed the only honest basis on which an earnest call can be addressed to men indiscriminately. And this belief is entertained still by thousands who have not been resolute enough to leave their own time-honoured churches, but who, nevertheless, respect the men that were willing to brave excision for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

We have a very distinct recollection ourselves of the eager multitude that used to fill the Waterloo Rooms, in Edinburgh, when the new cause was started. Not only would the large hall itself be densely crowded, but a gallery at the far end of it, and the platform behind the speaker. The scene was most inspiring; and generally the preacher was unexpectedly carried "out of himself," and led to enlarge on the topics which he proposed to discuss far beyond his original intention. We remember how appreciatively a dense audience, of evidently most intelligent people, listened one Sunday evening to a discourse on the words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." In these days there was always an inquiry meeting at the close of the first service, at which a shorter address was delivered, and the difficulties of the anxious met. At Edinburgh, as at Glasgow, there were always perplexed inquirers waiting to be conversed with. Indeed, the founders of the Evangelical Union were called to do, in their narrower sphere, just what Messrs. Moody and Sankey have of late been doing in their wider one; for although our movement was a controversial one, the controversy always was made to turn on God's controversy with man.

The affections of the nucleus in Edinburgh began to be concentrated on the Rev. John Kirk, of Hamilton. Mr. Kirk's name had been widely used in connection with the recent discussions, so that he always drew large audiences, who did not fail to be satisfied with his lucid and powerful exhibitions of the love of God. Mr. Kirk, for the sake of the extension of the truth, reluctantly tore himself away from his affectionate church at Hamilton, and was ordained in the Waterloo Rooms, on the Fast-day in October 1845. Shortly afterwards the church removed to the large chapel in Brighton Street, where Mr. Kirk has ever since ministered to them. We may

add that there are now three congregations in Edinburgh in connection with the Evangelical Union.

Before we leave the year 1845 we must make some reference to the case of the Rev. William Scott, of Free St. Mark's, Glasgow, which was decided in the month of May in that year, by the General Assembly of the Free Church. It is quite true that Mr. Scott never formally joined the Evangelical Union; but during the years which immediately succeeded its formation, he rendered very important services by his zealous co-operation with its ministers. He preached in connection with them in all the important towns throughout Scotland, and was a most acceptable and influential speaker at all the principal soirees and public meetings of the denomination. And although for some years back he has led a more retired life, the fact that the Rev. John Guthrie's congregation have entered into an arrangement to occupy the same building in Glasgow as Mr. Scott's—the one minister occupying the pulpit in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon—this fact, we say, has brought him more prominently again before the churches of our connection. And besides, his case in the church courts had so close a relation to our own doctrinal discussions, and so materially aided our struggle, that we could not write the history of the Evangelical Union, and leave it out.

Mr. Scott had been much blessed in soul by revival services which had been held in Roxburghshire, and in which some of his own relatives had taken an active part. The truth of the Gospel had been comfortingly applied to his own mind through the reading of an MS. of a zealous minister's discourse, entitled, "Believe and live." As was natural, he began to present to his own congregation in Glasgow the doctrines which had become so precious to himself; but he was surprised to find that sundry critics in his congregation conceived that he was making statements which did not square with the *Confession of Faith*. The fact is, that the controversy in both the Secession and Congregational bodies had put men on the theological *qui vive*, and accordingly a proportion of keen heresy hunters were to be found in every congregation, ready to scent afar off any deviation from the beaten track of orthodoxy. The statements which Mr. Scott made in his own pulpit were no more out of the beaten track than those made by the distinguished American Revivalists who have lately visited this country: but some advance has been made even in the Free Church in the course of thirty years; and the assertions which then startled the sticklers for orthodoxy in St. Mark's Church, would now be allowed to pass unimpeached.

Mr. Scott kept continually saying, "It is not 'Live and

believe,' but the Bible representation is 'Believe and live.' You do not need, O sinner, to wait till life be put into you before you believe; but believe to-day, and to-day you shall live."

Angry and stormy meetings of the session to which some of the complainants belonged, led to angry and stormy discussions in the Presbytery; and when these were reported in the newspapers of the day all eyes began to be turned towards St. Mark's Free Church and the occupant of its pulpit. Mr. Scott's opponents at first thought that he could be terrified or coaxed into submission; but they began to discover that he was one of those men whom opposition makes more confident in their own opinion, after it has been fairly formed, and who are quite willing to sacrifice all earthly friendships and honours for what they believe to be the truth of God.

Dr. Candlish wrote to a minister, "There's your friend, Mr. Scott, going to set the whole Free Kirk in a blaze. Send him in to me that I may see what he is stumbling at." But neither the interview which Mr. Scott had with Dr. Candlish nor with Dr. Duncan, the eminent metaphysical theologian, whose biography has lately produced so much sensation, had any effect in moving Mr. Scott from the position which he had taken up—namely, that real spiritual life does not precede the faith of the Gospel, but enters the soul of sinful man along with faith, or by means of it.

Mr. Scott has favoured us with a letter, in which he has tersely stated, and in few words, the theological point in dispute between him and his brethren, and which ultimately led to his separation from the Free Church.

"You are right, so far, in stating the question between the Glasgow Free Presbytery and me. It was expressly this: Is Regeneration *before* faith, or *by* faith? the Presbytery maintaining the former; I the latter, and defining Regeneration, in scholastic language, as the completed act—*Regeneratio regenerata*, not *Regeneratio regenerans*, the process—in which I admitted, of course, the agency of the Spirit to be prior to man's acting in the matter. Many things in the history of the case were very curious; but now, perhaps, they are not worth recording."

Dr. Buchanan and Dr. M'Gilvray led what might be called the prosecution against Mr. Scott, both in the Free Presbytery in Glasgow, and in the General Assembly at Edinburgh. They laid stress upon the doctrine of man's total depravity, and insisted that his powers were so sadly deteriorated by the fall, that he could not believe the Gospel. They quoted again and again such passages as the following: "Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him" (John xiv, 17), and "The natural man

receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii, 14). They therefore maintained that there must be life in the soul before the Gospel can be believed. Mr. Scott urged, in reply, that if there could be genuine spiritual life in man's soul before the faith of the Gospel was consummated, there would be no need of Christ at all; for the soul that had spiritual life in it would undoubtedly be raised to the kingdom of heaven. He quoted with great power and emphasis the Saviour's own unqualified declaration: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have NO LIFE in you" (John vi, 53); and again, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (ver. 63). He also appealed to Isai. lv, 3, "Hear and your soul shall live"; exclaiming, "See! it is not live and hear; but, O ye dead ones, hear and your souls shall live. For 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.'" As to the passages quoted by his opponents from John and Corinthians, with similar texts, he maintained that while worldly and natural men could not receive and appreciate the advanced truths of Christianity, they could believe the initial or rudimentary truths, through the reception of which their taste would be awakened for the strong meat of the kingdom. He maintained that through the influence of the convincing Holy Ghost, who knocked at the door of the sinner's heart, there was an awakening of the soul, more or less, before faith; but he refused to assign to this preparatory excitement the name and character of true spiritual life.

When we look back upon the deed, it appears assuredly to have been a sinfully schismatic act to have deposed an earnest man on so narrow an issue as that which we have described; yet true it is and of verity that the Rev. William Scott was cut off in May, 1845, by the vote of the General Assembly of the Free Church, for maintaining that the Gospel call was not live and believe, but believe and live. We suppose that the great majority of Evangelical Christians will say to-day that he was in the right, and that only a few rare hyper-Calvinistic antiquated Confessionists will be got here and there to take the side of the Edinburgh General Assembly. Suppose that Mr. Moody had stood up in the Free College Church in Glasgow last spring, and had solemnly made this statement, "None here can believe the Gospel unless they first get spiritual life, and that is given only to those who have been unconditionally chosen from all eternity," would not such a statement have murdered the revival? And suppose that Mr. Sankey, acting under high ecclesiastical advice, had said one day, "That well-

known hymn, 'There is life in a look at the Crucified One,' is all wrong, and we must sing it thus—

'No life in a look at the Crucified One,
Till the heart has been changed into flesh that was stone,'"

we trow that no Orphean effects would have been produced by the sweet singing of that evangelical Apollo that day.

Mr. Scott has often remarked that a sense of loneliness came over him as he took his seat at the bar of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, before rising to plead his cause. But the words of Paul flashed into his mind, "At my first answers no man stood with me; but all men forsook me. . . . Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me and strengthened me." And the remembrance of the words and the promised aid did strengthen him, so that Satan did not dismay him with the temptation, but "he was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." By a stroke of dexterous generalship a meeting had been got up to hear D'Aubigne elsewhere, at the very hour of Mr. Scott's trial, so that few of the general public were present to hear the libelled minister's defence. But he let the public hear of it afterwards, by the publication of a large and spirited pamphlet, entitled "Free Church Heresy," containing a detail of the history, and chiefly of the theological merits of the case, which had an immense circulation over the length and breadth of the land.

The great majority of Mr. Scott's congregation clung to him after his deposition, and entered the Trades' Hall as tenants a few Sabbaths after Mr. Ferguson's congregation had vacated it. It may easily be conceived that the formation of this second large congregation, committed to the public maintenance of almost, or rather of identically the same views as the founders of the Evangelical Union had propagated, must have produced no small stir in Glasgow, and throughout the west of Scotland generally.

We may add that Mr. Scott's congregation met for three years in the Trades' Hall; and that in the month of October, 1848, the commodious chapel in Pitt Street, which they have ever since occupied, was opened for them by their pastor and the Rev. James Morison, of Kilmarnock.

We have thus narrated the chief events of 1844 and 1845; but we must now briefly notice the introduction of Evangelical Union principles into the important city of Aberdeen in the spring of 1846; for, although the progress of the cause had been surprising in Glasgow and Edinburgh, it was yet more remarkable in the Granite City, whose inhabitants had always been deemed as unsusceptible of change of theological opinion as the stone that gives the place that descriptive name.

Several pious and thoughtful people, both in connection with Presbyterian and Independent churches in Aberdeen, had been convinced that the views held by Messrs. Monro and Laing, and which the Congregationalists of that city had impeached, were in reality the very truth of God. Reports of the trials, too, of Messrs. Morison, Rutherford, and Guthrie, had been wafted as far north as that remote region, so seldom visited then by southern travellers; for the good Queen Victoria had not yet fallen in love with Balmoral and the Dee. Lord Byron called the late Earl of that ilk "That travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen," on account of his classical polish and deep interest in the treasures of art which the ruined capital of Greece still contains. We may apply the epithet to the city itself—not thinking, however, of Socrates and Plato, but of Paul the Apostle, and Luke his historian, who said of the Grecian metropolitans of his day, "They spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Yes; the Aberdonians were Athenian in their curiosity; for when "the New Lights" came north, like fresh streamers in the sky, the rumour ran through the town that "the men who had turned the world upside down had come thither also"—and so the worthy citizens went forth to see and hear for themselves.

Their appetite had been whetted indeed by a series of meetings which had been held at Woodside, in the Rev. Mr. Laing's Church, in June, 1845, by Rev. Fergus Ferguson, then of Bellshill. The village was just the distance of Bethany from Jerusalem; and, as many of the Jews went out to see and hear Jesus long ago, not a few of the Aberdonians went out to hear the preacher from the south, and obtained "soul-refreshing views of Jesus and his Word." An intelligent lady, who was at that time a member of John Street Baptist Church there, has often told us since that this expression was quite a new one to her—"A satisfied God." Mr. Ferguson employed it as quite a common and current one with himself; but it struck her forcibly, and was the vehicle of a great spiritual blessing. She had always been looking *in* for at least the concurrent ground of her acceptance; but she was led to look *out* to God as well-pleased in Jesus, for the sole source of her joy. Many sinners by these meetings were brought into the fold; and many saints were cheered and edified. Still, although the suburbs had been blessed, there was as yet no thought of beginning a cause in the city itself.

It was the late Mr. George Cornwall and Mr. J. F. Kelles, still a respected citizen, who, with a friend, were the means, under God, of hoisting the E. U. standard in Aberdeen. We

remember seeing these gentlemen taking their seats on the platform on the occasion of the soiree that was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, on the evening of Mr. Kirk's ordination, in October, 1845. The steamer had been detained by adverse winds (for there was no railway then), and they were late of arriving. They had come with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." They had come to ask the ministers who were present if they would make an effort to supply Aberdeen for a month or two, if a place of meeting could be secured.

A large chapel in St. Andrew Street, capable of containing 900 hearers, happened to be vacant at the time, and was leased by these energetic laymen for the proclamation of the ever-lasting and unstinted Gospel. Strange as it may appear, it was filled from the first day it was opened in March, 1846. They who went for curiosity's sake the first day, returned for Christ's sake the next. The leading ministers of the young denomination took their turn in supplying the pulpit; generally staying two Sabbaths at a time. We remember distinctly to this day the impression which was produced upon our minds, when, on a Saturday night, the welcome lights of the city appeared, after we had been on the top of the coach from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m.—how peculiar and beautiful Union Street looked as we drove down its rattling streets to the sound of the guard's sonorous bugle—how we admired all the next week the Dee and the Don, the two Universities, and "the melancholy main"; but most of all, how we delighted in the eager congregations who seemed as if they could not tire to hear of "Naaman the leper," or "What think ye of Christ?" or "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; for thereby good shall come unto thee." Especially do we remember, not merely the dense crowd of the Sabbath evening, but the hungering hundreds who attended on the Monday following; because we had announced that we would paraphrase the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; and how they seemed to heave a great sigh of relief when we condensed for them the expositions of John Goodwin, Adam Clarke, Fletcher of Madeley, and John Robertson of St. Ninians, and showed them that believers were the vessels of mercy, and unbelievers the vessels of wrath, and that it was a man's own fault if he was fitted unto destruction.

The cause became so prosperous that the newly formed church were encouraged to call the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Bellshill, to be their pastor, whose visit during the previous summer had produced so much effect in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Ferguson thought it to be his duty to leave

his attached flock at Bellshill—much to their regret—for the sake of the larger field to which Providence seemed to point. He was ordained in St. Andrew Street in August, 1846, and has lived in Aberdeen ever since. In November, 1848, the handsome new chapel in St. Paul Street was opened by the Rev. William Scott of Glasgow, the pastor of the church, and his son. For twenty-five years the congregation of seven or eight hundred hearers was steadily maintained; and Mr. Ferguson has lately been privileged to hand over a vigorous and flourishing church to a distinguished successor. A second E. U. Church in Aberdeen is also large and flourishing.

We must stop here for the present.

EVOLUTION.

THE presidential address at the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast is a noteworthy sign of the times. It is well known that French Positivism in science, which disowns a personal God, and Utilitarianism in morals, which strips morals of their essential morality, have of late years made some way in this country, in the hands of a select but brilliant coterie, comprising some of our foremost men of science, with Darwin at their head, and at least two of our more distinguished speculative thinkers—the late John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. Among these is Professor Tyndall. His clumsy challenge about prayer not very long ago, we all remember. It was not worthy of him. In matter and manner it would have better become a coarse and commonplace disciple of Paine. In his late opening address he, of course, speaks like himself, but in a tenor that might well excite surprise. It does seem strange that he should have chosen the most prominent and representative chair of associated British science—a chair in which he speaks not only *to*, but in some sense *for*, his fellow *savans*—to enunciate principles that tear up the foundations, as generally held, of all philosophy and of all religion, instead of making this onslaught from neutral and independent ground. And to us it seems stranger still that the august assembly over which this dark shadow was thrown did not evince some profounder jealousy for those high and solemn interests that pertain to them as to other men, and did not embody their outraged sentiment in some saving protest.

This, however, is no concern of ours. We have to do with the address itself, as an exposition of the Evolution theory;

and of its consequences, as these were avowed with much precision and with ample courage by the speaker himself.

The opening part of the address we dismiss with a general remark. It is a sketch of the progress of science and philosophy from remote antiquity to the present day. Though a long, it is but a thin thread; for nothing is spun round it but a speculative glamour and gossamer concerning atoms and evolution. What end it can possibly serve we are at a loss to divine. It is the fancy of many to cite those ancient atomists with reverent wonder as having somehow anticipated modern molecular science. So far as we can discover, these ancients had, on this subject, absolutely no science at all. In mathematics and other things they had; but certainly not on molecular or on biological science, which are wholly modern, and indeed very recent. Those ancient atomists were not scientific, but simply speculative thinkers, who worked up theories of the universe wholesale out of the depths of their own inner consciousness. And they had the undeserved felicity to get their vagaries wed to immortal verse by the splendid genius of Lucretius, who, our greatest English poetess finely says—

“denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet upon Tiber’s side.”

I. Quitting all this, let us first give some brief account of the Evolution theory in its various stages. It was first known as the Development theory. Lamarck, at the beginning of this century, broached ideas on the subject more sensational than scientific. These and the like by and by found systematic array and eloquent expansion in the well-known *Vestiges of Creation* that appeared some thirty years ago. The nebular cosmogony of Laplace, handily worked in, enabled the Development theory to begin at the beginning; to condense worlds out of star dust; to cool and work them at leisure into habitability; to strike out life, by some happy accident, and then leave that primal life, like a spark, with ample time, and by unknown means, to spread and perpetuate itself from lower into higher forms. A fish accidentally stranded, and striving to shape itself to its new conditions, would develop its fins into paddles and claws, and ere long waddle itself fairly out into a completed reptile. Thence, by higher efforts, it would raise itself to the dignity of a quadruped. The cat, by active self-discipline, would come to exasperate itself into the tiger. And to crown all, some noble sample of the anthropoid ape would, by dint of the energy that lay in him, after the lapse of untold ages, come to enlarge his brain, contract his jaw, round and straighten his

limbs, and finally erect himself permanently on his hinder pair, the glory of creation, a finished man.

This, you will say, is a caricature of the Development theory. To be sure it is. But it is the shape it then received "in the house of its friends." They polished it off too finely to stand handling, and thus did it cruel wrong. For *some* truth lay in it, had they only given it time to grow. The result was, that the science of the day, not to name religion, pecked at it on every hand. Astronomers, by means of Lord Rosse's telescope, made the hitherto intractable nebula in Orion's belt confess itself to be, not a vast ocean of formative fire-mist, but a mere luminous cluster of very distant stars. Geologists (as Professor Sedgwick, in the *Edinburgh Review*) exposed its superfine life-processes by the fossil records of the rocks. Anatomists, like Cuvier, interrogated the oldest memorials of man he could find in Egyptian tombs, and found the mummy of 3,000 or 4,000 years ago to have been every whit like other men. Philosophers, while admitting, as they have all along done, that there is a gradation or chain of being, pointed out that gradation did not mean or involve genetic succession, of which they declared there had not as yet been produced a single vestige of proof. And so, for the time, the Development theory was shelved.

It found resurrection fifteen years ago in the new form of Evolution, when (in 1859) Mr. Darwin published his work on "*The Origin of Species*." His doctrine is, that under the modifying influence of "natural selection," and "the struggle for existence," new species are evolved out of old ones; and he extends the principle through all realms of life.

Now, on its own well-determined and scientific ground, Evolution may not only to some extent be true, but even beautiful. It will then illustrate all the more the resources of Deity. It will only exemplify anew the profound saying of Leibnitz, that "the Deity does nothing by leaps." It will square in with his wonder-working ways in educing from slow, small causes great and complex results. It will be in harmony with the long geological processes; and better still, it will throw rich analogical illustration on God's methods of moral government, and particularly on the evolution of his redemptive plan in the flux of the dispensations. Christian intelligence objects not to Evolution in its own place. The late Hugh Miller, in whom religion and science were eminently combined, said even of the Development theory, "God might as certainly have originated the species by a law of development, as he maintains it by a law of development; the existence of a first great cause is as perfectly compatible with the one scheme as

with the other." Yes; grant only a personal God and creation, and all the rest will be matters of easy adjustment. Darwin himself quotes with satisfaction a divine who truly affirms "that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe he created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws." This might seem a fair meeting ground for science and religion; but Tyndall will not answer for Darwin accepting the divine creation of these original forms, and he distinctly answered for himself that he, for his own part, would not. This makes the breach complete between that position of science and religion; and it is on such science alone that the responsibility of the rupture rests.

But more of this by and by. Let it here suffice to say that with Evolution, on its scientific ground, we have no desire to intermeddle. On that God-given territory of its own, we leave it with all deference to evolve what it can. But we leave it with the following qualifying remarks:—

1. Amid all the prodigality of illustration and wealth of power expended by Darwin and his associates in defence of their theory, its range of tangible results appears as yet to be exceedingly small.

2. These results, however, do seem fairly to establish a process of evolution within certain limits; but they by no means warrant the generalizations built on them, even in the sphere of science; while to extend them as a dominating principle into the independent regions of philosophy and religion is simply outrageous.

3. In numberless cases no trace of evolution can be discovered at all. These are what are known as "persistent types."

4. So far as man is concerned, there is not the shadow of a shade of evidence that he was developed from any brutal type. No animal is found advancing towards him in any one feature. No savage is found so low as to be aught less or else than man. The very lowest of human types, such as the Australian, and the Fuegian, are pronounced by those magnates of science themselves (as may be seen in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*) to evince, in close intercourse, much more of the thoughts and sympathies of our common humanity than they expected to find. There is no variety of man anywhere that is without speech; and this, of itself, is an impassable gulf between man and the brutes. There is no variety of man without morality, however diversely they may interpret and apply it. Nor is there any without

religion in some rudimentary sense. Still further, amid all varieties of race, man presents but one species. A species is defined as that whose members resemble each other in certain distinctive features, and which has inherent power to perpetuate itself. Such is man. Interblend as our races may, they multiply and thrive—as in the remarkable instance named by Professor Huxley of the numerous progeny of the English sailors and their Tahitian wives in the Pitcairn Islands. Take this fact on the one hand, and the modifying influences of soil, climate, custom, &c., on the other, in harmony with the very principle of Evolution, and we need have no difficulty in holding fast to the position of Paul, that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth.”

II. Having sufficiently explained Evolution, and frankly conceded its righteous claims within its own proper limits, let us here interpose some remarks on the mutual relations of Science and Religion. These relations ought to be none other than those of mutual recognition and respect. God has made each of these great interests free on its own domain. The two domains are different, but harmonious, as all varieties of truth are; and great human nature has sides and depths for them all.

And yet how often has each, through its zealots, taken the other by the throat. Tyrannic faiths, in name of Christianity, have presumed to say to inquiring science, Thus far, but no farther! But so also have they to pure, free forms of the Christian faith itself, whose martyrs outnumber those of science by myriads to one. Let science honour its martyrs, and, like Alexander at the sepulchral mound of Achilles, at Troy, fan its ardour over their tombs. But let them not run away, like Professor Tyndall, with the sentiment, as if science in great part personified the nobilities, and Christianity the bigotries of the case. It would be invidious to suggest the reticences, the “prudential silences,” yea, the recantations, of men of science; for such things have disfigured Christianity too. It is worth noting, however, how many of the pioneers and martyrs of science named by Professor Tyndall himself in that address had been ecclesiastical men. A sceptical historian talks of “the mild and tolerant spirit of paganism”—a bitter irony of the facts of history, as Paley shows; for the deadliest persecution Christianity ever encountered was from the easy-going Epicureanism of the Empire. Nor is the philosophy of this far to seek. “He who has no religious scruples of his own,” says Archbishop Whately, “will not be the more likely to be tender of the religious scruples of others; if he is ready

himself to profess what he does not believe, he will see no reason why others should not do the same." He justly adds, that "all the human passions, and all the views of political expediency, which have ever tempted the Christian to persecute, would have a corresponding operation with the atheist." (*Annotations to Bacon's Essays*, pp. 189, 190.) These sentiments find appalling proof and illustration in the terrible scenes of the first French Revolution. The source of persecution, in short, is neither in science nor in religion, but in poor human nature in its present conditions of infirmity; and as men will dare, endure, and, for the same reason, persecute, most in matters on which feeling and conviction run the strongest, religion, which if worth anything to man, is worth everything, has naturally come to have well nigh a monopoly of martyrdom. Of the fifty millions computed by highest authorities to have been done to death by Papal Rome alone, need we ask what proportion the martyrs of science bear to the martyrs of religion?

Professor Tyndall does well to assert free thought and inquiry against all the bigotries in the world; but he would have done a great deal better had he said or seen that Christianity is the most emancipating of all truths, that "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," that faith in a personal God develops the noblest type of individual man, and that all that is greatest in thought, power, nobility, and human grandeur has been developed by religion, and by states just in proportion as they have been religious, through faith in that theism which, in his address, he ignored, in that Providence which he satirizes, and in that Christian revelation which he contradicts and disowns.

It only remains, under this topic, to throw out a hint or two on our proper attitude as Christians towards men of science.

1. Let us honour them as investigators of truth and benefactors of our race. Such truly they are, and many of the luxurious livers on the fat meads far beneath them have little notion of their toils and hardships and frugal ways, as they "hunter-like climb the giddy Alpine heights of science." Many of them are living martyrs. Their keen pursuit of truth demands our homage, and its results to the race no money value could express.

2. By all that is honest and manly in our faith, let no dictum of science, however startling, excite real alarm. The late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton manfully said that there were religionists who loved their creed more than their Christianity, and Christianity more than truth. If our Christianity cannot stand erect in the midst of all truth, by its own open avowals

it makes no claim to stand at all. There is no evasion or reserve in it; its element is unsullied light. To rush intemperately to the front, and in the name of religion to contradict science while working in its own proper field, is simply to betray religion. Be patient. Science itself will test the new dogma; there is nothing more certain than that. If true, religion remains just as true as before; for religion occupies its own independent field, and whatever is real in religion finds its highest expression in Christianity. Part of the costume may have to be readjusted, preconceptions rectified, crude theories of interpretation, extreme ideals of inspiration, these and the like may need revisal; but Christianity will continue to shine in the spiritual sphere, as sun and centre, eye and soul, balancing, illumining, enlivening, and glorifying all.

3. Let us do our common Christianity the justice to dismiss from our mind all notion that it was ever meant to teach us science. There could be no greater mistake. The Bible is not more divine than it is human. It bears on the face of it, as a book for all, to be written in the language of all; i.e., not in philosophic, not in scientific, but in popular phrase. Being truth, and highest truth, it has affinities with all science and all philosophy, and glances of each often shine gloriously through; but its appropriate costume is free popular speech, rich in metaphor, and teeming with illustrative analogies from nature and life. For this reason, though it covers a revelation-period of 1,500 years, and nearly 2,000 since, it is as living and life-giving as ever. For the Bible to have taught science, would have been to defeat both its means and its end: its *means*, for it would thereby have simply made itself unintelligible; its *end*, which is to promote that higher life which is the soul even of science, as of all else that is good. In the very name of sound evolution, we protest against looking for science in the Bible, God's plan being, not to supersede natural development but to stimulate it; to drop the life-germ into our souls, and leave it in science and everything else to evolve its own issues. Even the creation-chapter in Genesis is the least scientific of all. The strictly scientific truth about creation probably no language could even yet express, and no culture comprehend. That Mosaic account bears on the very face of it to be pictorial, to be a sort of primer exhibition in which the six days method may have been adopted for a simply ethical or moral end, in relation to the Sabbath. The one essential idea is, as Paul tells the Hebrews, "that the worlds were framed by the Word of God."

Even to say, as some do, that the Bible was intended to teach moral science, is as erroneous a notion as that it was meant to

teach geology. No science whatever, *as science*, was it ever intended to teach ; though here, in morals, we do get nearer the radiating centre, and find a mental and moral science almost laid to our hand. *Thinking, Feeling, Willing* : this is the sum of mental philosophy ; corresponding to which, on the practical side, we have in the Bible *Faith, Love, Duty*. And we have these presented to us in any order, yet all equally true. First, and most commonly, we have *Faith*—the true scientific order ; for it is through the intelligence that the effect reaches the emotions and the will. Hence the call to *believe*, which involves all the rest. Sometimes it is the last—Choose, and act the right ! in which case the *Thinking and Feeling* are presupposed. Sometimes, again, as in the law itself, a hit is aimed at the centre—"Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God" ; which presupposes the requisite *Faith*, and draws after it the consequent *Choices and Duty*. These are purest gleams of mental and moral science, though not given as such, but raying forth self-luminous from the pure God-given truth.

4. But, with all this, let us remember that Christianity, though not science, is yet truth—what, therefore, in its own sacred sphere, we might in some sort call a science of religion, of salvation ; which, accordingly, if natural science, or aught else, invade, we must rally round and defend against all deadly. Positive science has its own field ; but so also has religion. And if science shall presume to say, *My field is all ; yours is nowhere*, then its attitude to religion is that of open war. If science ignores and virtually denies a personal God, and ridicules the very idea of attributing to him creative acts and glories which the Bible ascribes to him on every page, it attempts nothing less than the subversion of all religion, natural and revealed. How far Professor Tyndall has gone in that direction it will next be our endeavour to show.

J. G.—G.

[Owing to indisposition, now happily being removed, the accomplished author of this article, the Rev. John Guthrie, of Glasgow, has been compelled to leave it unfinished till our next issue in March 1875.—ED. E. R.]

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN we had the pleasure of being in Halifax, Yorkshire, in the summer of 1873, as a delegate from the Scottish Temperance League to the British Temperance League, we enjoyed the hospitality, and were happy, at the same time, to secure the friendship of Mr. Frederick H. Bowman of that town. This gentleman, besides being one of the influential mill-owners of Halifax, and also a leading

Christian and Temperance philanthropist, has his social influence increased by the fact of his eminent scientific acquirements; for, not to mention other literary diplomas, he is "F.R.A.S.," and "F.R.G.S.," that is, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and Fellow of the Royal Geological Society. The subject of prayer being much discussed at that time in scientific and literary circles, Mr. Bowman kindly agreed, at our request, to write an article on the subject for the pages of the *Evangelical Repository*. Various pre-occupations came in his way; and just as the essay was approaching completion a dangerous illness laid our friend on a bed of suffering for months. We give the following quotation from the letter which Mr. Bowman pencilled to us when he was able to leave his room and lie on a sofa for an hour or two. They will serve to introduce the sweet verses to our readers which we have designated above "A Song in the Night." The circumstances attending their composition are certainly remarkable. After telling us of the death of dear little twin children, just about the time of his attack, Mr. Bowman thus writes:—

"Just at the time I was at the very worst, a very singular occurrence took place. I had a dream: I was upon a wide plain; all around was dark; but in front a sombre sea spread itself out towards the horizon; and from behind the sea a flood of glory streamed upwards far brighter than any sunrise. I heard singing, and was singing myself. When I awoke I tried to remember what I was singing, and remembered it perfectly. I had composed a hymn in my sleep, and just wrote it down in the morning without any great effort of memory. I know of no other instance of such a long hymn being written under such circumstances. I inclose it for your inspection as a singular intellectual feat. I had not a word to alter; and the hymn was a great comfort to me. I am sorry I have got no further with my article on prayer; but you must take the hymn in place of it."

The following are the verses which were composed in so remarkable a manner:—

MIDNIGHT, 25TH JULY, 1874.

Jesus, upon thy promised word
My heart with steadfast trust relies;
My soul rejoices to have heard
Of thy rich blood and sacrifice;
From bonds of sin it sets me free,
And thou art all in all to me.

When darkness gathers round my bed,
And trembles all my sinking frame,
Thy hand supports my drooping head,
I know thy love is still the same;
In darkest hour, when thou art near
My trusting soul can know no fear.

O Jesus, fill my soul with thee,
With all thy power and love divine,

And make my inmost heart to see
 The brightness of thy glory shine :
 Hope is eternal in the breast
 That finds in thee its lasting rest.

No righteousness myself I claim ;
 Thy merit Jesus is my boast ;
 Pardon I have through thy dear name—
 Thy precious blood the priceless cost ;
 'Tis mercy everywhere I see,
 Since, Jesus, thou hast died for me.

Accept, dear Lord, the gift from me
 Of all I am and all I have ;
 Soul, body, all I give to thee—
 The offering of my feeble love :
 Bless'd Saviour, keep them through thy grace,
 Till I behold thee face to face.

Thou art my life : I cannot die
 When thou, the Lord of life, art near.
 Thou art my joy : and every sigh
 Will pass away if thou appear.
 I see thy brightness flood the skies—
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise !

O blessed light, around me shine !
 O heaven, that drives the night away !
 I know, my Saviour, I am thine :
 Thy presence is eternal day ;
 Here let my soul for ever bask,
 My Jesus, this is all I ask.

Our readers, we are certain, will be delighted to peruse Mr. Bowman's article whenever he is able to finish it ; although one of our contributors writes ably in this number on Prayer. The subject is one which continues to engross much attention ; and we cannot have it too frequently discussed, especially by those who are at once Christian and scientific men.—ED. *E. R.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Burning Words. By the REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. Pp. 368.

HERE is a collection of some of Dr. Talmage's choicest sayings, culled from his published discourses, after the fashion of Henry Ward Beecher's "Summer in the Soul." We extract the following Preface by the publisher ; because it contains interesting items of information concerning the earnest and celebrated preacher, with which we were not acquainted when we penned the account of our visit to his Church that is to be found in another part of this number :—

"Dr. Thomas De Witt Talmage was born at Boundbrook, New Jersey, January 7th, 1832, being the youngest of twelve children. His parents

were intelligent and pious, striving to train their children for God ; *four* of their sons became ministers of the Gospel, Thomas being the most prominent by far. At the important age of eighteen, he consecrated himself to the Saviour and to the Christian ministry : studying at the New York University, and the Theological Seminary, New Jersey.

"His first pastoral charge was at Bellville, New Jersey, where he spent three years ; he then removed to Syracuse, New York, for three years ; then to Philadelphia, where he laboured very successfully for seven years. At the end of that period, he was providentially removed to Brooklyn, to a church of nineteen members only : but evidently this was his right place in the vineyard of the Master. It is in Brooklyn he has surrounded himself with a band of earnest workers who have entered most heartily into some long-cherished schemes of his as to a Free Church—i.e., banishing pew-rents, and depending solely upon the voluntary offerings of the people to carry on the various Church organizations, including his own stipend ; also the establishment of a Christian College for the education of laymen, fitting them for Christian work in various ways.

"Dr. Talmage is a man of untiring energy, and this sanctified energy has placed him in the first rank of Christian preachers. The Americans love energy, force, power ; and in Dr. Talmage they have a man of tremendous force. As a preacher he is highly imaginative : and whilst he stands by the Evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, he has managed to preach them in *burning words*—with a loving pathos that has left an abiding impression upon the hearts of thousands.

"Unlike many men's words, they are not only hot, fiery, burning, when dropping first from his lips ; but they retain the white heat even when printed.

"It is said that he is a man who enjoys life, being a jovial companion ; very accessible to persons seeking advice ; perfectly unassuming in his manners.

"He is one of the most popular preachers of the day, being original, fearless, outspoken, natural. Usefulness is his great aim ; and he rejoices whenever he hears of sinners being converted through him, directly or indirectly."

The excerpts given are well named "*Burning Words*"; for besides eccentricity and freshness, their leading characteristic is fervid earnestness. We are certain that the volume will be found to be both interesting and useful as a quiver whence to draw feathered arrows, by the young workers who are beginning to show their love for Christ, by labouring in the Gospel field.

The Vatican Decrees ; and on their bearing on Civil Allegiance : a Political Expostulation. By the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Fifteenth thousand. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1874.

MR GLADSTONE is good at surprises. He took the country completely by surprise, some six years ago, when he proposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and he has taken the country as much by surprise in the publication of this spirited pamphlet, in which he lifts up a warning voice against the arrogant pretensions of the Vatican.

It would appear that up to the year 1870, when the Œcumenical Council met at Rome, Mr. Gladstone did not really believe that the

Papal chair invaded the crown rights of the sovereigns of the world, and demanded an allegiance to itself from "faithful catholics" which interfered with the civil obedience that was expected by their own home governments.

When the question of Catholic Emancipation was agitated in this country in the year 1826, the Roman Catholics pretended that all such demands were antiquated and obsolete. Thus, Bishop Doyle gave evidence before the House of Commons to this effect: "That our duties to the government of our country are not influenced nor affected by any Bulls or practices of Popes." But in 1870 the mask was thrown off, and the following remarkable pretensions were put forth by the Pope—the Council agreeing to them:—"That pastors and all the faithful, both singly and collectively, are held bound by the duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, not only in things which pertain to faith and morals, but also in those which refer to the discipline and government of the Church, diffused throughout the whole world."

Mr. Gladstone has no doubt that the words in the last clause, "the government of the Church," referred to the loss of the temporal power; and that the Roman See holds every faithful Catholic bound, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, to restore the Pope's temporal supremacy, much more than to support the throne and government of Queen Victoria. He does not recommend that the civil disabilities from which our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects have been set free should be re-imposed; but he calls, in the first place, upon the nobler portion of the Roman Catholics themselves to resist the claims of the Supreme Pontiff, as their forefathers did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, in the next place, he warns British Protestants to watch narrowly these Roman aggressions as the German Protestants are doing to-day. The pamphlet is characterized by the great learning, honest and fearless independence, as well as by the eloquence and candid courteousness of its distinguished author, and cannot fail to leave lasting and wide-spread political and ecclesiastical effects in the land.

THE
EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.
SIXTH SERIES.

No. III.—MARCH, 1875.

THE POSTHUMOUS FAME OF CHRIST.

It is surprising how speedily even great men are forgotten on the earth. Before or immediately after death they gained a celebrity that seemed to promise an immortality of fame. Ere many years, however, their names had ceased to be mentioned. The names of the world's great men, long since dead, that are not utterly forgotten, are remembered only by a few. How few, for example, know anything of Plato—the most celebrated philosopher of antiquity. The fathers of the church that fought the battles of the Faith in its early days are known by name to but a few ecclesiastical students. The great generals whose brilliant campaigns determined the boundaries of different nations, have passed from the thoughts of men as moving clouds pass from the sky. The great millionaires, that were envied and flattered but two or three hundred years ago, are not known by men of to-day. Poets, snatches of whose wisdom wedded to ceaseless beauty of form, may still be quoted by a few, have been forgotten. Here and there in every large town there are monuments which were raised in the enthusiasm of the people when the celebrity of their subjects was at its flood-tide, and these monuments are passed and repassed by thousands who are utterly heedless of those whose deeds of valour, or statesmanship, or beneficence are thus commemorated. The desire for posthumous fame cannot apparently to any great extent be realised. As the doom of death is written against our race, so it seems is the other doom written that we shall gradually be forgotten—that in an intensified sense, the place that knows us now, shall, ere long, know us no more. To this doom have bowed philosopher and poet, general and statesman, high and low, rich and poor. Of all the beings that have ever lived, there has been but one exception really. That

exception is JESUS CHRIST. His fame has increased with the roll of the ages. Thought about him has widened and deepened with the lapse of time. There are others, indeed, who lived in the grey dawn of the world's history that are still remembered. Many who know nothing about the pioneers of civilization in our own or other lands, know a great deal about Abraham, the Father of the Faithful. Many who know nothing about our once celebrated leaders of armies, know a great deal about Moses who successfully led the children of Israel against their enemies. Many who know and care nothing about Homer, know about David and his songs of penitence and praise. Many who could not be induced to read the elaborate reasonings of Plato, or the questionings of Socrates, read again and again with rapturous delight the wild imagery, the melting pathos, and the mystic foreshadowings of Isaiah. Multitudes upon multitudes who care nothing about what any doctors of the church said, or what any of the great controversialists have maintained, care all the world for what Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and Paul, and Peter, and James have said. The words of such are sweeter than honey unto them; more prized are they by far than silver or gold. But Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Isaiah derive all their glory from their connection with Christ. Sever that connection, and they too would pass into oblivion. So too with the Apostles. They shine, 'tis true; but like the moon it is with borrowed light. They are valued not as men merely, however good and worthy they were, but as apostles of Jesus. Sever them from Christ and they would pass into darkness. It is because thought about Christ is active that these others stand out, honoured far, far beyond the worldly great men of their time.

The exception of Christ to the universal experience of men is all the more striking that he is now more thought of than ever he was. The chief questions of the time are about Christ. There were never so many books written about him as now. The best products of the age multiply round his cross. 'Tis true that much of the questioning is hostile, that many of the books are unfriendly to the Incarnate Love, that the purpose of much of the effort put forth is to destroy the name of Christ, to root it out from the hearts and languages of men. *But the fact remains that Christ is the mightiest name in literature to-day, that he is the chief occasion of mental activity, the chief object on which are centred the thoughts and affections of men.* What meaneth it? He was the reputed child of Joseph and Mary of Nazareth. He was a poor man. He had while he lived few friends. He achieved no brilliant

success in the world's estimate and secured no great popularity. The great men never knew him. The rich never feasted him. The strong never defended him. On the contrary they united to swear away his life, and secure his death as a malefactor. They succeeded. He suffered one of the most shameful of deaths, and died amid the execrations of Jews and Gentiles. How comes it then that this man, with such a worldly history, is remembered where others are forgotten, and that his influence is spreading with every passing minute? Every miserable sceptic flings at him his petty missile; but he remains undisturbed, and his influence spreads. The champions of infidelity go out against him, and with clangour of trumpets proclaim that they will destroy him; but he remains unmoved, and his influence spreads. The ranks of the atheistic, and ignorant, and abandoned, go out against him with hideous scowls and blasphemous shouts, resolved to remove him; but he remains unshaken, and his influence spreads. Men hurry up to his cross with the tributes of their affection, and lay them at his feet, and his influence spreads. Church after church is formed, and chapel after chapel is built, and his influence spreads. Book after book, and sermon after sermon, are printed and spoken, and his influence spreads. For his service mothers give up their sons, and fathers give up their daughters, and thus, taking their lives in their hands, go to distant lands that they may tell of his love, and his influence spreads. Infants lisp his name, and old men in accents tremulous with love proclaim it, and his influence spreads. The new-born babe is commended to his blessing, and the mother gives her last counsel to her boy as he sets out to battle with life's difficulties and temptations in the world, "My boy, think of Jesus, cling to Jesus, love Jesus;" and after he is gone she lifts her cry, morning, noon, and night, to Christ, "O Jesus, guard and bless my son," and his influence spreads. Young men and maidens have his blessing brought on them as they stand on the threshold of their wedded life; and in their homes thousands and tens of thousands rear their family altars to his praise, and his influence spreads. The troubled cry to him for help; and the dying, as their feet grow cold with Jordan's water, pass away, saying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly," and his influence spreads. The whole church in gladsome rapture sings, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father—to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever," and his influence spreads and spreads. The earth even now is filling with his glory, and yielding the pledge that in him yet shall all nations trust—that

"He shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

In vain shall be men's puny attempts to destroy him. In vain shall be the endeavours to lead men to think about some others in preference to Jesus. They will think about Christ, and their thoughts will multiply and multiply, and his influence will spread and spread, till all lands shall be blessed in him. Poetry and philosophy, history and science, shall be laid under tribute to Jesus, and his cross shall become to every one what it is now to many, the symbol of glory, honour, and power. The day shall come when throughout the world he shall be loved and adored.

"Tis coming up the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter ;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder ;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming—yes, 'tis coming."

As we contemplate the position which Christ occupies to-day, and his influence on the thoughts and affections of men, what can we do but come to the conclusion that the first Napoleon did? When a prisoner at St. Helena, and when through a bitter experience he had come to learn how vain is all earthly glory, he overheard a conversation in which it was alleged that Christ was but a man. Stepping forward to the speaker, he said, "General, call not Jesus a man. Jesus is God. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded universal empires. We founded them on mere force: they passed away; and we, too, pass, and are soon forgotten. Jesus Christ founded, eighteen centuries ago, a universal empire in love; and at this moment there are millions living on the earth who could die for him. Yes, Christ is the true monarch. He has more subjects than any king, and is better loved by far than any queen."

It should be remarked that Christ's marvellous posthumous fame is in most perfect accord with his expectations and professions. The men of his time expected that his memorial among them would be transient. Even the disciples shook in their confidence as the dark clouds they understood not gathered round their Master. But the Master himself never faltered. He knew that he had touched the springs of thought, and altered by his life and doctrine the whole future of our race. He knew that his influence was indestructible. There

was a sense in which, as never other had done, he appealed from the present to the future. *Hereafter* was one of his key-notes. Even when the cross rose before him, and he knew his earthly life was about to end in what he deemed shame and weakness, he looked beyond, and in the very sublimity of confidence said, "When I am lifted up, then shall ye know that I am he." The cross like the manger, the silence in death like the utterances in life, were the agencies by which attention would be arrested, thought quickened, interest manifested, and by and bye love developed. He was ready to die as he had been ready to live; for through dying on the cross, he would yet live in men—in their thoughts, and sympathies, and choices. The waters of Jewish thought that he had so strangely stirred could not, after his crucifixion, ebb back again into sluggishness or stagnation. The circles of his influence he saw widening on every side. Men thought they were contracting and lessening into nothingness. But that was because to them the future was sealed—because their eye could not take within its sweep the eighteenth century as well as the first—because they could not see beyond the hours of the present into the eternities to come. But to him all lay open. The work had been begun, the words had been spoken, that could never be undone or forgotten. To crucify him, he knew, was not merely a vain attempt to hinder, but the mightiest possible aid to, his influence; and so he laid down his life that he might take it up again. He stooped, but only that he might conquer.

G. G.—G.

THE LORD A SHEPHERD.

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D., GLASGOW.

THERE is one other relation, at least—namely, that of a Father—which God is represented as bearing to his people, more interesting and abundant in happy influence than is that of a shepherd. Nevertheless, to a pastoral people, such as the Jews to a great extent were, the image must have been one of very warm endearment. David's conception of it must have been peculiarly lively: "And David said to Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth." Here was a shepherd, type of the Good Shepherd as he was, who ventured his life in defence of his sheep; and great must have been his confidence in his own Shepherd's care and affection when he himself came to be

numbered as one of a flock. The inhabitants of a city, and chiefly conversant with affairs of manufacture and merchandise, these are incapable of apprehending to the full extent the beauty and force of the similitude; but, by a little reflection, we may all appreciate it in a considerable measure.

Imagine, then, a human being, lonely and solitary in respect of intercourse with man the live-long day, and day after day in succession, wandering on the hill side, with none but his sheep to keep him company, and with no other occupation but to guide and protect them. How strong must be the affection with which his heart comes to be attached to them! He distinguishes them individually by their forms, their countenances, their bleatings, and other peculiarities; he knows the histories of them all; he knows such of them as are diseased, and ministers to their cares; he is specially careful of those that are with young, and tender in the cherishing of their lambs—particularly the deserted. He wards them off from the precipice, the morass, and from where serpents lurk and poisons grow; he lifts them out of pits into which they may fall; and extricates them from the thorn-brake; and far he will journey o'er the hills in quest of the wanderer. He selects for them the richest pasture; in the sultry noon he guides them to refreshing brooks; when the wind blows chill he guides them to the shelter of the vale; and at night secures them in the fold. Fearlessly he braves the dangers of the snow-storm that he may place them in safety; all his ingenuity is exerted in snaring the fox which would make them its prey; and he endangers his life in repelling the wolf. And deep is the affection of our kind shepherd's heart when these nurslings of his care may die, or when, being sold to the stranger, they are driven away bleating from the superintendence of his affection.

If such be the solicitude and tenderness of a human shepherd, what must be the strength in which they subsist in the bosom of the Shepherd of Israel, whose memorial is Love! And of this love the resources for the blessing of his flock are inexhaustible. His are the grass and streams of a thousand hills, and by the word of his power he could create and replenish a thousand more; His the command of the showers to refresh the pastures; His the government of the sun to restrain its sultry heat; His the control of the wind to temper its blast; and His the direction of the snow to regulate its falling. The fox by its artifice may elude the vigilance of an earthly shepherd, or a troop of wolves may destroy himself, leaving the flock all scattered and a prey: but what gale shall surprise Him who slumbers not nor sleeps; or what violence shall prevail against

Him whose arrows are the lightnings? Well might David say that, since Jehovah was his Shepherd, he would not want. As one of the sheep of His fold he was warranted to calculate that all the wisdom and power of his Shepherd would be employed and exerted for his advantage; and that Shepherd was the all-sufficient God—the Lord of Hosts.

David's Shepherd is our Shepherd—David's God is our God—let David's confidence be ours also. To trust in God—to have fears prevented or dispelled by reliance on His care and mercy, is a principal commandment—Happiness is our duty; misery is our sin, inasmuch as it must proceed from dishonouring views of the divine character and unbelieving discredit of the assurances of His Word. Ah! my friends, were I to inquire, if your consciences are ever disturbed by a sense of sin it would be but as light trial—no trial, indeed, at all: His test is, if, when overtaken by adversity, or when the clouds have gathered threateningly around you, your sorrows be soothed, and your apprehensions allayed by confiding meditations on the guardian care and overruling providence of God? Many of the most depraved and profligate can tell us of the manner in which they have trembled under a consciousness of guiltiness; but how few are they who honour the Lord by rejoicing in Him as their gracious Shepherd! And yet, can less than this be required as a test of the genuineness of the professions of piety? Is there no sin—no insulting of God, when the heart yields Him nothing but its suspicions and terrors? Be done with this dark unbelief: it at once robs yourselves of comfort and God of His praise. We have other duties, it is true, besides that of being of a cheerful heart, through reliance on the divine care; but unless such cheerfulness be entertained, no other duty can be well performed. It is only from a heart which has some persuasion of God's friendship for it, that any acceptable service can ever proceed. The gods of heathenism are pictured as delighting in the terror of their worshippers; but our God rejects the service of slaves, and will accept of the obedience only of sons and daughters. To love Him because we know and are persuaded that He loves us, is the master-principle of all Christian obedience. Review these Psalms, and you will see that trust in God is the chief characteristic of David's morality. Convenient ethics! some may mockingly exclaim, when their own cheerless bosoms evince that to feel joyously towards the God that made them is of all virtues the most difficult of acquisition. How easy it is to say with a benevolent heart, "Be ye warmed and be ye clothed," compared with saying, with a devout heart, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Our faith says both; and it says the former with

more humanity from being inspired by the piety of the latter.

In proceeding to consider the subject more particularly, observe, in the First Place, what was the view which David took of his own character and condition. He felt as if he were but one of the sheep of a flock. Now, of all animals a sheep is surely the most insensible and stupid—the most prone to wander, the most helpless, and the neediest of superior guidance and protection. If such was the lowly estimate which David formed of himself, how much more does not such humility become us? The King of Israel—its most valiant warrior—its sweetest singer—and one of the most highly inspired of its prophets—prominent next to Abraham as an ancestor and the grandest type of the great Messiah—who of us may compare himself with David? And yet he felt as if he were but a feeble senseless sheep. Representations and appeals of this nature afford a good test of Christian principle and character. The formalist, who has only a name to live, either bears with them as being sentimental fancies; or resents them if he is persuaded that the man of God is sincere in their use. Priding himself on his birth and connections, or his personal appearance, or his wealth, or some office he holds, or his learning, or his accomplishments in music, or painting, yea, dancing—or some contribution which he has made to a cause of charity or religion—priding himself on such things as these, his heart resents it as vulgar and disgusting that he and the other great men of the world should be likened to the sheep of the mountain.

On the other hand, the Christian feels the similitude to be expressive and appropriate. His wealth, or learning, or station, may have the advantage when compared with the possessions and qualifications of many of his neighbours; but when considered absolutely, or contrasted with the divine perfections, how they dwindle down into insignificance and contemptibleness. As he meditates, "How little it is," he says, "that I know! How little it is that I can do for myself! Ignorance and imbecility are, at best, my characteristic qualities! Even in respect of the affairs of the present life, how erroneous do the judgments frequently prove to be which I form of those objects which will conduce to my happiness! and, when I chance to judge myself, how foolish oftentimes are my schemes for securing my end! and even when best conceited how often they fail through the crossing of accidents over which I had no control! And at best, what can I do to prevent the advance of the impotency of old age? what can I do to secure myself from death? And weak for sustaining myself, I am

equally weak for the help of those I love. What can I do for arresting the consumption of my dying spouse? and how vain are all my endeavours for the recovery of my prodigal son?

But, especially, when I turn to more important reflections, and consider that I am immortal, and accountable to the divine government, to be placed before its holy tribunal for judgment, what an alarming aspect my imbecility assumes! What should become of my soul did it enjoy no moral guidance superior to that of myself? How often does my heart call good evil and evil good! How prone I am to commit sin—framing apologies for it; and how averse to righteousness, quarrelling with its laws, and by sophistries eluding them! How easily my passions are set on fire by temptation; and how much arguing and pleading are requisite for moving me to do my duty! How reluctant I am, although convinced in my conscience of sin, even to make a resolution to abandon it; and when it is made how soon it is broken! A smile will suffice to seduce me, and a frown to daunt me, and turn me back. And amid all this moral impotence, how numerous and powerful and malignant are my foes! The whole earth is in a state of conspiracy against my moral welfare: nor is my controversy with flesh and blood alone;—there are dark powers of this spiritual world which plot my ruin. Is such virtue as mine able to maintain itself against such an array of hostility? And, having once fallen and exposed myself to punishment, how shall I escape the curse of the violated Law? Did ever poor wandered sheep in the wilderness, amid the howling of wolves, and under the raging of the storm, need shepherd's aid so urgently as I?

Such are the sentiments of self-abasement which become our religious profession. Nor is the representation inconsistent with that which was formerly made of that rejoicing and confidence in God, which are characteristic of the Christian life. Not only is there no contrariety betwixt a humble and joyful state of mind, but the one is necessary for securing the other. Humility must precede gladness, for the obvious reason, that the blessings of religion being such as are bestowed by a Superior there must be a feeling of dependency on the part of the recipient in order to their being applied for and relished and enjoyed. There can be no joy in a physician without the antecedent feeling of the dependency of the sick man: there can be no joy in a shepherd without the feeling of the dependency of the flock. Thus it is that God revives only the spirit of the contrite. He offers Himself for acceptance in such characters that the proud, and self-sufficient, and frivolous, and thoughtless about their miserable condition, can see no

preciousness in Him. Not only is humility the only state of mind which it is morally fit for the divine government to favour; but it is the only state which is capacitated for enjoying the proffered mercies of the Gospel. As a matter of self-interest, then, as well as a matter of duty, let us cultivate a spirit of humility and self-abasement. To afflict the soul with meditations on our own weakness and worthlessness and ill-deserving is the principal way of securing the consolations of the Lord. We must cast ourselves down that we may enjoy His lifting of us up. As the sheep of his fold, let us mistrust ourselves and trust Him; giving up our own opinions and denying our own humours, and following His prescriptions. And when at any time He may lead us by a rough path, and place us in scanty pastures, let us beware of murmuring. Our Shepherd has great reasons for it, though we do not at present see them; and He will afterwards satisfy us that all was conducted with wisdom and mercy.

Our attention having been directed to the people of God, in the character of His flock, let us now contemplate Him in the character of their Shepherd.

(1.) I remark here, in the First Place, that, as our Shepherd, He knows and cares for us individually, and is acquainted with each one's peculiar circumstances, so as to adapt to them the requisite special treatment. In the general sketch given of a shepherd's character, a feature was mentioned which may appear incredible to some, but which is verified by many instances—viz., that, even when his flock is numerous, he distinguishes each individual, knows its history, what may be the diseases to which it is liable, and what are its peculiar temperament and disposition. This consolatory feature is particularly prominent in the pastoral character of the Lord. Not only are the *general* interests of the Church the object of His providential care, but each member obtains a special share for Himself. "The Lord is *my* shepherd," said David. A great secret of consolation lies in this individual self-appropriation of the general doctrine or promise, and in reading the Scripture by its rule. Let no one, then, be despondent in the thought that his or her peculiar circumstances or special grievances will be unnoticed or unheeded in the superintendence of the Church at large. You shall receive a treatment not less intimately suited to your case than it would be though in your single person you constituted the whole of the flock. Limit not the Lord, nor liken Him to man. Imagine not of Him as if such particular attention exceeded His power, or, as if it would be too much to expect of His mercy. Man may reckon it troublesome to be ever applying to God for His blessing; but God delights in bestowing it. He waits to be

gracious. Be of open heart, therefore, towards Him. The secrets of your condition may be such that you shrink from revealing them to your most intimate acquaintance; or such that, although you did reveal them, you would obtain no relief from him—perhaps not even his sympathy; but rather have your affliction aggravated by his mocking at your fancies. Unbosom yourself to God. No bleating of any heart of His flock will be treated lightly by the Shepherd of Israel. Even foolish fears He does not slight. It is enough for Him that, from whatever cause, His sheep is afflicted.

(2.) I remark, in the Second Place, that, as the mothers and their young are specially the objects of an earthly shepherd's care, so do they receive special attention from the Heavenly Shepherd in His superintendence of the human flock: "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young" (Isaiah xi, 11). When is it that human anxieties are heaviest, and that the fears of humanity run highest with forebodings of woe? Is it not in the heart of the matron as her hour draws near? And what man born of woman will be so base as to mock, when I would endeavour to fortify the prospective mother against the dread of that season, by directing her confidence upwards to God, on whose shepherd care she may calculate at the birth of her child. Heavily, indeed, falls the curse of the law: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." But the Gospel of Him who has been commissioned to abolish curses raises the counter-proclamation: "She shall be saved in child-bearing."*

Mark now the infant suckling. Consider what are its instincts ere reason has dawned. Consider what a fountain of

* 1 Tim. ii, 5.—*Σωθησεται δια της τεκνογονιας*. Some eminent critics translate: "She shall be saved *through* child-bearing," and interpret the salvation as being that *spiritual* deliverance to which women are equally welcomed, as achieved by Him who was *manifested* through this dreaded child-bearing, and who is specially designated the Seed of the Woman. Others, however, equally eminent, abide by the common version; and interpret the promised salvation as being that of temporal deliverance from the pains of child-bearing—the promise being not absolute but qualified and conditional, as all temporal promises are, even that of daily bread: and they refer us to the testimony of physicians, who declare that, though the parturition "sorrows" of womankind exceed those of all other mothers, yet in the course of the practice of their profession, they meet with no deliverances from apparently impending death so remarkable as those which frequently occur at child-birth. According to either of the interpretations there is consolation in the promise; but, when critically I am perplexed, my sympathies incline me to the latter. According to the first, the believing matron can only say, Whatever may befall this feeble body, my soul is safe. But, according to the other, she may say, I am as sure of being carried through this trial, as I am of receiving daily bread.

sweetness is opened up for it in the mother's bosom, how blindly it is guided thither, and how expertly it draws its supplies. Reflect how watchfully, and constrainingly, her sympathies are gathered round it; and see how that stout-hearted father, despiteful of all sentimentalities, feels nowise ashamed of being tender to it, and works with more energy and liveliness in providing for its comfort. Observe how its feeble step is directed and sustained, and hear how its stammering tongue is taught to articulate the expression of its wants. It is all of God. Verily, He is, in a peculiar manner, the Shepherd of the mother and her child.

I have just spoken of them conjointly, but formerly I mentioned *deserted lambs*—deserted of their mothers. It is one of the most painful facts for observation in natural history, that when either frosty winds or scorching suns may have withered the pastures, so that the ewe mother's milk fails, there is nothing which she so much fears and avoids as the approach of the lamb, with its importunities; and after a few days' durance of the agony, she will flee away from it, far into the waste. In these seasons of drought and desolation, a principal duty of the shepherd is to be on the wait and outlook for deserted lambs, which he takes up and places in the fold of his plaid and carries away to be nursed on cow's milk at home. A shepherd once told me that that sultry summer they had collected more than fifty of such deserted lambs in the master's barn and barnyard. God is now the Shepherd of mankind. How wondrously His providential mercy will frequently provide, either by individual benevolence, or the benevolence of associations for children deserted of their mother, either through death (if I am allowed to call that a desertion), or through the immorality of the harlot or adulteress, producing unnaturalness.

These observations have a respect especially to the *providential* mercy of God, as the shepherd of the whole of the human flock: but His care as a shepherd is especially manifested in regard of the young, within His *spiritual* fold—the Church. It is to the young that the most tender salutations of the mercy of our faith are addressed. It is on youthful piety that our Shepherd bestows His most affectionate and encouraging look. It is from the young heart He draws out the purest devotion for Himself. And He arms the young with power to resist temptations, to which their graver seniors would succumb, were they exposed to the fierceness of the attack. But neither is the circumstance that our Spiritual Shepherd is especially attentive to the lambs of the flock, without encouragement for some who are by nature advanced in years. Those who have recently turned to the Lord, howsoever old they may be, are properly in this lamblike

predicament. Far be it from me to say that such are more beloved of the Heavenly Shepherd than the aged saint who for many years has been walking in the paths of righteousness. No; the day is at hand when the greater dignity and splendour of his crown will show that the earlier saint is the more beloved one. Nevertheless, it will be admitted that the circumstances of the new convert require a special degree of attention. Be of good courage, then, thou aged one, hoary with sin: enter the fold and thou wilt receive a lamb's help to keep pace with the best.

(3.) I remark, in the Third Place, that a shepherd's office may be viewed, as it is exercised, either in extricating his sheep from difficulties and defending them from danger, or in positively providing for their comfort: and just as the foolishness of the sheep is frequently evinced in their preference of their own ways, and in endeavours to resist his guidance, and in regarding him as their enemy, or as using them harshly, when he restricts them to certain bare pastures, or forces them to take medicine, or shears them, or performs painful operations on their wounds—so frequently is the foolishness of the human flock evinced, in regard of the Divine Shepherd, by their murmuring at His restraints, and preferring their own devices to His law, and complaining of the severity of His dealings, when, by the afflictions of His Providence, He would save them from evil, and cure them of those maladies which endanger their salvation. The lesson, therefore, returns with force—that we beware of murmuring and fretfulness under the divine administration. Oftentimes the ways in which He saves and prospers us are so obvious that it is impossible to mistake the benevolence of His dealings: we ourselves see the wolves with which we are beset and from which He delivers us; or feel the bitterness of the pasture from which we are transferred to that which is sweeter. At other times, however, it is different. The pasture may be good, but there may be a den of foxes in the neighbourhood, of which we are ignorant; or snakes may lurk among the grass; or a storm may be gathering; and would He be a good shepherd, who, knowing it all, did not withdraw us to other pasture ground, though of inferior quality; where there was no enemy, or where we would be sheltered from the blast? And when He sees us diseased, would He be a good shepherd if He did not administer the proper medicine or perform the necessary operation, howsoever sickening and painful? Who among us has no case in his life of which to tell, in which, had he been permitted to pursue the path of his own will, he must have been ruined, and that it was in great mercy he was thwarted, by what he regarded, at the time, to be an adverse

providence? Jacob mourned much, and perhaps murmured a little, for the loss of Joseph; when yet under the ordination of his Heavenly Shepherd the cause of his affliction was made the means of the salvation of himself and his family. Let us discipline ourselves in the assurance, that whatever is commissioned, or permitted, is designed for our advantage. He whose feelings have attained to a due degree of devotion will perceive in his disappointments, bereavements, and pains, stronger indications of his Divine Shepherd's care, than when the affairs of the world proceed pleasantly and prosperously. It is a difficult lesson for man or woman to master. Nevertheless, it is patently obvious that the most solicitous part of a shepherd's charge, in executing which he most clearly evinces his love for the sheep, is the administration of medicine, or the performing of operations for the cure of their diseases.

(4.) According to a distinction previously noticed, I remark, more particularly, in the Fourth Place, that the pastoral care of God is exercised both in providence and grace. In providence it is exercised over our bodies, our worldly affections, the powers of our understanding, and our temporal affairs in general. It begins with our conception, and regulates the various transformations in the womb (Psalm cxxxix, 15); it is active at our birth; it inspires our suckling instincts; it kindles affection for us in our parents' bosoms; it guides our infant steps; it teaches us to speak; it enlivens our boyhood; educates our youth, invigorates our manhood; prospers our ploughing and merchandise, and blesses our families; it saves, or recovers, us from disease; and when we descend into the vale of years supports us with its staff.

But it is especially to the exercise of His care, in what is called the work of grace by way of eminence (for all is properly grace, or favour) that I now direct your attention. And here, brethren, it is necessary that, in the course of illustrating the pastoral mercy of the Lord, I should introduce to your notice another shepherd whom He has commissioned to protect, cherish, and superintend us. It is true that I might have introduced Him previously: for all along, from the creation of man, has the Son of God been conjoint shepherd with His Father. By Him God *made* the worlds; and without Him was not anything made which was made (Heb. i, 2; John i, 3); and it is of Him the Scripture speaks when it says, "*upholding* all things by the word of His power (Heb. i, 3). But I have reserved the special mention of Him till now, that I might introduce Him with greater impression, as discharging those offices of love which are peculiar to Himself. Behold, then, the shepherd whom the Eternal Father has given us in the Great Immanuel!—

compassionate, as He is valiant—in majesty, the Son of God ; in sympathy, the Son of man ; all that we need, how great soever our necessity.

Observe and distinguish His rod and His staff. The staff is the stronger instrument which the shepherd employs for beating off beasts of prey ; the rod is the crook which he employs for the guidance of the flock.*

What, then, according to this distinction, is Christ's shepherd's *Staff*? Consider what is our necessity. We may be aptly compared with a flock of sheep for our insensibility and weakness ; but the comparison fails when we consider their innocence. We are as guilty as we are weak : and the avenger of the law was in pursuit of us. The necessity arose for a shepherd who might intervene and give his life in our stead. He met the avenger at Calvary : "Take me," He said, "and let my sheep go their way." The substitution was accepted, as an ample vindication of the honour of the violated law. So He gave Himself up to death for us—yea, the death of the cross. Oh see our beloved shepherd, the dignified, the holy, the humane, the tender-hearted Jesus, writhing under the agonies of that crucifixion. It could not be—no, it could not be otherwise, but that his Father should soon raise Him from the dead, both for the rewarding of Himself, and the completing of our salvation. And, as in His resurrection glory, He walks at the head of His redeemed flock, with the cross in His right hand as the symbol of His salvation, with what confidence their hearts are inspired ! And even as their fears may rise again, He rears His cross on high to their view, and dissipates their alarm.

Mark now his *Rod* : it is the energy of the Holy Ghost, by which He controls his flock, and guides them to pastures and streams of holiness and virtue, where they drink and feed in luxury and joy as the heritage of God. There flows the river of Faith : and there, amid the green grass, pastures of Contentment grow, violet Modesty, and lily-white Temperance, and rosy Charity, and blue-eyed Fidelity, and all the hill side is radiant with starry Hope.

Tell me now, brethren, which you prefer—Christ's Staff or Christ's Rod ? See that you love them both. Some would fain dissociate them ; who would prefer a Saviour with a staff without a rod—with His cross without His spirit—with His pardoning mercy without His sanctifying regulator. May I say of all of you, that when you appreciate the pardoning power of His cross as necessarily first in the order of his benefits, you yet regard the moral rectification of His spirit as the consumma-

* Some interpret, certainly, that the staff is the crook, and the rod the weapon for repelling the enemy.

tion of His redemption ; and but for which you would have been ready to complain that His salvation was partial and defective ? What ! Sin forgiven, with the bondage and impurity of its lusts continued ! Would such deserve the name of a salvation, even in respect of comfort ? For the sake of illustration, and the rebuke of those who are disposed to turn the doctrine of grace to licentiousness, we shall sometimes represent the Redeemer as offering to men this salvation of the pardon of His cross on the condition of their submitting to the regulation of His Spirit ! It would be as consistent to say that He offers them the salvation of the regulation of His Spirit on condition of their accepting the pardon of His Cross.* Neither of the representations is accurate. In one united offer Christ presents His Cross and His Spirit for acceptance ; and He will not bestow one of them on any man who refuses to accept of the other. His is no partial salvation ; though complex, it is indivisible. All, or nothing, are the terms of its proffer. Therefore, brethren, examine yourselves, when you comfort yourselves with the thought of the Redeemer having died for your justification. Search yourselves for the evidence of the Spirit of Holiness having obtained entertainment in your bosoms. And, equally, when you may be felicitating yourselves on your purity of character, and integrity, and well-doing as evidence of such indwelling of the Spirit, search yourselves for your humble dependence on the pardoning mercy of His Cross. As twin sisters, Pardon and Purity, on right hand and left, conduct the Christian heavenward ; and neither of them is ever found absent from her charge.

In conclusion, brethren, let us try ourselves of our experience and profiting. Who does not admire and relish the twenty-third Psalm for the sweetness of its poetry ? And how widely it is sung in strains of sensational pathos ! And yet how few, comparatively, there are who by faith have appropriated to themselves its blessing—who have not rested in the poetry, but made Him who stands behind the poetry, and whom the poetry describes, the object of their confidence ! Let us see that we be of the number who are ready to assure our friends and neighbours, for persuading them to join our company, that from experience we know it to contain a truthful description of a living God, whose wisdom, power, and love have delivered us from dangers, guided us in difficulties, and cherished us with bounties ; and by the hope of whose continued mercy, along the wilderness, through the dark valley, and into the promised inheritance we are preserved in a state of happy animation.

* At Titus iii, 5, salvation is expressly said to consist in being *renewed by the Holy Ghost*, to which great end justification is, at verse 7th represented as being only a necessary preliminary act.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR LAST DAY IN NEW YORK.

It being our intention to leave New York on Tuesday morning for Philadelphia, as the first stage on our south-western journey, we went out on the forenoon of Monday, May 11th, 1874, for the purpose of overtaking one of two visits of importance which had been on our mind since the time of our arrival.

The first of these was to the mid-day Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, about which so much has been heard in this country ever since the revival of religion that may be said to have begun there in the year 1858. It is held in Fulton Street, not far from the river, in a large hall which is connected with a very old church, called St. Ann's church—Lutheran or Dutch, if I remember aright. When the hall had become so crowded during the time of revival referred to, that it could not contain the numbers who flocked to it, the daily meeting had been removed to the great church itself, which used to be crowded; but of late years that extraordinary excitement having subsided, as was indeed to be expected, "prayer is wont to be made" now, as formerly, in the adjacent hall itself. The place would not contain more than 300 individuals, and perhaps 250 would be present about the middle of the service, when the number of worshippers was at the highest. Things, we found, were conducted much in the same way as with us, the only difference being that perhaps there was more coming and going than is common at similar meetings in this country. Here people generally stay to the end when they make up their minds to go to any religious service: but in New York it is very common for merchants to run in for ten or fifteen minutes, as they find that they have time. The gentleman who presided on the occasion of our visit was the Rev. Mr. Van Buren, who enjoys a considerable reputation, both in the United States and in this country, as the representative of American Protestantism at Rome. Mr. Van Buren had been in Glasgow just about a month before on his way from the metropolis of Italy to his home in New York; and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers that he took part, for a Sabbath or two, with Messrs. Moody and Sankey in their great revival work in Glasgow. Mr. Van

Buren did not at all monopolize the speaking; but, as was expected of him, he gave an address of about a quarter of an hour's length. In it he enlarged chiefly on the progress of his mission at Rome, and described the opportunity of usefulness which Victor Emmanuel's government had opened up to him and his fellow-labourers. He had left his wife and daughter there to carry on the evangelistic operations during his absence which he had himself set on foot. At intervals during the meeting, as with us, requests for prayer were read for the work of God in far western States, as well as for godless sons at sea, and intemperate husbands at home. Every now and then a hymn was given out, and the gentleman who sat below Mr. Van Buren, and presided at the American organ, seemed to select tunes which were very appropriate, and which every one knew. It must be confessed that our American brethren are qualified to give us a lesson in this respect; for the lazy *drawl*, to which we have been too long accustomed, acts as a hindrance rather than a help to devotion. Mr. Service called my attention to the gentleman who sat near the organist and led the singing. This was Mr. Lamphiere, who had originated the prayer meeting after the great commercial panic of 1857. The remarkable circumstances may be yet fresh in the recollection of some of our readers. This good man had been distressed to see so many of the New York merchants utterly broken-hearted by their reverses; and the thought occurred to him that he might issue a public advertisement, calling upon the sorrowful and the downcast to meet him for prayer for an hour in that very hall from 12 to 1 o'clock. An N.B. at the end of the notice assured them that they were not expected to stay all the hour; but that they would be welcome even although they could only attend for five minutes. Mr. Lamphiere's experience during the first day of the meeting, is now, we may say, matter of history. For about half an hour he was the only suppliant present; but he nevertheless knelt devoutly and poured out his heart before the Lord. Then he heard a single step upon the stairs, indicating the approach of the first coadjutor at the throne of grace whom his advertisement had called in; and it may be said that that footstep was the first dropping of the abundant shower of grace that fell on America, and indeed on the whole civilized world—since distant mission stations in all parts of the globe shared in the blessing as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland.

As the meeting drew to a close, and when Mr. Van Buren had said that only a few minutes remained, I asked Dr. Morison in a whisper if he felt disposed to say a word or two. He replied in the negative, but added that he would

like very much if I could take advantage of the opportunity. Whereupon I rose and said that I was one of two ministers from Glasgow, Scotland, who had arrived in New York only on the previous Thursday, and who were deeply interested in the day's proceedings. I remarked that if Great Britain had given the United States the original Pilgrim Fathers, they had given us a great many good things in return. For example, they had given us sewing machines and temperance societies, not forgetting the newest development, Good Templars' Lodges, with which I professed myself to be in the heartiest sympathy. But best of all, we had again and again received from them blessed revivals of religion, as if the wind of the Holy Ghost "listed" to blow in a western direction, as well as the blustering Atlantic breezes. I was thankful to look upon the face of Mr. Lamphiere; for we had read in Scotland, in Dr. Prime's book, of the remarkable way in which the mid-day prayer meeting had been formed by him in that very hall. I was happy to inform the friends present that in all the important cities and towns of Great Britain mid-day prayer meetings were now being held, fashioned and conducted after the model of that parent one in New York. And I would be happier to tell at home that I had seen the hall in which such meetings had taken their rise, than if I had seen the limpid fountain out of which some mighty river like Niagara had begun to flow.

When the meeting shortly afterwards concluded, quite a little crowd of people surrounded us to welcome us to the United States. Mr. Van Buren, the chairman of the day, gave us Christian greeting; and Mr. Lamphiere assured us that he was deeply interested in those who from so great a distance were deeply interested in him. Dr. Morison liked Mr. Lamphiere's look much. He thought him a man who carried in his very countenance the indications of a singularly pure and spiritual mind. I found also that my temperance references had gained me favour; for an earnest temperance reformer gave me a small hand bill, announcing that the New York Total Abstinence Society would hold their annual meeting that night in Steinway Hall; and that Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, Mr. Dunn, of Boston, and others, would address the meeting. The gentleman earnestly begged me to attend.

After leaving Fulton Street meeting, it was our intention to proceed up the east river to a suburb of New York, called Harlem, which is situated at the northern end of the island of Manhattan, for the sake of visiting a former member of Dr. Morison's church in Kilmarnock. We missed the steamer, however, by a second or two; and our excellent friend, Mr. Service (who devoted the whole of his time to us during these four days of

our stay in New York), advised us to perform the journey in the tramway cars. It so happened that the car which came up first was an uncovered one; for the heat had been so great during the previous week that several of the companies, both in New York and Brooklyn, had begun to run their open summer carriages. But, alas! the prediction of mine host of the Brevoort House, given the day before, that the chill breezes of spring would return again, was verified in our experience during that ride. We had felt the morning much cooler than the previous day had been; but the change of temperature became quite insupportable as we sat on the outside of that car bound for Haarlem. So we suddenly resolved to give up our trip and return to our hotel for additional clothing. As we were walking along Twenty-third Street, Mr. Service pointed across to the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, remarking that it was well worthy of a visit. We had heard of the expensive erections which the American public had erected for their Christian young men, and of Mr. Moody's surprise to find such poor accommodation provided for them in our own country; and we were accordingly prepared to visit this establishment with interest. We found it to be really well worthy of a visit. It was erected a few years ago at a cost of £60,000 of our money; and of a truth there is something to show for the sum. There are twenty-five apartments in it in all, including gymnasium, library, lecture-room, offices, &c. The visitor finds himself in a large reading-room when he enters; and we observed that more than a score of young men, although it was at 2 p.m. that we walked through it, were reading the news of the day, and were thus enjoying, for their cheap membership ticket, all the advantages of a first-class city exchange hall. A few of the youths were also exercising themselves in the gymnasium, which is on the basement floor of the building. The apparatus seemed all to be of the best and most valuable description—although it struck me that some of the feats which I saw the daring gymnasts perform were somewhat dangerous. Doubtless, however, there are instructors in attendance, who take care that nothing really hazardous is attempted. The public hall, capable of containing about 1,500 of an audience, is an elegant building, being fitted up with most convenient chairs, for the audience to occupy. It had been of great use during the session of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, when daily meetings had been held in it in the previous summer. We left the building impressed with the conviction that the Christian people of New York, by erecting such an edifice, had nobly done their part towards their young men; and that if the latter preferred the haunts of

vice, it could not be said that they did so because the paths of virtue and well doing had nothing in them to gratify refined taste and a love for agreeable society.

After fortifying ourselves with additional clothing, we repaired to the house of Mr. Love, the excellent city missionary, of whom I spoke in my last article, and to whom we were indebted for our visit to the High Bridge Juvenile Asylum. We spent a very agreeable afternoon in the bosom of his Christian and like-minded family. I was glad to observe a fine likeness of Dr. Morison hanging in his best room.

After tea we set out for the Steinway Hall, to attend the temperance meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Love accompanying us; for we had made up our minds in the course of the afternoon that we would like to hear how the temperance cause was advocated in New York.

Steinway Hall, like the Christian Association Building, is in the upper part of the city. We found it to be both large and elegant—almost as large as our City Hall, but much more ornamentally fitted up. As we were rather before the time, only a few of the front seats were occupied when we arrived; but by the time that the proceedings had fairly commenced, the great hall was well filled with a most respectable assemblage, and presented a truly animating appearance. I was glad at this, because I had heard it said that the temperance cause was not so well organized across the water as it is with us. I certainly could not have come to such a conclusion from what I saw that night at the Steinway Hall. Perhaps the size and enthusiasm of the meeting were to some extent attributable to the fact that the Hutcheson Family had been advertised to sing at intervals during the evening's proceedings; but however they had been attracted, it was manifest from their appreciative attention and applause that the thousands who were present were, if not all personally abstainers, warmly sympathetic with the temperance movement.

Having had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Cuyler and Mr. Dunn of Boston, during their visit to Scotland in 1872, I sent my card into the ante-room before the proceedings began, and was immediately summoned by Mr. Dunn into the chairman's presence. Dr. Cuyler was equally cordial in his greetings when he arrived; for he remembered very well the day we had spent together in the steam yacht of John Anderson, Esq., on the Frith of Clyde. The chairman, the Hon. Mr. Dodge, a member of the American Congress, called upon me to open the meeting with prayer. The designation which he gave me when he pronounced my name was "from Glasgow, Scotland." This definite particularization of place arose from the fact that

there are several Glasgows in the United States; so that if Scotland had not been appended, my name when announced would not have had the enchantment which distance lends, either to the view or the visitor.

The speaking was, upon the whole, remarkably good. The chairman read extracts from Lord Claude Hamilton's speech on the Permissive Bill, and rejoiced that such sentiments were being heard within the walls of the British House of Commons. Dr. Cuyler was as vivacious and interesting at home as we have found him to be abroad. At one part of his address he brought down the applause of the house by defending the chairman against certain unwarrantable charges which General Butler had not long before made, for political purposes, against the commercial firm with which he was connected, asserting that his Christian character had emerged from that fiery trial quite pure and unsullied. Mr. Dunn of Boston spoke eloquently and hopefully concerning the Women's Whisky War in Ohio. But the speaker who impressed myself, and evidently impressed the meeting most, was a gentleman of whom I had never heard before, the Rev. Dr. Scudder, of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Scudder informed us, in the course of his address, that the diploma which he had gained was a medical one, and that therefore he could speak with some little authority on the medical aspect of the question. He was, moreover, a fine specimen of a teetotaler, being tall and athletic; and when he besought his audience for physical, as well as moral and religious reasons to be abstainers, his words seemed to fall as weightily on the hearts of his hearers as blows from a hammer wielded by his powerful arm would have fallen upon heated iron on the anvil.

I must not forget the singing of the Hutchesons. Imagine two brothers and a sister in full dress standing up between the speeches, and singing temperance melodies, all prophetic of "the good time coming," when the slavery of drink would be unknown—singing with the sweetness and power of the first *artistes* of the day, and evidently sympathizing with the truths they were singing as heartily as any of the speakers (for these eminent performers are warmly attached to the temperance cause); and my readers may understand how entirely the songs gave point to the speeches, and acted like "feathers for the arrows" which the clergymen had shot from their bended bows. We returned to our hotel, rejoicing that we had seen something of the temperance power of New York, as we had seen of her Christianity the day before. And thus ended our last day in the city before we set out on our south-western journey.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILADELPHIA.

ON the morning of Tuesday, May 12th, we took leave of New York, reserving several of its most attractive sights for the visit which we hoped to be permitted by a gracious Providence to pay it after our return from the far west.

Our kind friend, Mr. Service, accompanied us across the ferry to Jersey City, and saw us fairly off by the railway for Philadelphia. The distance is 92 miles; and as we left about half-past 8, and were expected to arrive at the city of Brotherly Love about 1 P.M., my readers will understand that trains do not run in America at the break-neck speed which is so common in this island of ours.

What may be called the suburbs of New York extends for several miles into the country. When we at length got out into the open plain, and were able to form some opinion as to the state of cultivation during this our first inland ride in the United States, the first thing that struck us was that a considerable portion of the ground was left altogether untilld. Tracts of land which in Britain would have been made the most of, were allowed to lie entirely waste. It seemed to me that, having such a vast continent at their disposal, the farmers of the State of New Jersey, at any rate, had determined to cultivate only the best portions, and leave all those that would have given them trouble in their natural virgin condition.

The next thing that seemed peculiar to us, as we drew near any village or town, was this, that the houses were almost all built of wood. This remark does not apply to the poorer tenements alone; for elegant self-contained villas, with a considerable allotment of garden ground about them, were so constructed. These are called "frame houses," and not only look handsome when well finished off, but are really very comfortable. We found this description of dwelling-house very common all over the United States. Wood is so plentiful, and so much more easily worked into shape than stone, that we need not wonder at this important use to which it is put. We would be very much afraid of fire if we lived in wooden houses; but the danger leads to habitual caution, and fewer accidents occur from this cause than might be expected.

We now began to experience the great comfort of the American railway cars, and their decided superiority to our British carriages. The passengers are not shut up, as with us, in little boxes; for each car will be twenty or thirty yards long. A passage runs down the centre like an aisle in a church,

with seats for the passengers on either side. Of course, these seats are small, affording accommodation for only two individuals; but, as they are all cushioned, they are extremely comfortable. Doubtless the republican spirit of the country has led to the arrangement; but it is a fact that there are no first, second, and third classes in American trains. There is only one class—namely, the first, and every one seems able to pay. What struck us much during our whole journey was this, that we saw no poor people. All who travelled were comfortable, well dressed, and apparently quite able to bear their journey's expenses. Only once did I see a woman with a bare head. She had a child with her, which caused her some toil and fatigue; and all her fellow-travellers seemed to respect her as being apparently the hard-working wife of some hard-working man. Then, at the end of each car there was every convenience for washing, etc., in a little room which was portioned off for the purpose, so that no one had any occasion to dread the length of the journey, or the misery of being uncomfortably cooped up and confined between distant railway stations. But hark! the bell is sounding that marks our approach to some city or town, reminding me that I should tell my readers a little about the towns we passed through between New York and Philadelphia.

First of all, we had a good view of Newark, nine miles from the Hudson, and containing upwards of 105,000 inhabitants. It is celebrated, among other things, for the manufacture of leather. We could see the tanning-yards running up from the Passaic River, on which the city stands. Then we passed the city of Elizabeth, on a river of the same name, containing 20,000, and New Brunswick, on the Raritan, containing 15,000 inhabitants. But what interested us most of all was a distant view which we got of Princeton, 48 miles from New York, and therefore just about half-way to Philadelphia. It is only a small place; but, though less than its sister towns in New Jersey, it excels them all by its literary and historical fame, even as little Bethlehem surpassed its neighbours by its sacred fame. We could see in the distance the domes and towers of the celebrated Princeton College, which was founded in 1751, and close to it the halls of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, which was founded in 1812. A gentleman in the train kindly pointed out to us the exact position of the University, calling our attention especially to a blue cupola which surmounted, if I remember aright, the Astronomical Observatory of the College. We took pleasure in remembering, as the cars flew swiftly along, that a distinguished Scotchman, Dr. McCosh, taught moral philosophy there, a man of liberal heart as well as of original and powerful mind. Prince-

ton also enjoys some historic celebrity from the fact that in its neighbourhood General Washington gained a decisive victory over the British, on the 3rd of January, 1777.

But another object of great interest lay yet before us on our way to Philadelphia. At noon we crossed the River Delaware at Trenton, the State capital of New Jersey. With the exception of the Hudson (which indeed, as yet, we had only seen at its mouth), this was the first great American river we had yet looked upon, and certainly the first that we had crossed by a bridge. The train went slowly across, doubtless more out of regard to its own safety than out of any respect to the majestic river; but this very tardiness of progress caused the breadth of the river (about a quarter of a mile) to look even greater than it was. We had a fine view from the bridge of the City of Trenton, and especially of the State House, which is 100 feet long and 60 feet wide. Trenton contains 23,000 inhabitants, and is celebrated for the victory which Washington gained over the British a few days only before that at Princeton, already referred to. The Trenton victory, however, is rendered specially memorable from the fact that it was the first occasion on which the Hessian troops in the pay of Great Britain had been defeated by the army of the United States. On this account the drooping spirits of the Americans had been specially exuberant.

The origin of the names of these cities and rivers is interesting. We smile to find that names which have become household words have a historical origin which we would not have suspected. Thus Trenton was named after a Colonel Trent who was Speaker of the House of Assembly in 1720. The River Delaware, again, gets its name from Lord De La Ware, who visited the bay into which it falls in 1610. The Delaware has a course of 300 miles between its rise among the Catskill Mountains, in the State of New York, and the bay referred to, which it reaches 40 miles below Philadelphia. For a long way it forms the natural boundary between the State of Pennsylvania and the State of New Jersey; and, consequently, whenever we had crossed its ample waters, we were within the confines of that great State which, named after its first proprietor, the Quaker legislator, is still partially surrounded with the halo of sacredness which attaches to his name.

We saw nothing worthy of notice after crossing the Delaware till we found ourselves approaching Philadelphia. We had a good deal of backing and winding before we got into the railway station, in the course of which we had a view of a great river, which we thought to be our friend the Delaware again; but it turned out to be the Schuylkil, which falls into the

Delaware about five miles below Philadelphia. And thus we are reminded, even as we are entering the City of Brotherly Love, of the reason why the politic Penn chose this as the site of the capital of his State—namely, that it would lie between two great rivers, and thus have the advantage both of their ornamenting beauty and their yet more valuable navigability.

When we left the railway carriage, after the depot had been reached, we were surprised to find ourselves accosted by two Glasgow friends. We were aware that Mr. Richard Macaulay, an office-bearer of Dr. Morison's church and Treasurer of the E. U. Home Mission, had left Glasgow only a few weeks before us, having undertaken a voyage to the United States for the benefit of his health. We had indeed heard when we arrived in New York that Mr. Macaulay was in Philadelphia; but we had quite forgotten the fact, or rather we had concluded that by that time he would have gone farther south. Judge, then, of our surprise when we found our friend, with the Glasgow brother with whom he was staying, standing on the platform to receive us. Dr. Morison had a fine opportunity of manifesting brotherly love to one of his deacons and his worthy beadle's son, Mr. Critchley, just as he set foot within the precincts of classic Philadelphia. Our greetings were rather hurried, as a street car was passing the depot at the time by which we would reach, both cheaply and expeditiously, the hotel we had fixed to stay at;—so we left our friends rather abruptly, but expecting to see them soon again.

The car in which we fortunately got seated, as it proceeded into the heart of Philadelphia, evidently passed along one of the principal thoroughfares. There were two things that impressed me concerning this great street as we passed along, (1) that as many of the goods seemed to be exposed outside of the shops as were left inside, or at any rate, that a possible purchaser might easily inspect any article which he wished to select without going inside; and (2) that the heat seemed to be more intense even than that which we had experienced at New York. The Monday had even been chilly, as we have seen, in the latter city, but there was no chilliness in Philadelphia on the Tuesday. The street had a baked and arid appearance. Of course we were nearly a hundred miles farther south, and it began to be manifest that the sun would be stronger the farther south we went. Evidently if the heat of Philadelphia's brotherly love resembled, even approximately, the heat of her solar luminary, she would do.

The hotel to which we had been recommended was called the Continental, and was situated in Chestnut Street and at the corner of Ninth Street. Whenever we entered it we

found it to be of immense proportions. The lobby was actually a kind of street or arcade, in which there were shops, where both salesmen and saleswomen were busily engaged, and all in the employ of the enterprising proprietors of the Continental, Messrs. J. E. Kingsley & Co. I could not understand as the evening advanced why so great a crowd seemed to pass and repass along the massive floor of this elegant lower lobby, till I found that there was a great restaurant kept there for the people of the city, quite separate from the dining hall for strangers, which was on the floor above.

I omitted to mention the usage of these American hotels on the arrival of a fresh traveller when I gave the account of our reception at Brevoort House, New York; but I may as well do it here, for the description will represent what happened throughout our entire American tour. Whenever a traveller enters a hotel in the United States he is led up to a bar or counter, on the other side of which a secretary is standing with a large ledger spread out before him. The traveller is expected to write down his name and address in this great book; and as there is generally a knot of loungers hanging about, he is pretty certain that, whenever his back is turned, his name and nationality will become the theme of lively conversation and remark. I observe that Anthony Trollope complains loudly of this custom in his book of American travels, and declares that in several instances the cool tobacco-chewing idlers actually looked over his shoulder as he was inscribing his well known name. The more particular you are in giving your address the better for "mine host;" for you run every chance of seeing it figuring in next day's papers among the distinguished arrivals, with full justice done to whatever cabalistic letters you may have been rash enough to attach to your name. Dr. Morison seemed anxious to avoid all such lobby gossip and newspaper notoriety, for he always wrote only the words "James Morison, Scotland;" and as I never preceded but always succeeded him in the entry, I required to follow suit in that rather unsatisfactory generality. Thus the newsmongers all over the American continent must have been sadly puzzled to find out who and what we were. Some, I dare say, might think, since our dress was not specially clerical, that we were Scotchmen who had been bitten by the Emma Mine, and were travelling southward in the vain endeavour to retrieve our dilapidated fortunes. However, I must tell the Doctor what I never told him before, that I ventured, I will not say how often, after I had written my own name, to add "D.D." to his on the line above. My only anxiety now as to that liberty which I

took is, that some of the curious inn-keepers or inn-frequenters may have fancied that he was a Good Templar District Deputy on his way west to see how the temperance cause made progress in the United States. But, in truth, there would be no great harm done although that theory had been entertained as plausible, and had even carried most votes among the lobby-loungers of the hostelry.

Whenever a traveller's name is fairly inscribed in the ledger, and has been duly scanned by the secretary, that functionary immediately selects for him the available sleeping apartments which he thinks most suitable. We always asked either for a double-bedded room, or for two rooms immediately adjoining one another, and we were almost always easily accommodated. At the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia our apartments were three storeys above the lowest lobby, and whenever they were fixed by the gentleman in authority, he gave us brass keys with the numbers of the rooms stamped on a brass plate at the end of each key (another invariable usage), and committed us to the care of a waiter of African descent, of gigantic proportions, and as black as night. Instead of leading us up the wide and splendred staircase, Sambo knew a shorter and a more convenient way. He conducted us to a hoist which stood in front of the secretary's table, deposited our luggage there as well as ourselves, pulled a bell and told us to keep ourselves quite comfortable. Gently and easily we began our *continental* journey, not horizontally as heretofore, but in peculiar perpendicular fashion. We emerged on the fourth storey quite near the rooms which had been set apart for us, and which we found to be convenient and comfortable. I recollect that as this brawny son of Ham was unpacking my trunk in my bed-room, I adventured to speak to him both of corporeal and spiritual liberty. "You will be very glad that you are free?" "Yes, Massa, it is a good thing to be free—a very good thing." "But Jesus makes free as well as Lincoln." "Yes, Massa, Jesus has made me free: I am twice free." I hope that this fine statement was truthful and sincere: for the negro often so shapes his words as to please the traveller, expecting that if he should win his favour he may also win a pecuniary reward.

The Doctor and I nearly lost ourselves in this great hotel when we descended to dinner from the fourth to the second storey. The Continental is six storeys high, and the front, which is turned towards Chestnut Street, is actually 200 feet in length.

The great dining-room we found to be certainly a splendid hall. The ceiling was lofty; the floor of elegant mosaic; and

many guests sat every here and there at separate tables which were dotted over the whole space. And what struck us as peculiar was that all the waiters were black. We had seen half-a-dozen or so in the New York restaurant to which I have referred in a preceding chapter; but here more than a score were engaged in what I am certain they would consider superior and more refined work. Terence tells us in his plays that long ago Roman slaves used to boast of their masters, and measure their own position by that of their employers; and I have no doubt that the men of colour who served the travellers in the first floor of the Continental thought themselves, in more senses than one, *above* the men who served the ordinary Philadelphians on the ground floor.

The faces of these men were quite a study to me. Some were spruce, dressy, and even good-looking; others were very plain, and apparently regardless of their personal appearance. A few were old men, worn and wrinkled. Alas! methought their backs had been familiar with the lash, and, in all likelihood, bore the scars yet of flogging received in the old Egyptian days, before Lincoln, like Moses, told "O! Pharaoh" to let the people go. But one characteristic was common to them all—they were *born waiters*. Some men are born philosophers, and others are born orators; but the darkey seems to be a born waiter, he is so agile and respectful and dexterous at his work. He waits well, because he is so sharp and active, and *does not wait!*

Another thing that interested and even amused us throughout our entire tour was the number of dishes that were brought to us at dinner, and even at breakfast; for the American breakfast at seven or half-past seven is quite equal to a French *dejeuner*, and therefore equal to an ordinary dinner. Suppose that we had pointed out on the bill of fare that we would like a little mutton and vegetables and dessert, our obliging friend would bring the mutton in one pretty little round dish, potatoes in another, peas in another, and the dessert in yet another. But he far exceeded his commission. "Perhaps Massa would like a little fish to begin with, or a little fruit between." Then, "Perhaps he would end with a little ice-cream, and here are a few strawberries; and whether would Massa take a cup of tea or coffee to close with?" And all the time the attendant, whom we never had seen before and would never see again, was smiling most good-naturedly; and it was quite plain that the more you took from him the greater was the favour you conferred upon him. And yet, whether you took less or more, the price was all the same. Sometimes the Doctor and I would have about five-and-twenty dishes round us before our

repast would be ended. But it must in fairness be remembered that the dishes were very small, and that they were not always exhausted.

But I have tarried too long over this dinner. We sallied forth into Chestnut Street when our repast was ended, bent upon seeing some of the principal sights of Philadelphia.

The streets that run from east to west, that is, from the Delaware to the Schuylkil, are many of them named after trees, such as Vine Street, Cypress Street, Chestnut Street, etc.; while those which run from north to south, on a line with the two rivers, are numbered according to that very prosaic system of enumeration described in our third chapter, 1st Street, 2nd Street, 3rd Street, etc. These streets extend away across the Schuylkil, and mount up as far as No. 66th Street, bidding fair still to increase.

Well, Dr. Morison and myself had sauntered down Chestnut Street from where it is cut by 9th Street (the position of our hotel), to the block that runs between 5th Street and 4th Street, when a fine-looking young man ran after us, without his hat, and quite in an excited state. He exclaimed, almost gasping for breath after his race, "Are you not Glasgow gentlemen? I was sure I had seen your faces in Glasgow as you passed by the window of our place of business; and I asked liberty from the head of our firm to go out and see." Of course we could not deny, and did not wish to deny, that we hailed from Glasgow; but our surprise was great, and we were almost tempted to surmise that there must be some special connection between our home city and the city of Brotherly Love, when we had been accosted by Glasgow friends at the railway station, and when a Glasgow youth had recognised us as we took our first walk on the streets of Philadelphia. Our new friend was Mr. Francis Pritty, grandson of Mr. Pritty, the well known jeweller in the Glasgow Arcade. He had often heard Dr. Morison preach in his own church, and had heard me address an open meeting of a lodge of Good Templars. He was overjoyed to see Glasgow people in Philadelphia. It made his heart burn with delight. "And," he added, "if you will only wait for a minute on the pavement I will run back and ask permission from Mr. Conover (one of the leading jewellers of the city) to accompany you and show you some of the chief Philadelphian sights." We were only too glad to get a Glasgow *cicerone* when so far from home; and accordingly we were delighted when Mr. Pritty returned—but this time with his hat on.

We had not far to walk to see one of the principal attractions of Philadelphia. I refer to the State House, or, as it is

oftener called, the Independence Hall, where the celebrated Declaration of Independence was passed by the Congress of the thirteen original States on the 4th of July, 1776. This great building has its front to Chestnut Street, but stands a little back from the thoroughfare, with a quadrangle before it, in which there is a fine statue of General Washington. On the pedestal I read for the first time an inscription which is repeated on almost all the statues of that great man, which are to be found in every part of the land: "To General Washington, the Father of his country, First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Affections of the people." Undoubtedly such a testimonial is suggestive of a celebrity than which there cannot well be one greater—inasmuch as he who enjoyed it must have been in his day unsurpassed at once as a Warrior, a Statesman, and a Man. Statues of Lincoln certainly do now vie with those of Washington in number and in beauty; and it cannot be denied that, if the one was the saviour of his country in the war of the Revolution, the other was its saviour in the war of the Rebellion. And if Washington had this superiority over Lincoln, that he served his country on the field of battle, the deficiency is almost supplied by the fact that the latter literally died for her by the hand of an assassin.

The wings of the Independence Hall are comparatively modern, dating as they do from the year 1813; but the centre edifice, which is still standing, is really old as things go in America, having been begun in the year 1729 and completed in 1734, at the cost of £5,600. The building was used as a State House for forty years and more, so long as the State of Pennsylvania remained under British rule; but when the flag of revolution was hoisted, Philadelphia became the capital of the new republic, and continued to be so for more than ten years, that is, till the transference of the honour to the city of Washington. Thus it happened that the first momentous meetings of the excited Congress were held in the very edifice on which we looked, and there the political severance of the United States from Great Britain was really effected. This is the reason why Philadelphia is to be the grand centre of attraction when the Centenary of their National Independence comes round in 1876, for the due celebration of which stupendous preparations are already beginning to be made.

The first place, of course, which we sought out on entering the State House, was the east room, where the celebrated Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress and signed. The furniture and paintings in the room have been allowed to stand in the very position they occupied in that

celebrated month of July, 1776. The Declaration itself is exhibited to visitors, with the holograph signatures of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and other leading spirits of the Revolution. I need not say that we gazed on this historical document with profound interest. The house is still shown in Philadelphia in which Jefferson lodged when he wrote the first draft of it; although it is understood to have been a good deal altered and amended in committee, and even in Congress, by Franklin, Adams, and others.

I shall here quote the preamble of the Declaration, that my readers may have before them a specimen of both the style and the spirit of the courageous men who rushed to the front in what they considered to be the day of their country's oppression and distress:—

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain invaluable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

We need not quote further. The sentences just given show that the bold men who penned them were determined to secede from the British yoke. Our readers will remember that that memorable sentence of the Declaration was often quoted during the anti-slavery controversy and the recent Civil War, namely, that "all men had been created equal."

The greater part of the rest of the Declaration is taken up with charges against the poor King of England. There are actually eighteen long successive sentences, each beginning with the words "He has"—such as, "He has sent his ships to harass our commerce;" "He has sent his soldiers to slay our people;" "He has imposed heavy taxes on our food." One of these sentences alone contained seven distinct charges of oppression and injustice; so that there was some warrant for the remark which a critic made at the time, that "poor George the Third, on reading the American Declaration of Independence, must have felt himself to be the greatest sinner in the world." But in truth his ministers were to be blamed as well as himself for the mistakes committed at that time—which, however, have all been over-ruled for good.

We saw also an old bell, imported from England, and which was ominously cracked by the stroke of a hammer that was being used for the purpose of trying the sound. It was recast,

and was the first bell rung after the Declaration of Independence was passed—whence it has been called “Liberty Bell.” It bears the following inscription: “Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the people thereof.” It may thus be used by preachers of the Gospel as a fine illustration of that bell of jubilee which began to ring at Calvary when Jesus died.

I should perhaps have remarked that, while the Declaration of Independence was passed on the 4th of July, by a vote of Congress, it was not till the 18th of that month that it was ordered to be inscribed on parchment, and solemnly signed by the members of Congress. The signing actually took place on the 2nd of August. The Declaration was publicly read at Philadelphia, Trenton, and other places.

There was not much to be seen in the old State House, after we had inspected the Independence Hall; and as we expressed a desire to visit the church in Philadelphia in which Albert Barnes had preached, and in the vestry of which he had written his world-renowned commentaries, Mr. Pritty gladly consented to conduct us to the place. On our way we passed a fine square, a little to the south-west of the State House, called Washington Square. It has four principal entrances, and is said to contain a greater variety of forest trees than any other spot of land on the American continent.

While we were walking along, Mr. Pritty mentioned to us an interesting fact as to the enumeration of houses in Philadelphia. Not only are the principal streets that run between the two rivers named after trees, in the way already indicated, while those that run the whole length of the city are distinguished by figures; but the successive houses themselves are very peculiarly enumerated. One hundred numbers are allowed for each block of houses—that is the mass of buildings that may lie between the cross streets. Thus, suppose I should be going up Chestnut Street with an envelope in my hand, containing the address of a friend who I see is said to live at No. 1711 Chestnut Street. The system of enumeration followed would make it easy for me to find out my friend. For, since 100 numbers are allowed for each block, even although they may not be all required, I would know that my friend lived in Chestnut Street, not far beyond the opening where 17th Street crosses it. Indeed, since the first house past 17th Street, on the right hand, would be numbered 1701, and the first on the left hand 1702, I would understand at a glance that my friend's house would be the sixth house on the right hand in Chestnut Street after I had passed 17th Street. And, as a block of houses occupies a certain specified space, the distance, as well as the place itself, can be easily calculated.

We found that the church in which the late Albert Barnes had preached looked out upon one of those fine arboriferous squares which are so abundant in Philadelphia. Unless my memory deceives me, it was called the First Presbyterian Church, and the street in which it stood had fine trees on its one side. The edifice seemed to be a large one; but as no church officer apparently lived on the premises, we despaired for a while of gaining admission. At length, on making inquiry at a chemist's shop, I found that the beadle kept an ironmonger's shop, so many streets away and so many doors along the street. Dr. Morison and Mr. Pritty remained in the street till my return; and I set off eagerly in quest of the man who made keys, and also was the keeper of the key.

The ironmonger was out; and his son was so much a matter of fact lad that he could not understand the secret of my Barnes hero-worship. It looked to me as if the key of the vestry had never been asked for before for a similar reason—as to which I would remark, "The more the pity;" for I would far rather see the house where the man laboured for forty years who had excited the whole American Church by the noble stand which he had made for a liberal and world-wide Gospel, and who penned in his vestry such fervid and luminous expositions of scriptural truth, than I would visit arsenals stored with arms, or fields that had been dyed with the blood of battle. In plain truth, the beadle's son hinted to me that he could not leave his father's shop lest some customers should call; but when I also gave him the hint that he would not be unrewarded for his trouble, his countenance relaxed, and, shutting up the shop, he came with me to open up the church, doubtless wondering much in his own mind what strangers from Scotland could be so anxious to see in a minister's robing-room.

When the door was at length opened, we made our way first to the vestry or session-house, and were pleased to find there a good likeness of Mr. Barnes, and a tolerably large library ranged round the walls—the very books in English, and Greek, and Hebrew which he had been in the habit of consulting when at his work. Advertised unpretendingly, as being designed only for the use of Sabbath-school teachers, Mr. Barnes's notes on the New Testament, on the Psalms, and Isaiah, &c., have given ministers of all denominations valuable hints for use in their Sabbath-day ministrations, and have also blessed the souls of multitudes of private Christians who have perused them for their own profit and edification.

Doubtless our readers have heard the anecdote of the policeman who arrested Mr. Barnes shortly after the commencement

of his ministry in Philadelphia, thinking him to be a robber who was breaking into the church! Mr. Barnes, like Sir Walter Scott, did all his extra studying before breakfast, thus leaving himself free for his directly professional duties during the rest of the day. We felt it to be a great pleasure and privilege to stand in that vestry and look upon the place which had been the scene of the labours of so great and so good a man. I may here remark, in passing, that it seems to be common for ministers all over the United States to study and almost live in their vestries. Although they may not have a manse, the church furnishes this room for them well, and puts in a good supply of critical and theological books for reference,—which books, from the fact of their being left to succeeding ministers, seem to continue to be the property of the church.

There was one little curiosity hung in a glass case on one of the walls of the apartment which somewhat interested us. It would appear that an association of neighbouring ministers met from time to time in Mr. Barnes's vestry for literary and spiritual communion. This fellowship meeting was quite distinct from presbyterial deliberations, and at a different time. The eldest minister in the association, the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Washington, had presented to the body a staff which he had been in the habit of using some years before he died. This staff was regarded by the brethren as a precious relic, because it had been made out of the wood of the oldest Presbyterian Church in the United States. Mr. Barnes had taken the trouble to describe all this on a card in his own hand-writing, and get it nailed up in the glass case along with the venerable cane bequeathed.

When we passed into the church itself, we found it to be large and commodious—to all appearance an edifice that would contain 2,000 people. Some of the pews were very finely done off, and plainly were occupied by people who moved in the best social circles. We went up into the pulpit, and looked around us upon the finely painted house. I took pleasure in thinking that the commentaries which I had read at home with so much interest had all been preached to people sitting in the very pews before me: for it is a fact that the notes which Mr. Barnes wrote in his vestry of a morning were used by him as the basis of one of his discourses on the Sabbath-day. But the chapel before us was memorable on other grounds. It is well known that after Mr. Barnes had published his notes on the Epistle to the Romans, he was libelled for unsoundness in the faith, chiefly on account of the view of human depravity which he had given when expounding the fifth chapter of that epistle. The whole Presbyterian Church

was shaken to its centre; while the case was being carried from presbytery to synod, and from synod to general assembly, Mr. Barnes advocated the universality of the atonement of Christ, and the ability of man to believe the Gospel when urged upon his acceptance. At first it was thought sufficient that a sentence of suspension for a year should be passed upon him; and it is said that he sat with beautiful meekness for a whole year in his own pew hearing others preach whom the general assembly had appointed to fill his pulpit,—God's word being pent up all the time like "a fire in his bones." When the year of his enforced silence was at an end, the best people in the city flocked to hear him open the lips that had been sealed—for he was greatly respected in Philadelphia on account of his consistent life. The street before his chapel was filled with carriages, and there was quite a struggle to get even standing room in the aisles of the great building. It was generally expected that he would preach a controversial discourse, and inveigh strongly against the conduct of the general assembly; but he took no notice of the ill treatment which he had received, and contented himself with preaching a plain unimpassioned discourse. From that day he rose in public esteem immensely. He might have been called the first man in the city ever after; for he had surprised all the newspaper editors (whose reporters were sitting ready to give wings to his animadversions) by the Christian spirit which he had displayed. It is indeed true that the ecclesiastical strife which his trial had originated did not end with his year's suspension; for it rolled on afterwards, and split up the Presbyterian Church into the Old School and New School Presbyterians. But that did not at all lessen the respect in which Mr. Barnes was held in the city, or the hold which he had on its inhabitants. Fortunately, he lived to see the two parties united into one powerful church again—although the trial of Professor Swing at Chicago, at the very period of our visit, threatened to divide and disintegrate the denomination once more.

When we had visited Mr. Barnes's church we returned to our hotel. Mr. Pritty left us for an hour or two, promising to return when business hours were over; but we were not left without guides, for we found that Messrs. Macaulay and Critchley were in waiting to escort us to that quarter of the city in which they lived. I have a very distinct recollection of the remarkable ride between Chestnut Street and the Fairmount Park to which they took us. We travelled for several miles, and yet it was but a small portion of the city after all which we saw; for Philadelphia is twenty miles long from north to south, and eight miles broad from east to west. The

population in 1870 was 684,023, and as its annual increase is estimated at 25,000, it must have contained nearly 800,000 at the time of our visit. Although New York exceeds it in population, it covers the greatest area of any city in the Union. It must be confessed, however, that both its area and its population have been swelled up to their present extent by the unsparing extension of the city bounds, so that they now include what were at that time the surrounding suburbs. If Glasgow were made to stretch in length from Tollcross to Renfrew, and in breadth from Pollokshaws to Maryhill, it would not be far behind the capital of Pennsylvania, either as to the number of its citizens or its dimensions in square miles.

One peculiarity in the city was this, that we seemed to ride through miles upon miles of houses of a description not common in this country. With us we have just the east-end and the west-end; but the dwellings to which I refer could neither be called those of the upper or the lower class. All self-contained, and with an air of elegance about them, they would have been considered in Britain the residences of comfortable people; but it was evident from their immense numbers that they belonged, perhaps the most of them, to respectable working people. Nor need we be surprised at this when we remember that wages in Philadelphia are high, and that the factory girls may be seen with their parasols on the streets as they are on their way to their work, as much for show as for shade. Yet considerable commercial depression was felt in the city at the period of our visit, for things had not been prosperous with them since the crisis of the year before.

Fairmount Park is to Philadelphia what the Central Park is to New York—the fashionable promenade and carriage-drive of which the whole place is proud. It contains 2,264 acres, and has been laid out on both sides of the Schuylkil river, which are connected by fine bridges. The imposing array of handsome equipages which entered the great gateway as we stood near it quite impressed us with an idea of the style and the wealth of the more affluent Philadelphians. The park itself is finely undulating, embracing a wide and varied landscape. Here, too, monuments in honour of Washington and Lincoln are to be found; while in an elegant house on the top of the hill the traveller, if he pleases, may inscribe his name and rest his weary feet. We were yet more interested, however, in the porter lodge at the entrance to the park, and chiefly on account of a remarkable painting of the battle of Gettysburg which is there exhibited,—the last great stand which the armies of the South made against the armies of the North before their

complete surrender. Indeed, the scene represented was painfully vivid; for the more prominent characters were so life-like on the canvas, and the scene apparently so real, that the spectator felt as if he was looking on the battle itself, and not a mere representation of it. I was not so much affected by the sight of such men as General Grant and General Lee on horseback, and the principal officers of both armies, but what touched me most was the front line of the combatants of each army met in a deadly hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot encounter. The artist had depicted them with every nerve strained to the utmost, and there was one man of gigantic stature on the Northern side whose was perhaps the most striking figure of all. This man, we were told, not only got out of the *melée* uninjured, but was actually a citizen of Philadelphia at the time of our visit. He had sat for his portrait to the artist, who also, if I mistake not, was resident in the city. The hero, it was said, frequently came and looked at the picture of the battle, and declared it to be very well executed.

We went to visit Mr. Critchley's house, which was in the neighbourhood of the park, in what with us would be called a suburb of the city, but, in the all-comprehensiveness of American municipalities, was regarded as a part of the city itself. We had a pleasant talk about Scotland and Glasgow, and regretted that our stay in so great a town and in so kind a household was necessarily so short. Our two friends came to see us off in the tramway car, which started quite near the district. After that we had taken our seats in the vehicle it went off the rails, and a good many bystanders helped to put the heavy vehicle on again. Mr. Macaulay assisted at the operation, and merrily remarked as we drove off that he would tell in Glasgow, when he got home, that we had got off the rails in Philadelphia and he had helped to *put us right!*

When we got back to the Continental we found that Mr. Pritty, true to his promise, was kindly waiting our return. As Dr. Morison was tired and wished to rest, he allowed me to set out alone on an excursion with our young friend, on which my heart had been set the whole afternoon—namely, to see the river Delaware as it sweeps past Philadelphia, and cross over to the other side. Fortunately a steam ferry-boat was just about to start, when we got down to the broad river's brink, for Camden Town, on the opposite side, a town on the New Jersey shore, containing 20,000 inhabitants. Two islands in the middle of the stream, called Smith's Island and Windmill Island, imparted some picturesqueness to the scene. We sailed through the narrow passage between them, and took a short walk

up the main street in Camden Town, while the ferry-boat waited for its quarter of an hour. Mr. Pritty explained to me that there was a good deal of jealousy between the Camdenites and the Philadelphians, both because the latter thought the former less polished than they were, and also because, during the war, the New Jersey sentiment was more universally anti-slavery than that of Pennsylvania. The shades of evening were descending fast as we steamed back to the harbour of Philadelphia. We could still see the broad river both above and below the city in the dim twilight; and a great British steamship, which had just come up that day and had newly dropped its anchor in the stream, reminded me not only that there was much modern communication between the Clyde and the Mersey and the Delaware, but that nearly two hundred years ago William Penn, the founder of the state, had arrived from England and cast anchor there. It was on the 27th of October, 1681, that the brave Quaker landed to take possession of the great tract of country which still bears his name. Charles II. was in debt to his father, Admiral Penn, to the extent of £16,000; and being unable to pay the sum in money, he was glad to yield to the importunity of the son, and give him instead that sweep of territory which, having belonged previously to the Swedes and the Dutch, had ultimately passed into the possession of the British Crown. Fired both with religious zeal and republican enthusiasm; anxious to found on the great Transatlantic Continent such a Utopia as the pens of Plato and Sir Thomas More had pictured out, where men would be free to make laws and worship the Deity as their consciences dictated, this wonderful man, who united in himself the qualities of statesman, evangelist, and philanthropist, had issued his advertisements to the English nation, and had invited those who loved civil and religious liberty to follow him to the new land of freedom. It was a wonderful sight, soon after his arrival, when he solemnly made a treaty of peace with all who had preceded him on the soil, and who were now his tributaries. The Dutch and the Swedes, and chiefly the Red Indians, were there—the Lenni-Lenape, the wandering people—represented by Tamiment, their chief man, with a horn woven into his head-dress in token of good will. The amphitheatric sweep in the forest is still shown near Philadelphia, where they all entered into a firm compact that there would be no war among them; and that if ever a red man injured a white man, or a white man a red, the matter would be referred to umpires for peaceful arbitration, and then “buried in a bottomless pit for ever,”—the only treaty, says Voltaire, that “ever was ratified without oath and never was broken!” It

was thus that the peaceful Gospel of Christ reigned in the heart of Penn 200 years ago, and overflowed in living water upon the virgin soil of Pennsylvania. Happy world if his spirit had been universal! Happy world when his spirit, or rather his Master's, shall everywhere have undisputed sway! But, see! the twilight has deepened into total darkness; the lights that burn for two miles along the harbour of Philadelphia are now distinctly visible, the shores draw near, and we disembark. And here, for the present, my narrative must end.

I expect in next article to give an account of our visit to the cities of Baltimore, Washington, and Pittsburg.

EVOLUTION AND GOD.

IN our former article we gave some account of Evolution, and of those development theories of which it is the latest expression. We also entered at some length into the just relations of religion and science, conceding the right of science to free and unfettered investigation in its own legitimate domain; but holding it amenable to criticism, without benefit of scientific privilege, and stripped of all authority due to mere scientific eminence, the moment it transcended its own province and made free and reckless raids into higher and holier fields.

Professor Tyndall, in that Presidential Address, at Belfast, which has given such general and just offence, not only failed as by a mere sin of omission to recognize a Great First Cause; but while standing face to face with the great problem of existence, positively denied, and even ridiculed the idea of Creation, pronounced Evolution from the molecule to be the history of all known being, and declared any power ulterior to this to be "absolutely inscrutable."

This was naturally accepted as a rank denial of theism; and accompanied as it was by an avowal of materialism, with its supposed molecular virtues, to the exclusion of Creation, and of a knowable God, as the sole solution of being, what other conclusion was possible?

Repeatedly, since the Address was delivered, has Professor Tyndall taken occasion to advert to the criticism to which he has been subjected, in a spirit of remonstrance or of explanation. A few weeks after the British Association Meetings, he delivered a lecture in Manchester on "Crystalline and Molecular Forces," towards the close of which he expressed himself in the following significant vein:—

"Perhaps I may have expressed myself too strongly in calling these beautiful experiments astonishing. Still, depend upon it, the revelations of

science are not in the least degree calculated to lessen our feelings of astonishment. We are surrounded by wonders and mysteries everywhere. I have sometimes—not sometimes, but often—in the springtide watched the advance of the sprouting leaves and of the grass and of the flowers, and observed the general joy of opening life in nature, and I have asked myself this question—Can it be that there is no being or thing in nature that knows more about these matters than I do? Do I, in my ignorance, represent the highest knowledge of these things existing in this universe? Ladies and gentlemen, the man who puts that question fairly to himself, if he be not a shallow man, if he be a man capable of being penetrated by a profound thought, will never answer the question by professing that creed of atheism which has been so lightly attributed to me.”

These sentiments were received with “loud cheers, which were again and again renewed.” He ended his lecture with the following words, which are also worthy of citation as a noble and much needed assertion of the fealty we owe to truth:—“I am afraid that many of the fears that are now entertained on these subjects really have their roots in a kind of scepticism. It is not always those who are charged with scepticism that are the real sceptics—(hear, hear, and cheers), and I confess it is a matter of some grief to me to see able, useful, and courageous men running to and fro upon the earth wringing their hands over the threatened destruction of their ideals. I would say (if I dared) to such men—I would exhort them to cast out this scepticism, for this fear has its root in scepticism; in the human mind we have the substratum of all ideals. As surely as string responds to string when the proper note is sounded, so surely when words of truth and nobleness are uttered by a living human soul will these words have a resonant response in other souls, and in this faith I abide, and in this way I leave the question.” Somewhat later, on issuing the seventh thousand of his Presidential Address, he replies, in a revised preface, to the various censures to which he had been subjected, and he subjoins the text of the above named lecture on “Crystalline and Molecular Forces.” We shall cite a passage from this at a subsequent stage.

Meanwhile, we cannot regard him as having materially mended his case by any of these subsequent explanations. We have failed to discover in them any recognition as yet of a personal God. The “Absolutely inscrutable” is still left in impenetrable mystery. Traces of Design, which speak on every hand of an all-wise and benevolent creative Intelligence, continue as before not only unacknowledged, but disallowed their native significance. And the conception of creation continues to be grossly caricatured as “anthropomorphism, which regards each successive stratum as a kind of mechanical bench for the manifestation of new species.” No Bible reader

needs to be told how utterly this misrepresents the inspired ideal of creation. "God spake and it was done." "He upholdeth all things by the word of His power." "In Him we live and move, and have our being." Everywhere the sacred writers attribute every natural phenomenon to the incessant working of the Invisible

"Who lives through all life, extends through all extent ;
Spends undivided, operates unspent ;"

who, in short, is the Life of all living, the Cause of all causes, the Being of beings, the God of gods. In fact, they so represent creation as to leave room for as much evolution as science can fairly make out, with the addition, which it is strange any should hesitate to acknowledge, that He who thus "worketh all in all" is a personal and paternal God.

Under this radical vice, Design is of course denied by the entire school, for to admit Design is to admit a Designer. This Darwin disallows, says Tyndall: "Not because he is unacquainted with the numberless exquisite adaptations on which this notion of a supernatural artificer has been founded. His book is a repertory of the most startling facts of this description." Then all the more stumbling is his astounding faculty of ignoring Design and a Designer. Tyndall further says of Darwin: "It is the mind thus stored with the choicest materials of the teleologist [*i.e.*, of the man who traces Design] that rejects teleology, seeking to refer these wonders to natural causes. They illustrate, accordingly, to him, the method of nature, not the 'technic' of a man-like artificer." That is, they illustrate the method of nature to the exclusion of a personal and designing God. For we make no account of that phrase "man-like," so often thrust in, as if by way of blind ; for who ever affirmed that God works like man ? And why obtrude such apparently qualifying, but really irrelevant, and blinding phrases when there is no recognition in any sense either of God or of His work ? We can educe nothing from these representations but what has been pointedly formalized by another critic, who thus puts it : "Nature is God, and Darwin is His prophet."

When Creation and Design are thus ruthlessly denied, it is vain to look for any recognition of a personal God in that repellent phrase, "absolutely inscrutable." If this is all that is to be said of the ulterior Power that lies behind all phenomena in their ultimate analysis of Force ; if, as Tyndall affirms, "the whole process of Evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man"—then, farewell to God !—farewell to theistic faith, to trust, to rev-

erence, to worship, to religion in any sense, in any form, for personal God there is none. That phrase, "absolutely inscrutable," blots him out of being for us utterly; and, to all intents and purposes, whether religious or merely speculative, Matter, peculiarly endowed, is all we can ever know. The last analysis for us is that little primordial cell the Professor speaks of, and which he compares to an oil drop suspended between alcohol and water; and with that we must be content. If we cast a longing look farther, we are face to face with this spectre of "absolutely inscrutable." What? we wistfully reply, are we to be arrested and turned back on the very threshold of the most interesting and momentous question of all? You may be here as far as science can carry you; but science is not our only eye; we have philosophy, we have reason, we have indestructible intuitions which soar far beyond the loftiest flight of science, which dive far below its profoundest depth, which range far over and above its farthest ken. No, rejoins the voice; science is all. The positive results we have to give on evolut matter are, to man, the Ultima Thule of all possible knowledge of being. What Sardanapalus said of death, we say of our ultimate scientific analysis—"Beyond this, nothing!" Aught personal beyond this is a dream; aught creative, a mechanic's bench; aught real in the pervading power, "absolutely inscrutable." If it be so, then farewell to God, and, with him, to all reverence, faith, and trust! As Principal Caird forcibly says, "I cannot bow before this blank inscrutability, of whom you help me neither to affirm nor deny anything, and for whom, therefore, I can feel no rational reverence. I cannot, will not, submit my will to that of which I know, and can know, nothing; of which, or of whom, I cannot tell whether, if I did know him, the proper attitude might not be—not love, and veneration, and obedience—but resistance and abhorrence." (*Unity of the Sciences*, p. 37.) Mr. Mivart, an eminent Evolutionist, but a religious one, surely utters an all but self-evident truth when he affirms that, "without a belief in a personal God there is no religion worthy of the name;" and yet to this Professor Huxley—little, we think, to his credit—replies, "This is a matter of opinion." Strauss professed great veneration for his impersonal "Universum," and affected some indignation when this profession failed to gain credence; but before any man of intelligence and common sense can attach the smallest importance to such protestations, human language, and human nature along with it, must be constructed anew. Protest what they like, and delude themselves as they may, these Evolutionists, who bar up our way with their dictum of "absolutely inscrutable," are simply chargeable, in the words of

Coleridge, with "untenanted creation of its God," and are well touched off by Mrs. Browning in the following lines:—

"A pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns back
The strata—granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, Here's law! where's God?"

We do not grudge them whatever they can make out on Evolution; but let them keep to their own proper ground. Even there they will have enough to do, on their own showing, to make good their footing. Professor Huxley candidly says: "The significance of persistent types, and of the small amount of change which has taken place even in those forms which can be shown to have been modified, becomes greater and greater in my eyes the longer I occupy myself with the biology of the past" (*Critiques and Addresses*, 1873). Professor Haeckel, another and strong Evolutionist, admits that there is no experimental evidence in its favour on the vital point of spontaneous generation; but denies the possibility of disproving this, and assumes it as a necessary part of the doctrine of Evolution. Necessary it clearly is; for Evolution begins with the assumed nebular vapour, or "cosmic gas," as the Germans call it, in accordance with the theory usually ascribed to Laplace, but really originated by Kant; in terms of which, change after change went on till inorganic matter, in some way utterly unknown to experience, struck out life, which developed itself from lowest forms up to man. On its own scientific ground, then, and on its own confession, there are wide and yawning gulfs which must be bridged over by mere theoretic assumption. On such slippery footing it is rather too much to erect their catapults and battering rams for the subversion of the fundamental doctrine of all the religions of the world.

Huxley, in a certain sense, admits Design; but it is a sense that stops fatally short of that consistent conception. He says: "It is necessary to remember that there is a wider Teleology (doctrine of Design), which is not touched by the doctrine of Evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of Evolution. That proposition is, that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules, of which the previous nebulousity of the universe was composed. If this be true, it is no less certain that the world lay, potentially, in the cosmic vapour; and that a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapour, have predicted, say, the state of the fauna of Britain in 1869, with as much certainty as one can

say what will happen to the vapour of the breath in a cold winter's day." True ; but what of the Designer ? Not one word. The cup of Tantalus reaches our very lips, but is made to stop short there. As much evidence is adduced, and testimony borne, to the principle, and in part to the very fact, of Design, as to require only one thing more to complete the conception—namely, the intelligent Designer ; but this needful complement is withheld. An intelligence, real or supposed, *understands* the traces of Design ; but no intelligence is so much as hinted at as *planning* the assumed evolutionary system.

The result is evident. Had "the whole object of science been," as Huxley affirms, "simply to reduce the fundamental incomprehensibilities to the smallest possible number," no one could have objected ; all would have said, Amen ! But God being studiously ignored, and the caveat of "absolutely inscrutable" being set up as a warning-post in the face of all who would go in quest of Him in those fields under the guidance of their higher reason, these philosophers, unless they very materially mend their language, must bear the responsibility of abetting downright atheism. While all around them religious men feel impelled to exclaim with Richard Baxter, "Cannot ye see Him whom all the world revealeth, and hear Him whom all the world proclaimeth?" they maintain a studied and ominous silence, or utter the dissentient caveat—"absolutely inscrutable !" There is nothing left for us, then, but what the great German, Jean Paul Richter, so graphically depicts in his well known travesty of the atheism of his time : "I travelled through the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the galaxies through the wastes of heaven ; but there is no God. I descended as far as being casts its shadow, and looked into the abyss, and cried, Father, where art thou ? But I heard only the eternal storm, which no one guides ; and the gleaming rainbow from the west, without a sun that made it, stood over the abyss and trickled down. And when I looked up towards the immeasurable world for the divine eye, it glared down on me with an empty, black, bottomless *eye-socket* ; and eternity lay upon chaos, eating it, and re-eating it. Cry on, ye discords ! cry away, ye shadows, for God is not." All this comes from science pretending to be all, when it is only a part, and that by far the most insignificant. This little part puts out its other and finer eye, and tells us to do the same, saying : Look only to matter ; nought else can be known. And yet were all science made a blank to-morrow, there man would stand erect, in his *intuitional* faith, in the indestructible energy of his higher reason, far less able to rid his mind of a God than to rid the heavens of the sun, or wink that zenith sun into darkness.

On the being of a God we may begin a step too high, by affirming with Des Cartes that the idea is immediate and native to the human mind; or we may begin too low, on the commonplace level of the understanding, by attempts at logical demonstration. These we regard as utterly valueless for convincing the atheist; for already he resists infinitely higher light, and such demonstrations are at best but partial, or abstruse, and in some points open to question. To the devout theist, however, they may be of great value for confirmation and illustration. "The reality of the Divine Existence," well remarks Professor Calderwood, "is a truth so plain that it needs no proof, as it is a truth so high that it admits of none." (*Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, p. 228.) If we may not say that it is given in consciousness, we can confidently affirm what is the next thing to it, that it is given as with the light of seven suns in the domain of the higher Reason. On this side, we look with open face to the Infinite. Like the sunflower to the orb of day, humanity in healthful development, and in its every blossom, turns instinctively and of necessity to the living and life-giving God. What exceptions there are seldom fail to parade themselves. These are at most but few; and these few are at best but questionable. In any case, they are only such exceptions as go to prove the rule. In everything, even to the denial of our own existence, men have been found to hazard any proposition, however outrageously absurd; and it were strange indeed, considering the moral obliquity of man, if some "fool" were not found in every age to wink to his own satisfaction the full-orbed sun into darkness, as he "says in his heart," or with tongue or pen (as Shelley literally does in his *Queen Mab*), "there is no God."

Avowed atheism could no farther go than when, under the frenzy of the first French Revolution, men openly defied the Supreme, and wrote on the gateway into their sepulchres, "death is an eternal sleep"; and yet, even before the climax of that frenzy had been reached, the thing was felt to be intolerable, and Robespierre persuaded the Convention to "decree" (*décéder*, so they phrased it), "the existence of the Supreme Being," and also "that prime consoler" (*ce principe consolateur*), "the immortality of the soul." All this was formally proclaimed, amid ostentatious ceremonies, at the so-called "Feast of the Supreme Being"—which a historian pronounces "the shabbiest page of human annals," and at which the dictator, "in sky-blue coat, and black breeches, frizzled and powdered to perfection," delivered an oration which has been called "the scraggiest prophetic discourse ever uttered by man." (Carlyle's *French Revolution*, part III, b. vi., ch. 4.)

And now, as we have seen, we have a new crop of atheism

—thanks to the sowings of Comte, Mill, and the others, in the forms of Positivism, of Utilitarianism, of Evolutional Materialism. And some German thinkers have given it a tongue, especially the late David Strauss, with that impersonal, dead, dumb, clay idol of his which he put in God's place, and named "Universum," or The All.

To one of these sceptical leaders let us briefly advert. John Stuart Mill, in his various writings, but more articulately in his posthumous *Essays* and *Autobiography*, has left us in no doubt in regard to his creed. "I am one," he says, "of the very few examples in this country of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it." We will not do him the injustice to believe of him, even on his own testimony, anything of the kind. Indeed, he elsewhere tells us the direct contrary. He makes no secret of the compulsion exerted upon him by his Rhadamanthine father, whose hatred of revealed religion amounted to ferocity. And he himself is his own witness that, in accordance with the ancient adage, "Expel nature with a pitchfork, still it will return," religion was still left with him, which first sought a vehicle in Wordsworth, and afterwards in his own wife, whom he idealized into a sort of divinity. He also honours Jesus as "a model for imitation, available even to the absolute unbelievers," and one "that can never more be lost to humanity"; but, as if to prevent his outside position from being by any possibility misunderstood, he patronizingly says, "Religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." Of course, the supernatural is here entirely eliminated from the man of Nazareth, as from all religion itself, which Mill assigns, along with poetry, to the imagination and feelings in their idealizing mood. "The essence of religion," he says, "is the strongest and earnest direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object, recognized as of the highest excellence, and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire. This condition," he makes bold to add, "is fulfilled by the religion of humanity in as eminent a degree, and in as high a sense as by the supernatural religions, even in their best manifestations, and far more so in many of their others." The result is that "the whole domain of the supernatural is thus removed from the region of belief into that of simple hope."

A religion so low-pitched, in the hands of the hierophant of Utilitarianism, makes very easy account of the

origin of moral desert. In his *Examination* of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, he says (p. 513), "From our earliest childhood, the ideas of doing wrong and of punishment are presented to our mind together, and the intense character of the impression causes the association between them to attain the highest degree of closeness and intimacy. The only ideas presented have been those of wrong and punishment, and an inseparable association has been created between these directly, without the help of any intervening idea." But, query, Whence came the punishment? Of Mahomet propagating his religion by the sword, it has been pertinently asked, But how came he by his sword? There must have been something behind it of a very vital nature to account for its existence and doings; and so in this case of the punishment. The above passage is the veriest bathos even of speculative drivelling. It takes a philosopher to write such nonsense as that. Oh the simplicity of free thought! Oh the credulity of unbelief! And yet it is very sobriety and wisdom compared with its author's interpretation of natural theology—that of a great, but short of almighty and in many respects imperfect God. But let Mill speak for himself: "The notion of a providential government by an Omnipotent Being for the good of his creatures must be entirely dismissed. Even of the continued existence of the Creator we have no other guarantee than that he cannot be subject to the law of death which affects terrestrial beings, since the conditions which produce this liability, wherever it is known to exist, are of his creating. That this being, not being omnipotent, may have produced a machinery falling short of his intentions, and which may require the occasional interposition of the maker's hand, is a supposition not in itself absurd nor impossible, though in none of the cases in which such interposition is believed to have occurred is the evidence such as could possibly prove it; it remains a simple possibility, which those may dwell on to whom it yields comfort," &c., &c. This Creator, being imperfect, must have been himself created, and the entire problem of existence must, on principles like these, remain for ever unsolved.

These and all sentiments of the like atheistic purport go to tear up the pillars not only of religion, but of morality, of society, of all obligation, of all public security, and pave the way to universal anarchy and chaos. It is, of course, only when they have gone sufficient lengths that these terrible results appear. Such lengths, as we have seen, they have reached in human history, and may reach again. Human nature, however cruelly experimented upon, never fails; for decree what men may, it is ushered into the world fresh with

every new-born child, and is found more or less articulately, always and everywhere, to "cry out for God, for the living God." Hence the well known saying of the French sage: "S'il n'y avait pas un Dieu, il faudrait l'inventer"—"Were there not a God, it would be necessary to invent him." Even the sceptical Voltaire weds this sentiment to verse, and expands it in the following words: "Consult Zoroaster and Minos, and Solon, and the sage Socrates, and the great Cicero; they have all adored a master, a judge, a father. That sublime system is necessary to man. It is the sacred bond of society, the first foundation of holy equity, the curb of the wicked, the hope of the righteous. If these heavens, despoiled of their august imprint, could ever cease to manifest it, *if God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.*" * Even atheists, in their very atheism, bewray the divine—for as certain as they are human they have in them the divine: as the poetess, in lines partly quoted in our last, finely says of the Roman atheistic poet, Lucretius:—

"Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said—No God!
Finding no bottom; who denied
Divinely the Divine, and died,
Chief poet on the Tiber side."

Human nature, then, from its great deeps of faculty and feeling, and from its every expanse of branch and blossom, looks with open face to God. We have already, in our former article, mentioned that three-fold division of mind to which all mental phenomena may be exhaustively reduced—Thinking, Feeling, and Willing. Each of these looks to God, "cries out for the living God." How far this holds true of each, it is of great interest to inquire. But on a point like this, if we say anything, we must say a good deal more than we have at present space for. We must therefore prolong our discussions over yet another article.

J. G.—G.

- * "Consulte Zoroaste, et Minos, et Solon,
Et le sage Socrate et le grand Ciceron:
Ils ont adoré tous un maître, un juge, un père.
Ce système sublime à l'homme est nécessaire.
C'est le sacré lien de la société,
Le premier fondement de la sainte équité;
Le frein du scélérat, l'espérance du juste.
Si les cieux dépourvus de leur empreinte auguste
Pouvoient cesser jamais de la manifester;
Si Dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer."

THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF THE EVANGELICAL UNION.

No. XXIV.

HAVING now described at length the steps which led to the separation from their former communions of what might be called the thirteen original churches which went to form the Evangelical Union, and having also described how it was that the banner of the three great Universalities was hoisted in the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, and new churches formed there in connection with the young religious movement, it is not our intention to prosecute the narrative further with that minuteness of detail hitherto observed. We have shown how the ball was set a-rolling. Our readers may themselves imagine how it continued to roll, and continued to grow. All Scotland had now heard of the kindred theological contentions in the Secession and Congregational churches; and societies, about thirty in number, as we have seen, extending from Forres in the north to Galashiels in the south, had already declared in favour of the "new views." The outline of the new denomination had been fairly sketched. All subsequent progress has simply been the filling up of that initial programme, or, in other words, the results that might have been expected to flow from that doctrinal upheaval, which we have endeavoured to describe. All that remains for us to do is simply to tell succinctly how the Evangelical Union came to take root in a few other important localities, to give some notes as to the progress of the body since the period of its formation, and define the attitude which it maintains towards the other denominations of Christians in the land.

We have already seen how an Evangelical Union church was formed in the town of Greenock, through the labours of the Rev. A. C. Rutherford. The brethren there met for several years in the old Independent Church, Sir Michael Street, which they purchased and repaired. In 1865 they erected a fine modern edifice in the west end of the town. The church has prospered for several years exceedingly under the ministry of the Rev. Alexander Davidson, one of Dr. Morison's earliest students, who came in, after the events of 1844, from the Congregational side of the house. Mr. Davidson has proved one of the most useful and popular ministers of the Evangelical Union.

The E.U. flag was not unfurled in Dundee till January 1848. The gentleman who was chiefly instrumental in opening up an entrance for the new denomination into that important town was John Baxter, Esq., a member of Ward Street Chapel (late

Rev. Dr. Russell's). He warmly sympathized with the Statement of the nine students, and felt called upon to do what in him lay to let his fellow-townsmen know about the doctrines which had been condemned, but which he believed in his heart to be the very truth of God. The body has been enabled to sustain an interest ever since in Dundee with varying fortunes. At present there are two E.U. churches there—the first in Reform Street, under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Hamilton, M.A., and the second in Lindsay Street, under the Rev. Peter M'Nish.

Dr. Morison preached in Paisley at a comparatively early date. The chief friends of the movement purchased the old Low Church, which was at that time unoccupied. They have worshipped in it ever since. The substantial building has recently been made very comfortable, by extensive and expensive improvements. We are happy to be able to report that the church, at the period at which we write, is in a very prospering condition. Their first minister was the Rev. A. M. Wilson, who was translated from Ayr in 1845; and their present minister is the Rev. Alexander Wilson, ordained there in 1870. A thriving church has also existed in the adjoining village of Barrhead, since the early days of our ecclesiastical struggle.

The brethren who had joined the Independent body in the south-eastern districts of Scotland embraced almost to a man, the world-wide views of the grace of God, which had been advocated by the leaders of the Evangelical Union. The earnest labours of the Rev. J. H. Rutherford, of Kelso (now Dr. Rutherford of Newcastle), doubtless contributed to this result. The churches in Kelso, Hawick, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Selkirk, besides that in Galashiels already referred to, may all be classed in this list. The pastor of the church at Melrose (Rev. Mr. Crombie), has filled his present charge for twenty-one years. The church at Hawick has lately shown its own vigour, as well as its love to its pastor, the Rev. David Hislop, B.A., by building him a fine manse—an example which other churches in the denomination would do well to follow.

The church in Perth was not formed till the year 1856. By that time the Evangelical Union Home Mission had begun its work; and through its agency several important fields have been opened up, in which good fruit has been reaped. The movement in Perth was one of the first which the Home Mission inaugurated. This important society has owed much, for many years, to the enthusiasm and energy of the Rev. Hugh Riddell, a gentleman who has helped largely in this way to extend the Evangelical Union cause in Scotland. The church

in Perth was carefully and diligently nursed by its first pastor, Rev. William Adamson, now of Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh, a man of much intellectual power, and to whom the Union is indebted in many ways. Its present minister, the Rev. Robert Finlay, is also greatly encouraged in his work.

Time would fail us to particularize the origin and progress of all the churches now in connection with the Evangelical Union. Suffice it to say, that the original thirteen have been increased to eighty-two, at the date at which we write. These are studded all over the country, from the island of Shapinsay in the Orkney group, in the north, to Dalbeattie, in Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland; and from Eyemouth in the east of Scotland, to Ayr in the west.

Our movement being essentially a Scottish one, has not made much advancement in England, as, indeed, it could not be expected to do. Besides Kendal, already referred to, a church was formed, at a very early date, in Carlisle, chiefly through the zeal and liberality of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., which still flourishes. More recently—in 1868—a third church was received into the Union, located in Harpurhey, a suburb of Manchester, which prospers exceedingly, under the ministry of the Rev. Robert Mitchell. This Society is not only in full ecclesiastical connection with us, but is in hearty sympathy with our doctrines and aims. We owe it indirectly to the piety and zeal of the late Rev. E. Weeks, of Harpurhey, a warm friend of our cause.

In the year 1853 an Evangelical Union Church was formed in Belfast, chiefly through the ardour of some Scottish friends of the movement, who had removed their residences to the sister isle. John M. Ferguson, Esq., of that town, cordially espoused the doctrines of the new denomination; and it was largely through the influence of his purse and social position that the connection found a local habitation and a name there. At present two vigorous churches represent the Union in the Metropolis of Ulster, occupying handsome edifices of their own, and respectively under the pastorates of Revs. George Cron and Alexander Denholm. Our body owes this further debt of gratitude to Mr. Ferguson, of Belfast, that it was through the loyalty to our principles of his sons when they were resident at Winona, in the State of Wisconsin, on the North American Continent, that the leaders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the United States were made aware of the similarity of religious belief that obtained between themselves and the Evangelical Union of Scotland. Thus a happy correspondence was commenced, both by epistles and delegated

representatives, from which the best results have flowed, and may be expected to flow.

As to the general progress of the connection since its origin and formation, besides the increase of churches already detailed, we would name, among the causes of congratulation, the removal of Dr. Morison from Kilmarnock to Glasgow, in October 1851. Although unwilling to leave his beloved church in that Ayrshire town, when solicited to come to Glasgow in 1844, the Doctor had gradually been brought to see that it would be for the interests of the denomination, in more ways than one, that he should be settled in that city, which is really the Metropolis of Scotland, in so far as population and commercial importance are concerned. The result has proved that the step, although not taken without hesitation and anxiety, was in reality wise and well ordered. Not only is the North Dundas Street Church, over which he was called to preside, prosperous and influential; but there are, while we write, seven churches of the Evangelical Union in Glasgow, with nine pastors, since two of them are collegiate charges. Glasgow, moreover, is felt to be a more convenient centre for the Theological Academy which meets there in the autumn of every year, and in the instruction of which Dr. Morison is assisted by three earnest and beloved brethren. Nor has Kilmarnock meanwhile suffered; for the large church which the youthful warrior, as we have seen, carried with him through his harassing ecclesiastical troubles, has now grown into two influential churches, which both prosper under the masculine ministries of the Revs. William Bathgate and Robert Hislop.

Mr. Morison had made his mark, as an accomplished theologian, in Glasgow, as early as the year 1847, by the delivery, in Blackfriars Street Church, of a series of week evening lectures on the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. These were subsequently published, with a learned preface on the history of the literature of the chapter, and were favourably reviewed by the *British Banner*, *Hogg's Instructor*, and other Journals. More recently, Dr. Morison has published his *Exposition of the Third Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans*, and his *Commentaries* on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, which have given him a high place among the theologians and critics of the day, and have done much to remove the prejudices which had existed, in many minds, against himself and the denomination which he had done so much to found. Several other works have been published, from time to time, by other honoured brethren, calculated to produce a similar effect; but our space does not permit us to enter into detail.

For some years after 1844 there was a little jealousy of the

Evangelical Union on the part—not so much of the ministers, as of the laity—of the Congregational churches who had been separated from the Congregational Union, on account of their liberal views. Inasmuch as Dr. Morison and his brethren still adhered so far to Presbyterian polity as to manage their church business by a session or bench of elders appointed for the purpose (although thoroughly independent *ab extra*), it was thought by some zealous Congregationalists that their principles would be compromised, if they joined the Evangelical Union. But, as years rolled on, it was found that such fears were groundless, and that the Evangelical Union churches were as truly independent as those of the Congregational Union, either of Scotland or of England and Wales. Eventually all the ministers, and the great majority of the churches, joined the Evangelical Union, so that not the slightest jarring on the point of church government now remains. And even in the one or two instances in which the churches have not been formally incorporated with the denomination, they are affiliated with it through pecuniary contributions, and hearty sympathy and co-operation.

In two instances, churches belonging to what was called "The Relief" connection have joined the Evangelical Union. This body had seceded from the Church of Scotland during the last century, under the leadership of Mr. Gillespie, on the vexed question of Patronage, at a later date than the Erskines, the founders of the Secession Church. The two bodies had not coalesced; but, in 1846, a union was effected between them, and the denomination has since been known as the United Presbyterian. In some instances, however, there was an unwillingness on the part of the Relief Churches to amalgamate with the Seceders; and two of these churches, that, namely, in Coupar-Angus, and that in Newburgh, Fife, approving of the doctrines of the Evangelical Union, have joined our body, and are at present supplied by our ministers. The Rev. Robert Wallace has been for about twenty years in Coupar-Angus, and is highly respected in all the adjacent counties.

The annual meetings of the denomination are held in Glasgow in the last week of September, at the close of the session of the Theological Academy. Besides the pastors of churches, who are members of this Conference *ex officio*, two lay delegates from each church, sent up by annual vote, have a right to take part in the deliberations of the assembly. The meetings last for four days, and at least one large public gathering indicates, to some extent, the comparative strength of the denomination in the city, as well as throughout the country. The business brought before the Conference is simply that which affects the connection generally, and not the affairs of individual churches.

A clerical brother is elected President at the first meeting of the pastors and delegates, who fills the chair of honour for one year. A committee of brethren, called a Commission, are also annually appointed at the close of the meetings of Conference to watch over the interests of the body throughout the year. The President is chairman of this committee, and its meetings are quarterly, or more frequent, as necessity may demand. Like the Conference, Commission does not interfere with the internal affairs of any church, unless these, in the case of a dispute, for example, may be freely and voluntarily referred to it by both parties. It reserves to itself the right, however, should any scandal arise, whether through ministerial delinquency or the errors of a church, and no action be taken by neighbouring churches, to point out the path of duty, and ask that it be pursued.

An important measure was adopted by the Conference which met in September, 1858. On the one hand it had been said that the Statement of Principles which had been issued at Kilmar-nock in 1843, and which we have already epitomized, was a binding creed; while, on the other hand, it had been felt by many that, as a statement of principles, it was not sufficiently complete. Consequently, it was resolved to issue a new Doctrinal Declaration, both to show that we could *alter or enlarge our creed* if we pleased, and also to set before the world more fully our theological belief. Sixteen topics in all are treated briefly but satisfactorily in this comprehensive document—"Free Will, Divine Sovereignty, Divine Foreknowledge and Foreordination, Original Sin, Unity of the Godhead in the Remedial Plan, the Nature and Extent of the Love of God the Father, the Nature and Extent of the Atonement of the Son, the Nature and Extent of the Work of the Holy Spirit, Concurrence of the Divine and Human Agencies in the matter of Salvation, Human Ability and Inability, Repentance and Faith, Justification by Faith, Peace with God, Regeneration, Election and Reprobation." It will be plain, at a glance, that quite a little body of divinity is contained in this pamphlet of twenty-eight pages. We recommend the Doctrinal Declaration to any who wish a comprehensive and yet conveniently portable exhibition of our views.

We think it proper in this our final paper to make a few brief extracts from this deliverance, both to show that the men of 1858 held by the main principles contended for by the men of 1843, and also to interest our readers afresh as to some points in connection with which we have been misunderstood and misrepresented.

Thus, the Conference says, at page 5, on Free Will :—

"Free Will is in man a lineament of the divine image that will eternally remain, misuse it as much as he may. It is essential to his accountability. Under this character he is dealt with in all the arrangements of mercy. His free will is respected throughout; and this illumines difficulties otherwise inexplicable. And thus, in opposition to the scheme of a necessitated will as held, not by Calvinists only, but (as would appear) by almost all classes of infidels, the E. U. Conference holds tenaciously the doctrine of free will as lying at the foundation of all religion, natural and revealed. In holding this, they do not hold the heathen doctrine of Chance, or that any event happens without a cause; but they hold that the will-endowed mind, though acting in view of motives, is the free and self-determining cause of its own choices. The proof of the perfect freedom of the human will is to be found in universal consciousness, universal conscience, universal language, and in universal law."

On the subject of Original Sin, the following statement is made:—

"On this topic it may suffice to state, in order to prevent or correct misconception, that we hold as strongly as any the doctrine of the depravity of man and his utter helplessness and hopelessness in the matter of salvation till he comes under the gracious provisions of the plan of mercy. We believe the divine constitution with Adam to have been federal in its character, and that his sin in consequence is, to the extent of the primeval curse, imputed to his posterity. We believe that the imputation of Adam's sin extends to the whole race, and thus embraces infants; but, as infants were in no respect morally implicated in that transaction, we reject with abhorrence the dogma that any who die in infancy are subject, on the ground of Adam's first sin, 'to the pains of hell for ever.'"

The brief article on the Concurrence of the Divine and Human agencies in the matter of Salvation covers the whole ground of dispute between ourselves and our theological opponents, and we are certain that it will commend itself as a just and scriptural representation of divine truth to every candid and unprejudiced reader:—

"By comparing what has been just advanced on the nature and extent of the Spirit's work, with what is above set forth in Articles 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, relating to the free will of man, and the sovereignty, foreknowledge, and foreordination of God, it will be seen that we believe in a synergism or concurrence of the Divine agency and the human in the matter of salvation. Instead of running away with the Divine element, as Calvinism does, to the virtual exclusion of the human, and to the stultification of the innumerable statements of Scripture that teach us our responsibility and urge us to action; and instead of running away with the human element, as Pelagianism does, to the virtual ignorance of the Divine, and the contradiction of every text that sets forth the free grace and sovereignty of God: we believe in the indispensable necessity and harmonious concurrence of both, and are thus enabled to reconcile all the varieties of Scripture phraseology, otherwise irreconcilable, on the agencies and instrumentalities connected with salvation. Saving results in the soul of man stand connected in Scripture, sometimes with the agency of the Divine Spirit, sometimes with the agency of the sinner himself. Sometimes they are ascribed to 'the truth,' and sometimes to the sinner's faith in that truth. Thus

variously in Scripture are conversion, regeneration, sanctification, salvation, accounted for. This, on our principles, is precisely what was to be expected, and on the same principles we at once discern the congruity of all those passages that urge us to prayer, and consequent dependence on the Divine agency, with those others that urge us to the employment of our own. Both agencies being necessary to salvation, both are recognised. This concurrence of the Divine and human in our salvation can have no true place in any theology based on absolute and universal foreordination and necessitation; but in our theology it has. The inviolable freedom of the human will being recognised as a pervading principle in the Divine administration, the sovereign agency of God shapes itself to it, and thus we are enabled to explain—what, on other principles, are not only utterly inexplicable, but also ominously becloud the character of that God to whose foreordination and necessitation they must all in that case be traced—the perplexing anomalies and failures, to wit, that mark the course of the dispensations, and the suasive character throughout of the entire structure of revelation.”

We are strongly tempted to add additional extracts, but space forbids. We may observe that the connection owes the first draft of this admirable digest of its doctrines to the masterly pen of the Rev. John Guthrie, M.A., of Glasgow.

As to the attitude which the Evangelical Union holds towards other denominations of Christians we can, without hesitation, characterize it as one of friendship and brotherly love. We have all along been ready to recognise that the points as to which we agreed with our fellow-Protestants were more numerous than those as to which we differed from them. Even when we have been unkindly treated by those who did not understand us, we have tried to breathe the prayer, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” We have lived to see our distinctive doctrines preached from all the pulpits in the land, or, at least, practical advantage taken of them. The doctrines of unconditional election and partial grace are rarely ever referred to by ministers of the Gospel, and are rarely published in books, save in new editions of the old *Confession of Faith*. Surely justice will be done us some day, as the men who have suffered for a free Gospel, and who have the best right to cry aloud, at meetings for religious revival, “Whosoever will, let him come.” Meanwhile, whether we get brotherly recognition from our fellow-Christians or not, we hope, by God’s help, to continue the twofold work to which we seem to have been providentially called in this country, namely, that of influencing and educating other denominations, and of preaching and defending, within our own spheres, the world-wide Gospel of the grace of God.

When we commenced, six years ago, to write a history of the Origin and Formation of the Evangelical Union, we had no idea that our articles would form so extended a series. We are

thankful that health and strength have been given us to write our quarterly contribution without any break or interruption. We can honestly say, that we have spared no pains to make the narrative correct and complete. We have endeavoured to strike the golden mean between too great diffuseness on the one hand, and too great condensation on the other. And, if we have succeeded in giving our readers a better understanding than they had before of the early struggles and sufferings of the founders of a body which, as we believe, is destined to affect the theology of the churches of the future more largely than might at first be imagined from its numerical strength, we shall feel ourselves to be amply rewarded.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF PRAYER.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, ESQ., HALIFAX, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., &c., &c.

"PRAY without ceasing" is the language of the apostle—"I am not a praying man," the recent utterance of a scientific authority, before a large public audience.

These two expressions indicate the difference which at present exists between two varied types of men, respecting the value and efficacy of prayer—the one believing it to be consistent with the highest reason and requirements of human beings that they should "continue instant in prayer;" the other that there is not only no advantage to be derived from its use, but that there is absolutely no necessity for it, and that its continuance is an outrage on reason and science.

We propose to inquire which of these two views is correct; to examine the grounds which have led some scientific men to reject the doctrine of prayer, and to state as concisely and distinctly as possible the reasons which have led us to believe that, so far from the verdict of true science being against prayer, it is really in its favour. We say the verdict of true science; and we therefore propose during the inquiry to deal with the question as a scientific subject—to view, in fact, the Scientific Aspect of Prayer. We reject, therefore, every evidence, either for or against, which will not bear the light of scientific inquiry. Authority and name must have no place in our court. If the matter could be settled by an appeal to authority, there would be no place for doubt, or even investigation, since there is no question on which side the verdict would be given. Unfortunately, however, no appeal can be made to a competent tribunal, since those who reject the doctrine of prayer would also reject as authority the source from which

the command for its use is derived. There remains, therefore, nothing but a thorough investigation of the subject to determine, if possible, whether there are not other sources whence may be derived evidence in favour of its use and results, and a reasonable argument advanced in support of both its necessity for man, and of its efficacy as a means of communion with God, and a consequent means by which man may receive blessings, and the fulfilment of desires otherwise unattainable.

We can never expect to derive a direct command from any source except revelation. Reason can only point to extreme probability; but it will be sufficient for the purposes of our inquiry if we can show that at least any argument which rejects revelation is as much in favour of prayer as against it—if indeed it be not more so; and that as good reasons can be assigned why men should pray, as why they should abstain from seeking the Divine favour. For a time, therefore, we abstain from using revelation as an argument in favour of the exercise, but this will not debar us from the consideration of the antecedent probability of its efficacy, as derived from the records of history or human experience; nor will it prevent us from using revelation as a source from whence we derive our knowledge of a Divine Being, His nature and character.

We assume the existence of a God—a God infinite and eternal in His nature and attributes—a God, the Creator, Upholder, Supreme Ruler and Disposer of all things: but this is all we shall assume. Our argument is not with those who deny the existence of God, since prayer can have no place in the regard of persons who refuse to acknowledge a Being to whom prayer can be offered. The denial of the one includes that of the other. Our argument is with those who, while they believe in a Supreme Being, and even acknowledge His interest in man as His handiwork, cannot see how He can be reached by the supplications of His creatures, and reject on rational grounds the possibility of His interference on their behalf, and the reception on their part of any advantage not equally attainable without the use of prayer.

We therefore assume the existence of God, and the order of our enquiry will stand thus:

1. Does God hear the supplications of man?
 2. Do men receive anything as a consequence of prayer which they would not receive without it?
 3. Is the answering of prayer consistent with the unchanging nature of the Divine Being and the method of His moral and physical administration?
1. The relationship between God and man is exceedingly mysterious. The inquiry into its nature abounds with

questions which have hitherto baffled all human investigation, and will, in all probability, continue to do so till the end of time. Man derived his being from God; from His design sprang all the complicated mechanism of his physical frame—the wondrous powers and functions of his mind, and the subtle co-ordination of his triple nature. It matters little to us, for the purposes of this argument, how this has been accomplished,—whether through a long chain of secondary causes, continued through countless ages, and ending in man as a result; or by a direct effort of the Divine Will, acting at once, and pouring into the unthinking clod “the breath of life.” All that we ask is that from God man has derived whatsoever he possesses, that in Him he “lives and moves and has his being,” that upon the continuance of His will he depends every moment for the sustenance of his mental and bodily power, and that when that Will ordains he “returns to his dust.”

The vast interval which separates man from the Creator, and the impossibility of his mind being ever able to grasp more than “parts of His ways,” will ever stand as a bar to the perfect determination of the position in which one of the two stands in regard to the other. What are the essential conditions upon which human existence is held? How far do these conditions necessitate the constant presence of the Divine Being as an active agent in the regions of human conscience and will? What is the means by which that Will operates upon the human will, and how far is the action reciprocal? These and like questions would be required to be answered before we could determine with philosophical accuracy the method by which the Divine Mind may be made aware of the prayers of the creature, and the degree in which the reply to such supplications may be perceived by man.

It is not, however, necessary that we should solve these questions in order to arrive at a degree of probability little short of certainty, that God does hold communion with man, and that man is in turn able to communicate with Him. We look, however, in vain for any signs of such a means of communication in the physical constitution of man. Through the bodily senses he cannot discern God—cannot hold intercourse with Him. He is not to be found in nature—He hides himself; if we seek Him there we shall not find Him. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.” The Spirit, which dwelleth everywhere, cannot be weighed in the balance, or detected by the nicest instruments of analysis. There is, however, a region where He may be sought. In that broader land where the mysteries of Spirit and matter meet; where the conscious

self sits enthroned, and the impressions of the senses are judged and weighed; where the efforts of the will are exerted which translate thought into action—there we may possibly detect signs of this communion. We require, however, proof. With one exception it can only be derived from analogy—the evidence which is everywhere afforded that there is what we may term “a fitness in things,” a relation between all powers, whether physical, mental, or moral, and the agency which can call them, and has called them, into exercise. The exception is to be found in the antecedent probability of such a relation, which is very great. It is hardly to be supposed that the Divine Being in the creation of man would set up an *imperium in imperio*—create a being whose will and power should be absolutely unconstrained and free, whose actions within the limits of physical possibility should not be subject to the modifying action of the one Mind upon whose will the existence of all things depends, and who arranges so that all things shall work in unison for a common purpose. On the other hand, were there no region within which a will could act independently of a Divine Will, there could be no sufficient freedom to constitute responsibility. The probability, therefore, is that the will is the medium through which the modifying action is exerted; and in just the same proportion it carries along with it the probability of a means of communication. It may, perhaps, never be within the range of human science to detect direct evidence of this. The influences which affect the mind are so numerous, their sources so obscure, and the method of action so little understood, that the most searching analysis may never reveal the secret springs of action through which the Divine reaches the human mind; but the very conviction that the Divine Being has formed man’s mind, that He has permitted to it conscious will and purpose, will ever be presumptively in favour of the idea that He can, and does act upon that will to influence its direction, and that He will not be unmindful of the necessities which its varying conditions cause it to feel, and which are consciously expressed to Him in the form of earnest desires.

There can be no doubt that the two great facts which lend any weight to any argument against the probability and possibility of God’s hearing the prayers of men are these: the deep mystery by which the whole subject is surrounded, and the impossibility of understanding any *rationale* of the means by which an answer to prayer is rendered possible. Since this is the case, any argument in its favour must be derived from some other source than an explanation of its *modus operandi*. This

source is conscious necessity. That man has wants and requirements which lie beyond the sphere of his mere physical nature, and demand satisfaction from other than either a physical or mental source, cannot be denied: unless we are prepared to reject all human experience of religious feeling as simply the result of morbid sensibility, or the reflex action of thought which has been overstrained in the endeavour to solve questions of perplexity and doubt respecting a mysterious present and an uncertain and unknown future. The constitution of man forbids this supposition. Let him be surrounded with everything which his physical nature requires; let his bodily senses be satisfied by every possible gratification, and his mind be in unison with this felicitous condition of body; let him receive such a training that in perception he is acute and in judgment unerring—there will still remain wants which are unsatisfied, and which are all the more aggravated by these very conditions. Anxious questions of right or wrong—the old problem, “If a man die, shall he live again?” the unutterable sorrow which enters like iron into the soul, which no reason can assuage and no outward conditions alleviate; the strange vacuity which refuses to be filled when physical desires are satiated, and all been known and grasped that science and knowledge, “rich with the spoils of time,” can present to the human mind; that desire for sympathy, support, and illumination which comes when the mysterious aspect of circumstances beyond the reach of control baffles the most skilful judgment and appals the stoutest heart,—such are a few of the voids which the world can never fill. We may not be able to assign a reason for this, but its occurrence is almost universal. With very few exceptions, wherever man exists, and under whatever conditions, whether in primitive barbarism he ranges primeval forests, or, surrounded by the trophies of science and civilization dwells in cities and rolls in wealth and luxury, these feelings with more or less intensity make themselves manifest. Nor is any age exempt. Wherever human minds have reflected, or human hearts unfolded their inner workings, these yearnings are presented to us. We find them mingled with the poetry of Hebrew bards, with the mysteries of Hindoo sages, with the metaphysical speculations of Greek philosophers, and with the profoundest inquiries of modern schools of thought. Nor are they confined to the wise and cultivated alone. They make themselves manifest in hut and cottage and palace. Part of that common nature “which makes the whole world kin,” they are the everyday experience of humanity, and the foundation upon which has been based the reverence and veneration and religion of every age and of every clime.

To satisfy them altars have been built, victims have bled, temples been reared, and oracles consulted. Men have retired from the world and sacrificed its honours and its pleasure; or, mingling with its busy crowds, have given their lives with cheerful self-sacrifice, in order that they might realise the blessedness resulting from the satisfaction of these earnest yearnings. We cannot thrust them on one side as phantasies of the imagination, having no true existence or power. All these desires are as real as the requirements of our bodies or minds—as real to our own conscious self as, and in many instances far more powerful than, the desire of the body for food, the eye for sight, or the mind for knowledge. To deny them is to do violence to our most cherished feelings and experiences, and shut our eyes to the facts which lie nearest to us. These yearnings are not artificial creations. Their power, range, and intensity are no doubt increased or diminished by the ability of the individual to receive, perceive, or retain them, and their effect will no doubt be modified, or the reverse, by like conditions; but of their reality there is no doubt. In his recent Address at Belfast before the members of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Professor Tyndall, one of the last persons from whom such an admission might have been expected, after referring to the facts of consciousness, remarks—"There is also that deep set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions, in the high-and-dry light of the understanding, may deride them; but, in so doing, you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems in the present hour."

Whence do these intuitions come? The mind does not create them; it only perceives their presence. Circumstances may give them prominence, or training enable them to be detected where they would otherwise have passed unnoticed; but they are ever present more or less. There is a striking resemblance or analogy between our mental and bodily senses: in physical nature the same thing holds true. The power to see is a universal gift—at least, the exceptions are so few that for purposes of argument we may neglect them; but all do not see equally well. Mountains and trees, forms and faces, light and darkness, colour and shade, the rolling ocean, the glorious sun are seen by all, but not in the same detail or with equal distinctness. The eye which has been trained and educated will see more than the eye which has never received any

attention; or rather the mind which is behind the eye will use it with greater skill, but none would assert that the educated eye created what it saw more than the uneducated one. The constant use enables it to perceive more, and the necessity for this use is frequently the cause why it receives cultivation. In the world of mind it is just the same; few men analyse their thoughts, and fewer still their feelings—the causes from which they spring, the chain through which they act, and the effects which they produce. With the great mass of mankind reason acts more like instinct. The mechanism is concealed; they may arrive at the same result, but the minority know why they have arrived, the majority are only conscious that the position has been reached. All these desires of the mind of which we have spoken point to one conclusion. They ask for a satisfaction which is absolutely unattainable if there be no hearer and no answerer of prayer. These deep longings are but the glimmer of a phantom light which leads onward only to destroy, and mocks the wearied soul with the semblance of a reality which has no existence. The deeper the investigation, the more searching the analysis, the clearer does it become, that in every human breast, where things and circumstances are passed in review, there is a longing which no reason can set at rest, and which, however much we may be inclined to dispute its origin, has no fitter expression than the language of Job, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might draw him even to his seat."

Can it be that these desires are false? that man does possess faculties and capacities for which there is no exercise—can be none? Throughout all Nature there is one uniform principle observed. If there be organs, there is a use for them; if there be capacity and desire, there is a means of satisfying it. Go where we will amidst either the vegetable or animal world, the possession of faculties is a sure indication that there is a region within which these faculties will find a fitting exercise. Nay, more, the highest well-being of the plant or animal is dependent on the constant exercise of all its organs and faculties. If this exercise be neglected, the plant or animal dwindles and shrinks. If persisted in, the power for use is ultimately lost, and if the life of the plant or animal be dependent upon the exercise of this special function, it dies. It matters not how simple or how complicated the organs may be or the function to be performed, their retention in a useful condition, at least, is dependent upon use; and their existence is an indication that there is a sphere within which they may act. We need not give examples; they abound on every side. They are to be seen in the arrangements by which food is

obtained, the enjoyment of life provided for, and the propagation of the kind secured. So true is this, that science can now determine from the examination of the organs of the creature the purposes to which they were put, and the conditions under which the animal was placed—whether it inhabited air, earth, or water, upon what it fed, and whether it was domesticated or wild. Even such slight differences of special condition as the foot it used in rising, or the side of the mouth on which it chiefly masticated its food, may be determined by examination. Man is no exception to the general rule. All the organs and arrangements of the body are examples of adaptation to purpose and end; and the body is only kept in health and condition by the constant use of all its powers. It possesses none which are unnecessary.

In the lower order of creation instinct is the constraining cause of this action. In man it is reason, and the exercise of this reason reveals the existence of powers and capacities of mind which all find a fitting exercise in the varying conditions under which he is placed. Mental science, like anatomy and physiology, has never yet been able to discover a single unnecessary power, and it has proved conclusively that in the skilful use, nay, even the retention of these powers, there is a relationship exactly analogous to that which governs the faculties of the body. Use increases power, neglect diminishes. The possession of a mental power is the certain indication that there are conditions under which it will be required and its use demanded. With very few exceptions, such as rudimentary organs, which are in all probability intended to show a general plan, or are indications of former conditional requirement, nature presents no examples of useless structure. Mental science presents the same phenomena.

We cannot, therefore, accept the opinion that the almost universal experience of devotional feeling in man, with corresponding faculties for its exercise, are exceptions to the universal rule—not the indications of adaptation or requirement, but only the offspring of disordered imaginations—that they have no real existence in the same sense as we find other feelings and emotions, and no corresponding conditions which can call these powers into active exercise. We cannot escape the inference that, as in all other departments of research, physical or mental, there is an exact correspondence between the power to perform an act and the necessity for its performance, so here, where there is an equally distinct power, accompanied by its inciting desires, there must also be a domain for its exercise: a means, in fact, by which communion can be held with God, and a capacity on His part in virtue of

which those prayers can be heard. Nor is this all which will follow from this argument. If there be a means by which communion can be held with God, and a capacity on his part to hear and answer, there will also be a beneficial result flowing from such communion, since the exercise of such faculty will bring along with it the necessary consequence of such exercise, in the reception of a distinct series of benefits and blessings which flow from its use, and which can be attained in no other way. Else the faculty were unnecessary and useless: and we are therefore brought directly to the consideration of the question:

2. Do men receive anything as a consequence of prayer which they would not otherwise receive without it?

The question is one of great difficulty, because in all circumstances the relation of cause and effect is exceedingly difficult to trace. It has been proposed in our own day to endeavour to solve the question by direct experiment. But how can the experiment be performed? How can the conditions necessary to render the results trustworthy be fulfilled? Who shall bow the knee and ask the great Hearer and Answerer of Prayer to deign an answer to a request the very condition of which would be a practical setting aside of many of the grounds upon which a rational expectation of an answer to prayer must be based?

To set apart a number of sick men, some of whom are to be the subjects of prayer, and the others to be neglected, when the very men who propose the plan would be the very first to acknowledge that they could not by any possibility secure that each should be under the same physical conditions as regards bodily force, like intensity of disease, or recuperative power, seems to be the height of absurdity. Who could secure the sincerity of the prayers offered on behalf of one set of subjects, or the neglect of prayer on behalf of those who were supposed to be cut off from its advantages? To expect to decide that the one had been raised by the interposition of a divine power, as distinguished from the other, by any means which it is in the hands of man to employ, sounds like a solemn mockery rather than a sober proposition to elicit truth. Let us ask these gentlemen who propose such a plan, would they test the efficacy of any school of medicine by such an experiment, and abide by the decision? Would they settle the claims of Allopathy or Homœopathy by such a test? And yet they propose to apply it to a question where not only the physical conditions are to be considered, but the very thoughts and intents of the heart. We are not always able to prove even a fact, which is strictly true, or to measure effect by what

we may suppose to be its cause; and this is especially the case in the region of spiritual and moral causation, where the effect of any cause is not, as in mechanics, exactly proportional to the cause which produces it. Hence the difficulty of proving that a given result is the answer to a given prayer is very great. No one can infer or predict from any prayer the means which will be employed in order to answer it, or even the extent to which God will vouchsafe an answer.

We must remember in what prayer consists, and what are the conditions of its efficacy, before we can decide whether man receives any blessings which he would not receive without its use. It is not a mere petition, the asking of a favour or gift as we ask favours or gifts from men. It is rather the unfolding of the desires to God, the unburdening of the cares and difficulties which weigh down the soul, and the expression of a conscious belief in the interest and affection with which the creature is regarded by the Creator as a father over his children. To receive a gracious answer from men it does not follow that we must sincerely desire the gifts we seek, since they cannot see the condition of the heart or the reasons why the gift or favour is sought; nor are they able to judge whether the granting of the request will always conduce to the true benefit of the asker; nor in granting it are they even required to determine such a question. Besides, it is usual in seeking human favours to indicate the form in which the answer must come, or the method in which it may be accomplished, in order to meet the wants of the petitioner. It is otherwise with regard to prayer. There is a spiritual condition necessary before a single prayer can be breathed. It presupposes that there is a faith in the being and in the willingness of the Infinite One to whom the prayers are addressed: that there is a going out of self, and a resignation of that self to the decrees, infinite wisdom, and purposes of God. No true believer (and such alone can pray) would bow the knee and mock Him by proffering a request which was absolutely unconditioned. Nor is this all. Every prayer is presented in the spirit which leaves the method of its answer, and even the decision whether it shall be answered or not, in the hands of God. There must be a recognition of the great fact, that although He may employ means, He is really above and independent of them; that it would be utterly inconsistent with the spirit of prayer to dictate to God the means which he must employ in order to meet the desires of the offerer; and that a real answer to human prayer may be given, while the petitioner may nevertheless remain absolutely unconscious that an answer has been

given, since he may receive what he asks in a form in which he cannot at the time recognise it.

If we seek for proof of the answer to prayer—instances in which undoubted answers have been given, while the recipients also have been conscious that such has been the case—we must leave the region of mere physical interposition, and enter that in which, one by one, we may eliminate every source from which an answer could be derived, until we are left with one solution only. Prayers have been offered up for recovery from sickness, and the sick have been raised up again; but it is obviously impossible to separate from one another the many causes which have contributed to this result, so as to affirm to the satisfaction of a doubter that the recovery was the result of prayer. Prayer has been offered up for rain, and the rain has fallen; but who knoweth the ways of the wind, “which bloweth where it listeth,” sufficiently to be able to show that such outpouring was the direct answer to the prayer, in such a manner as to convince those who may deny it?

Proof that answers have been given to prayer does not, however, rest entirely on such instances as these. The cases in which physical interposition is necessary, in order that an answer may be given, are few in number compared with those in which requests are daily made and daily answered; and it is as foolish for a man to say that he will only be satisfied that an answer has been given to prayer by a proof from those cases in which the greatest difficulty to furnish such proof exists, where hundreds of a simpler nature may be adduced, as it would be for a man to deny the truths of astronomy and refuse to believe in the laws of gravitation, until a complete solution can be furnished of its most difficult problems, such as the source of solar heat, or the phenomena presented by comets. The everyday life of every Christian is filled with multitudes of instances in which an answer has been given to prayer as real and appreciable (or even more so) as if the sick had been raised, or the heavens had given their rain. We must remember, that if we desire to find the evidence of blessings or benefits received in answer to supplication to God, we must go into the region where such manifestations are likely to be found; where, in fact, the phenomena which we seek occur the oftenest. It is in the difficulties and trials and perplexities of Christian life that this region is situated; and those alone who are partakers of this life are competent judges as to the facts. We are being continually told by scientific men that the untrained mind is not fit to deal with the phenomena which are presented in the physical universe: that it requires special training to discern the latent causes and forces which are operating around

us, so as to be enabled to draw from observation the true laws which are regulating their action, follow the series of antecedents which precede every change which we behold, or explain the consequences which flow from them. To those unacquainted with the sciences of chemistry, geology, or astronomy, the mystery of the combination of atoms, the stratification of rocks, or the cause of the precession of the equinox, and the results which flow from them, must remain for ever as facts only to be received on faith, not as a consequence of personal knowledge. In the same way the possession of mere scientific knowledge and training does not fit a man to decide the question whether prayer is answered or not, or even to decide on scientific grounds whether such an answer is possible or not, since it is out of the range of his experience. If we require evidence respecting any astronomical fact, to whom should we apply? To the astronomer, to one who is familiar with the forms of astronomical instruments, and conversant with their use, who has tracked the courses of the stars with his own eye, and weighed the planets in his own scale, who has subjected to scrutiny and analysis the complicated laws which regulate their movement, and who has verified these laws by actual determination and measurement. And when we wish for evidence respecting the facts of communion with God, whether he answers the prayer and listens to the cry of his children, should we not with equal consistency ask the opinion and evidence of those who daily seek His face and know His will, and not of one who can declare, "I am not a praying man," and then venture the assertion as a scientific fact, that prayer is the height of credulity, and an answer to it impossible. What right has such a man to judge this matter? He has never made the experiment, and is not competent to say whether it would ever, or can succeed. Ask the Christian—the praying man—Did you ever receive an answer to your prayers? Have you ever received as an answer to prayer anything which you would not have received without it? Hear his reply. He will tell you—I have prayed for years. I am accustomed to take all my trials and perplexities and difficulties and joys and successes, both temporal and spiritual, and lay them before the Lord. I open my mind to Him and unburden my soul. I seek advice and consolation and strength, and I find all I seek. I can call to mind instances without number when, for example, I have felt oppressed with care. The weight and burden of life has seemed too heavy. I have exercised all the resources of my reason and prudence, and found no relief. I have sought the advice of friends, and found no ease. The perplexity seemed too great to be removed, and

the way before me was dark and uncertain. I have taken counsel of God: in the retirement of my closet I have opened my heart to Him. I have asked in humble deference to His will, and while I have yet been praying I have felt relief. The clouds have seemed to disperse; the burden has grown less; the difficulties have vanished; the duty has become clear, and I have arisen from my knees a new man. I can give no explanation how all this is accomplished, but I can testify to facts, proved over and over again with equal success, in seasons so different and at times so various, as to lead me unhesitatingly to only one conclusion, that it was a result of prayer.

Such expressions are by no means uncommon; and singular as it may appear to those who would have men believe that it is mere hallucination, they occur most frequently in the lives of those men who are most distinguished for their intelligence and culture. No truly scientific man can afford to ignore such experience—an experience which is in many instances vouched for by men equal in scientific attainments and mental culture, in acuteness of observation and power of mind, to any who deny the efficacy of prayer. Men who, with sincerest desires to know the truth, have tracked the mazy windings of philosophy through its darkest recesses, examined the relics of past ages, pondered on the endless succession of organized and thinking beings, and ascending into the starry firmament, have returned, after scanning the whole circle of human knowledge, with their longings unsatisfied, and the utterance upon their lip that their deepest yearnings have received a greater satisfaction during a single hour of prayer, than from the study of the universe for a lifetime.

The history of Christian life abounds with innumerable instances, which must occur to the minds of those who are familiar with Christian biography, in which there are well authenticated cases where the results following prayer, if not admitted to be an answer, would certainly be classed amongst curious coincidences, even by those who deny that the ordinary course of nature can be violated by the interposition of God on behalf of His children. Deliverances from danger by the intervention of circumstances at times and in places where they do not certainly occur under ordinary conditions, provision for pressing wants by means so unlooked for and extraordinary as to startle even those whose wants were relieved, and peace of mind, resignation, and even joy, obtained under conditions so unpromising, that those who have thus been blessed have borne cheerful witness that "the place which they had chosen as the receptacle of their tears has become

the place of their highest rapture," occur to us readily as we review the field of our reading, as well as our own experience and observation. Living men, such as George Müller, Pastor Harms, and others rise before our minds; but to give instances would lengthen out this paper far beyond the bounds it is intended to occupy. Suffice it to say that there is abundant testimony that real and substantial benefits have been received after the act of prayer, which there is no reason to suppose would have been received without it.

The objectors to this position will, however, urge that no testimony can confirm an impossibility, and that the violation of the laws of nature is such. In reply we advance that by far the largest number of answers which men assert to have been received to prayer do not necessitate any violation of natural law. While we believe that God can disturb, and that He has in answer to prayer disturbed, the physical conditions which would have occurred if prayer had not been offered, we do not believe that He ever purposely interferes with the ordinary succession of cause and effect by which He works in nature, when His gracious purposes and intentions can be performed in another way. To receive strength in times of trouble, to have doubts and difficulties removed, to have spiritual sight increased, and health given so that the hands may work for the daily bread, are benefits as great to the individual as to have the physical causes from which many of these infirmities and wants generally spring removed, and necessitate just as truly the intervention of a higher than human power to bring them about. For instance, a man is in deep poverty. He hardly knows where to get the next meal. He is not in possession of health, and on both accounts is dejected and sad. He prays that these burdens may be removed, and the prayer is answered, but not in the way he expects. His coffers are not filled with treasure, or his body with new life, but he has given him the spirit of faith, which enables him to rest satisfied that "his bread shall be sure and his water sweet," as well as the spirit of resignation, which bids him rejoice in infirmities. He hears the same voice speaking to his soul which said to the apostle of old, "My grace is sufficient for thee," until "his strength is made perfect in weakness." His dejection is removed, and he becomes thankful, contented, and happy,—perhaps more so than if he had suddenly become wealthy, or had had his bodily infirmity removed, and, so far as he is concerned, he has had an answer to his prayer.

There are, however, many cases in which it is undoubtedly claimed that the answer to prayer has come in a form in

which operation through, or interference with, physical cause is certainly necessary; and the inquiry whether it is scientifically tenable that prayer is of any avail outside the domain of mental and spiritual life, will be best considered under the answer to the question:

3. Is the answering of prayer consistent with the unchanging nature of the Divine Being, and the method of His moral and physical administration?

Here we are brought face to face with the principal argument which is urged against the possibility of an answer being given to prayer. It is substantially the same as that which is used to destroy our belief in miracles. We are told that in nature God works by known laws, which are invariable in their action and continuous in their operation; and that the rain will fall, and the fire burn, and disease run its course, independently of any desires on the part of man, since they arise from causes, and are sustained by power incapable of modification, or of such flexibility as will accommodate the varying circumstances of human life. We are told that it is impossible to conceive "of any two material atoms subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one on the other, whether of equilibrium or motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connection."*

It would be well if the advocates of the immutable theory were content to rest here; but they are not. The rigid and unyielding reign of law is carried a step farther still. As if to drive away the possibility of any answer being given to prayer, we are calmly told, "Not the physical world alone is now the domain of inductive science, but the moral, the intellectual, and the spiritual are being added to the empire. It is the crown of philosophy to see the immutable, even in the complex action of human life."†

Now all this sounds very well until it is examined and brought to the test of experiment, and then it vanishes, and,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a wreck behind."

It rests upon the assumption that what we term laws in nature are a real cause, whereas they are in reality only the effects of a cause which they do not explain. What we term

* *Essays and Reviews* (Baden Powell).

† *Westminster Review*, 1860: Art., "New Christianity."

laws, such as the law of gravitation, the laws of chemical combination, the laws of electrical or magnetic induction, are simply our own expression of the orderly continuity of the observed action of a cause which is unknown to scientific inquiry. To say that all bodies attract each other directly as their mass, and inversely as the square of their distance, is no explanation of the reason why it is so, or why they do not attract in other ratios. At the back of all the laws which have ever been deduced by scientific observation, there lies a great originating cause which science is utterly unable to explain. Well has Mr. Kingsley said that "Men of science are finding more and more, below their facts, below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show, a something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before them deeper and deeper, the deeper they delve; that which the old school men called '*forma formativa*,' the mystery of that unknown and miraculous element in nature which is always escaping them, though they cannot escape it, that of which it was written of old, 'Whither shall I go from Thy presence, or whither shall I flee from Thy Spirit?'"*

Science may demonstrate by observation the unity of its action through the wide fields of nature, and trace the continuity of its operation through the untold ages of the past; but it steps from its high prerogative when it attempts to declare that either of the researches reveal the great origin from whence that unity and continuity spring, when it sets up, as a sufficient account of the cause of all it beholds, its own conception of the order of nature, or declares, as a deduction from anything at present known, the absolute impossibility of that order being changed.

Observation is only the first step towards scientific induction. There is an inner court where all the evidences of our senses, from whatever source derived, must be weighed and tested, and where indeed they all resolve themselves (that is, all observed phenomena) into so many ideas presented to the mind. Here, if at all, the cause which produces them must be sought and found, if it is possible to find it; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that we are absolutely certain of only one cause which can be subjected to the test of direct experiment, and that is the operation of our own will. All other causes of change rest upon hypotheses which have to be taken upon the faith of evidence which cannot be absolutely verified. We know that will can induce physical action—it can select the mode, the time, the place

* *Macmillan's Magazine*: Art, "The Natural Theology of the Future."

where the action shall occur and the duration of its occurrence. We can will to move, and we move—to close our eyes, and they close—to raise a weight, and it is raised—to alter the relative position of two objects, and it is altered—to construct a machine, and it is constructed; and we determine in which direction the train of wheels shall revolve, or we take the strongest forces of nature, and the steam engine works allotted factory hours, or the lightning conveys our wishes and thoughts beneath the bed of the raging ocean. All this is the result of direct experiment. We know the cause which sets these processes in action from personal knowledge, which is not dependent upon the evidence of our senses, but upon that of our own consciousness of the exertion of will. After all, what we call physical science really resolves itself into mental science; and we find our observation of phenomena really the observation of ideas. It is as much a real observation to observe ourselves observing, as to watch the transit of a planet or measure the angles of a crystal. It is true that the will always acts through the operation of physical agents; but it can modify these in their actions so as to perform its behests. We feel that to say the complex actions of human life are immutable, or that the causes which produce these actions are immutable, is an insult to our conscious experience. We know that they are subject to affection and duty, to passion and interest, and oftentimes to mere caprice; and the will determines which of these motives shall rule. Upon the recognition of this rests the whole fabric of human responsibility. We feel that men have the power to determine their course of action and to modify it in accordance with the influences and motives from which they act.

Now, how does this bear upon our subject? All our deductions of what takes place in the outward physical universe must be the result of the conclusions which have been reached by the analysis and comparison of the ideas which have been presented to the mind through the medium of our senses or of our conscious knowledge; and our conclusions respecting the sustaining power of the universe, and whether the order and succession of its phenomena are capable of change and modification or not, must be the result of deductions from those facts which we feel consciously are capable of being brought within the mind to the test of experience and experiment.

We have seen that there is only one source of causation which can be thus experimentally examined; and to follow the legitimate plan of arriving at truth by the scientific method of proceeding from the known to the unknown, we must

at least conclude that the source of causation in the universe, by which we are surrounded, is most probably the same in kind, though differing in degree. A modern writer has observed: "The Cosmos without us displays an intelligence far-reaching as the farthest fixed star, but this infinite power the physicist hesitates to pronounce a personality. That microcosmos, our moral nature, displays undoubted personality; and unless the intelligence which transforms the whole universe is somewhat infinitely less than man, we have found the true God. . . . Why, unsatisfied by long chains of sequency, by a world pendant upon nothing, moving no whence, no whether, and for no reason, do we, incredulous as to these airy nothings, seek after a First Cause, an Author, a Creator, and refuse to relinquish our quest? It is because we find the facts of causation within our own minds. Will is the cause, and we are directly conscious of our own will. . . . Thus, where the physicist hesitates the psychologist steps in. Our moral nature utters what is voiceless in irrational nature, and pronounces that Will, sovereign over all it creates, is the one known, the only conceivable First ground."* Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S., when president of the British Association for the advancement of Science, in further explanation of his address at Brighton, also wrote as follows: "Science points to the origination of all power in mind, and when metaphysicians, shaking off the bugbear of materialism, will honestly and courageously study the phenomena of the mind of man in relation to those of his body, I believe they will find in that relation their best arguments for the existence of infinite mind in universal nature."† Certainly, since science cannot give a conclusive answer as to the cause of the order and regularity which we behold in nature, it has no right to assume that that cause is incapable of inducing change in its succession or irregularity in its action. The order remains the same only so long as the cause which produces it does so. It is quite true that in the domain of nature we see no provision made for any change. We may sweep the heavens with our telescopes, and scrutinize the minutest atoms amidst the growths of earth, and find everywhere the same order and regularity; but such observation does not demonstrate change to be impossible. It simply confirms the truth that we see everywhere a fixity of purpose working towards a common end: that a continuous will, which is, after all, the only source of causation with which science has made us acquainted, is perpetually acting amidst the complicated phenomena of the universe; but it

* "Right and Wrong," by the Rev. William Jackson, M.A.

† In a letter to the *Echo*.

does not demonstrate that its phenomena might not have been otherwise, or that the will, of which all the so-called laws are the evidence, is not capable of being influenced by human prayers so as to produce a change in their action.

Our argument is not with those who deny the existence of a First Cause—of God; and the belief in Him as the great moral governor of the world necessitates a belief in the unchanging nature of his moral attributes, but it does not involve a belief in the absolutely unchanging nature of the means which He employs to carry his purposes into execution. We know as creator and upholder that He works through means; but the use of those means at the exact time and place may certainly, for aught science can demonstrate, be the result of the expression of desire or requirement on behalf of the creature; and this is quite as legitimate a deduction from anything with which we are at present acquainted, as that all the complicated actions of nature which minister to the wants of man occur without any reference to his necessities and wishes. Until, therefore, science can demonstrate that all the order and regularity which we behold in the wide universe around us is not the result of a Divine Will which is ever present and ever active, which is capable of being influenced by the prayers of men, and which can answer these prayers by the control of the first causes from which all the powers of nature spring, it must at least suspend its judgment, and confess that, so far as any of its discoveries are concerned, there is as much reason to believe in the efficacy of prayer as to deny it. Scientific men often forget how difficult it is to prove a negative. Demonstrating that certain conditions or things are, they jump to the conclusion that certain others cannot be,—a result which is by no means always a necessary consequence. To say that the order of nature, so far as observation is concerned, remains unchanged, is no argument to prove that it cannot be; and it is a worse argument still to assume, from the limited knowledge which we possess respecting the chain of causes which produce any phenomena, that there is no possibility of any of those causes being operated upon as a consequence of prayer, so that the resulting effect is otherwise than it would have been had that prayer never been offered up.

The sum of the argument therefore stands as follows: We find an intuitive desire in man to hold communion with God; and we are driven to the conclusion, from an examination of all the observations both of the natural and mental phenomena with which we are acquainted, that there must be a region within which these faculties can find an exercise and receive as a consequence an increased development, while they bring,

as the result of such exercise, a commensurate advantage; that the result of experimental inquiry on the part of competent men, in regions where the experiment can be faithfully tried, has accumulated an immense mass of evidence in favour of a distinct advantage being obtained by the use of prayer; and that an examination of all that is at present known respecting the laws of the physical universe reveals nothing from which a legitimate deduction can be drawn that an answer to prayer is impossible, or its use contrary either to the dictates of reason or to the teachings of science. Nay, more, since such an inquiry points to the conclusion that the First Cause of all phenomena is Will, it throws the weight of the argument in favour of the use of prayer.

It is high time, therefore, that we should cease to hear from men who, however eminent in their own department of inquiry, are incompetent, from their previous training or mental condition, to judge in the matter, those jests and scoffs at the use of prayer which they are on many occasions guilty of uttering, and which, while they are incapable of changing the opinion of those who know upon what a slender foundation of assumption they base their conclusions, may shake the faith of others who believe their declarations to be the legitimate deductions from the teachings of physical science.

With this our arguments would naturally end; but we cannot forbear remarking, in conclusion, that to the Christian the evidence in favour of prayer does not rest upon any argument. He has a direct command, derived from a sphere of which physical science can take no cognisance—"that sure word of prophecy," which speaks not with the conscious fallibility of true science, but with the calm and dignified assurance of absolute knowledge, and which mingles its commands with those gracious promises which have been the support and consolation of every age. To him its use is only part of one grand plan by means of which he is enabled to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. He knows the distinction between those things which can be physically, and those things which can be spiritually, discerned. He believes that the same voice which utters "Seek ye My face" "spake and things were, commanded and they stood fast." He knows of what a precious heritage they would rob him who would wrest from him the privilege of communion with that Being "whose favour is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life." He shrinks from the acceptance of those theories which would annihilate one of the chief sources of his joy and consolation, without giving to him any adequate substitute in return, and calls to mind the many blessed ex-

periences when he has "seen God face to face," and "communed with Him as a man with his friend." The perplexing problem of the great First Cause which, to the eye of a mere natural philosophy, is the inscrutable mystery of the universe, presents no difficulties to him, since he beholds in the order and regularity of nature the beneficent designs and purposes of that Will which ordains all things according to Its own counsel, and works through "diversities of operation" for the highest well-being of the countless creatures whom It has created. While sympathizing with the difficulties and doubts of those who reject revelation, he prays that the "eyes of their understanding may be opened" and that, coming in simple faith to the feet of a loving Saviour, they may know from their own experience "whether these things be so, or not," and that, liberated from the iron bonds of inexorable law, they may "rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ can make them free," and experimentally test the truth of His gracious promise, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Plymouth Brethrenism unveiled and refuted. By WILLIAM REID, D.D.; Edinburgh. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co., 1875. Pp. 322.

WE have always been warm admirers of Dr. William Reid, of Edinburgh,—to whom, indeed, we cannot refer under his new designation without congratulating him on his well-earned theological diploma. His services in connection with the temperance cause have been simply invaluable. His style, whether as a speaker or writer, is always lucid and interesting, and ever and anon flashes into genuine eloquence. And we are glad that, although his health so far failed several years ago that he required the aid of a colleague, he is still able to minister effectively both from pulpit and platform, while he devotes the leisure time he has acquired to the completion of theological treatises which have already rendered important service to the cause of Christian truth.

It would appear that the keen proselytizing spirit of the Plymouth Brethren, along with a conviction that their tenets are decidedly erroneous, have, in a manner, provoked Dr. Reid to prepare this large volume. He must have been at immense pains in ransacking the denominational literature of the Brethren, as we may judge by the numerous quotations which he gives from their voluminous authors.

The Doctor gives us first a brief history of the origin of Plymouth Brethrenism. Mr. Groves, a dentist in Bristol, may be called the founder of the connection, although he no more intended to leave

the Church of England, when he first mooted his peculiar views, than Mr. Wesley did. Mr. Groves simply became convinced, when he was studying to be a missionary at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1828, that he did not need to get ordination from a bishop to qualify him to go abroad in that capacity. He also thought that he saw from the New Testament that it was the privilege of any number of believers, who might feel specially drawn towards one another, to meet and break bread together. Indeed, when he came back from Persia in 1836, and found that Mr. Newton and Mr. Darby, who might be called his followers, the former at Plymouth, and the latter at Dublin, had actually separated from the Church of England, and met in distinct societies, he was much displeased with them.

Dr. Reid then narrates the quarrel between Messrs. Newton and Darby about the interpretation of prophecy and the humanity of Christ. He tells his readers how Mr. Darby denounced Messrs. Müller and Craik of Bristol, who met in the "Bethesda" chapel, as the upholders of "Bethesda blasphemy," because they would not disown Mr. Newton as he had done. This gives our author occasion to remark, and with apparent force, that while the Brethren cry out against the divisions of Christendom, their own chequered history affords instances of the most bitter schisms that have ever rent the Church.

Dr. Reid's book is divided into three parts. He first "describes the Brethren," taking up such points as their "proselytizing spirit"; secondly, he examines their principles of church polity, or rather their want of it; and, thirdly, he canvasses "the heresies of the brethren." We are glad to observe that, in the second part, when combating the notion of the Brethren that there was no church on the earth till Pentecost, he gives a conclusive quotation on the subject from Dr. Morison's *Commentary on Matthew*, XVI, 18.

The "Heresies of the Brethren" which Dr. Reid successively reviews are the following:—That Christ brought his human nature from heaven, and did not get it from his mother; that his righteousness is not imputed to the sinner; that we are justified not by the death but by the resurrection of Christ; that some of Christ's sufferings were non-atoning; that the Ten Commandments are not now binding as a rule of life; that the Lord's day is not the Sabbath; that they are perfectionists; that they hold a secret rapture of the saints to meet the Lord in the air long before his second advent, which is thus made literally a third advent. These points are all illustrated by elaborate extracts from their principal writers, and refuted *seriatim*.

Still, while we thank Dr. Reid for having given us so full a *resumé* of the Brethren's church principles and errors, we think that in some of his criticisms he has been too severe. He admits that they all lay great stress on Christ's substitutionary sufferings on the cross; and every one who knows anything about them, is well aware that they dwell continually on "the precious blood of Christ." Neither did Wesley in last century, nor Albert Barnes in this, hold the doctrine of imputed righteousness, as it is commonly held; yet they

were not regarded as being dangerously heretical for that reason. Consequently, such statements as the following we think too strong:—"In the Rationalistic tendency, Brethrenism makes direct for Socinianism" (p. 19); and "Brethrenism, whatever may be its pretensions, is as certainly the bane of true religion, as is Universalism or Socinianism. . . . It is to be regarded as a form of religion subversive of all true piety, and hostile to the success of pure Christianity" (p. 33).

The Brethren certainly hold the views ventilated by the late Norman Macleod as to the abrogation of the binding force of the Ten Commandments, which, however, they regard as having been superseded by the stricter morality of the New Testament. Such being their belief, as acknowledged by our author himself, we think he has gone too far when he says, at p. 261—referring pointedly to them—"We care nothing for that revival which leaves to its subjects the secret conviction that they may lie and cheat and 'work all uncleanness with greediness,' without having violated the law of God."

With these exceptions, we thank Dr. Reid cordially for this able and elaborate volume, which has decidedly supplied a desideratum in theological literature.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost. By REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D.
London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row. Pp. 254.

THIS is a reprint of an American work, which we owe to the zeal of Rev. John Bate, Aylesbury, Bucks. Dr. Mahan was at one time President of Oberlin College, and a distinguished associate of Rev. Charles Finney. It would appear that these eminent divines in the evening of life (for they must both be octogenarians now) have turned their attention to the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. They maintain that it is for the want of it that so many ministers are useless, and so many Christians unholy. Basing their theory on Paul's interview with the twelve Johannite believers of Ephesus, and his remarkable expression in Eph. i, 13, "after that ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Ghost of promise," they maintain that if believers will only wait upon the Lord in faith and prayer, something like a direct Pentecostal shower will come down upon them, lifting them up to a higher platform of spirituality and power than they ever occupied before. The book is deeply interesting; and whatever the reader may think of the above speculation, he cannot peruse Dr. Mahan's earnest chapters without profit. Three chapters by Professor Finney, on "The Endowment of Power," are given as an appendix.

We regret that an obituary notice of the REV. DAVID DRUMMOND was forgotten, till it was too late for this number; but we shall not fail (D.V.) to refer to our dear and valued brother and contributor in next issue.

THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

SIXTH SERIES.

No. IV.—JUNE, 1875.

EVOLUTION AND GOD—CONCLUDED.

HUMANITY, over all its breadths, and from its profoundest depths, looks up with open face to God. This sentiment we enunciated at the close of our last article, and reserved for further illustration. We had already mentioned that threefold division of mind to which all mental phenomena may be exhaustively reduced—Thinking, Feeling, and Willing. Each of these looks to God, “cries out for the living God.” How far this holds true of each, it is of transcendent moment to inquire. With a few indications in that direction, we shall bring our present task to a close.

First, as respects Thinking, all arguments and illustrations relating to the existence of Deity are in direct answer to the irrepressible demand of the intelligence for a satisfactory solution of the problem of Being. This demand is the more significant that it is not called for by any of the current practical requirements of life. It is a purely intellectual prompting of our higher reason. Starting with our own existence, we find it finite and conditioned, with no reason in itself for its own being. Passing to surrounding beings, and things related to us, we find them the same; not one of them can account for itself, and the higher any one is in the scale, it is only the more conditioned and restricted. Most people being content simply to fulfil the practical conditions of life without further concern on the intellectual side, it is only in philosophic moods, or times, that the problem of being excites inquiry. When it comes to do so in earnest, it is speedily seen that the solution must be sought outside of ourselves, and of all other restricted and transitory existences around us. To say that all are finite and conditioned, is to say that all are dependent. But on whom? or on what? That is the problem.

To this there are only two answers possible: either that of an Eternal Series of finite causes, or that of an eternal and self-existent First Cause.

The Eternal Series looks best at the first blush, but on closer inspection and further handling, it eludes our grasp, and slips away, like a rope twisted out of the rainbow. It is clearly a hand-to-mouth argument. Then it is mere assertion at best; for how far does real knowledge carry us back along that assumed eternal line? Further, if we test the meaning of these finite causes, we find the word "cause" melting away in our hands into a mere stream of antecedents and consequents; and if the word "force" be brought in to harden them anew into consistency, we find that it is but a new label for the same thing. If it is anything more, it belongs to the other and truer solution. Still further, we find that the eternal series occupies, or rather usurps, ostensibly logical ground, and that on a very vulgar level, by way of evasive expedient to cover our ignorance. Finally, and decisively, even as a logical theory it is intrinsically absurd; for, trace the series back till thought is weary, and begin again and rest again, and repeat the process millions of times, and millions more, and evermore, that far anterior link is in principle the same as the one next to us, and not a whit more helpful to solve the problem of being. Hence the absurdity so often charged upon the eternal series notion, that it supposes a cause prior to the first cause. This is rebutted by the rejoinder, and often in the tone of indignant rebuke, that no such charge is relevant, seeing that the series is declared to be eternal, and therefore precludes all first. But this a mere flourish of Mrs. Partington's broom to sweep back the Atlantic. Be it that, in form, the charge is not correctly put, it is still in substance valid. The very notion is unthinkable, yea, is positively self-contradictory;

" ——— since every link
Of that long-chained succession is so frail,
Can every part depend, and not the whole?"

As certainly as the axiom, that whatever begins to be must have a cause, and as each link in the series begins to be, however far back may be its place, the series itself must have begun to be, and can in no other manner be conceived of; for how can a succession of finite causes be eternal, any more than a succession of days or other aliquot parts of time could be multiplied into an eternity?

Much stress is laid on the inherent virtues of the molecule. Everything lies there—like the flower in the bud, like the chick in the shell. And the whole explanation lies there—

could we only see how! That ultimate molecule is the last refuge for the destitute. But if it indeed explains all, it will explain a great deal too much for our God-ignoring evolutionists; for it will then rub shoulders very closely with the great doctrine of inspired men, that "God works all in all." This aspect of the case was well put long ago by the author of *The Night Thoughts* :—

"Has matter innate motion? Then each atom
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust.
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learned
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block ;—a Godhead reigns.
And, if a God there is, that God how great?"

Dismissing this first solution, then, it only remains that we accept the other, that of an eternal, intelligent, self-existent First Cause. Whatever difficulties this may present to our limited faculties, it involves no contradiction or inconsistency. It solves the entire problem, otherwise utterly insoluble. It accounts for mind, otherwise unaccountable, by the pre-existence of an Infinite Mind, and for what we call physical causes by a great First Cause. We are driven to it by the necessary laws of human thought, by the dictates of pure reason; and thus simply, under the department of Thinking, seeking to solve the problem of being, we are borne irresistibly into the belief of an Infinite God.

But as yet we are only on the threshold of what awaits thought in this august province. Given the notion of time, the reason cannot stop short of the idea of infinite duration; nor by any effort can it think it away. Given the notion of space, the reason cannot stop short of the idea of infinite extension; nor by any effort can it think it away. The very idea of finite involves that of infinite; the very idea of the conditioned involves the absolute. What if Time and Space in their infinity be but attributes of the Necessarily Existing Being? He "inhabitheth eternity." What if this be in the sense indicated in the line of Watts—"Dwell in *my own* eternity"? It is along these lines that the *à priori* argument for the being of a God elaborates itself; an argument more frequently flouted at than grappled with, but which, though not likely to convince the atheist, is yet worthy of gravest consideration, and which within its own proper limits appears to be impregnable. This

deductive argument, which "looks down from heaven" upon us, is met, embraced, and interclasped by the inductive argument from design, as in its ascending process "it springs out of the earth." From the traces of design, everywhere apparent, and which science in its advance is ever more bringing into light, and from our own consciousness of intelligence and design, we irresistibly infer a Designer of supreme intelligence and wisdom. This argument, too, has been impugned. It has, for example, been urged that if adaptations in nature prove a designer, then those in the Divine existence itself will prove the same. But this is merest sophistry and evasion; for the very conception of God as the absolute, uncaused, and self-existent, deprives the objection of all place or basis. Without reference to other and equally baseless exceptions, the teleological argument, fairly and candidly faced, is one that can neither be repelled nor evaded without denying all that is most unquestionable in the intuitions of our own intelligence. Formally it stops short of demonstrating the infinitude or even the unity of the Supreme; for it is not in its nature, nor is it within the limits of our powers, to reach these conceptions by any such process. But we are not dependent on it for these; and within its own domain it conducts us irresistibly to the belief of Supreme Designing Intelligence; and as all the adaptations we find in nature group themselves into analogies and conspire and converge towards higher and ever higher unities, we find ourselves borne as far as the process can carry us towards the result at which we arrive by other and more immediate methods—the unity and infinitude of the Supreme Designing Mind. "The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

"——— What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Formed for his use, and ready at his will?"

Thus our Thinking faculty, in whatever direction it may operate, declares for God. Let us now turn to the second of the three departments of our mental being, that of Feeling or Emotion, and this too will be found to flower outward and upward to the same mark. Our very filial emotions fasten on the parental ideal, and from earliest years assure themselves of the existence and watchful care of our Father in heaven. The idea of father, with its constituent elements of love, reverence, awe, authority, dependence, trust, obedience, and the like, is not only the stepping stone by which we may rise to the conception of God, but is the perch from which we *must* mount

upward and away, with no rest for our winged affections short of the Infinite Father.

Professor Tyndall, it will be remembered, in that passage of his address where he introduces and does homage to the religious sentiment, makes its seat to be the emotions. In this he speaks like Mill, who similarly assigns religion to the emotions and imagination. As we are not here adjusting the philosophy of Theism, but vindicating the thing itself, we will not now quarrel with this representation, beyond observing, as we pass, that it savours of that confounding of emotion and will, on which, as on seven pillars, Necessitation, which annihilates will, and in principle subverts all morality and religion, hath builded her house, and in which, strange to say, the Calvinistic Jonathan Edwards and the sceptical Hobbes, Collins, and the rest, claim and contrive to find congenial and convenient accommodation. But, as our emotions are spanned by the firmament of our religion, equally with all other parts of our nature, let us accept the recognition as just, so far as it goes, and see what the emotions have to say on this theme of themes.

We shall confine ourselves entirely to those of them which the Professor specifies—namely, awe, reverence, the sense of beauty, wonder, and the sentiment of religion. Interrogate these, and every one of them will be found to “cry out for God, for the living God.” They all conduct us straight to Jesus, and through Jesus to God, and, like Noah’s dove, can find no rest short of that sublime belief. Awe, in one and the same process, humbles us, dilates us, exalts us; and all this it does, because it makes us realize mind that transcends our own, and can find no resting-place short of the Infinite Mind. Reverence utters the same testimony, and that with the augmented emphasis of having regard to moral excellence, and with an authority that disdains, in name of all the nobilities and moral grandeurs of our nature, to stop short of highest realization in the Infinitely Holy One. The Sublime, even in its commonplace and far too circumscribed association with material things, has always a reference to mind, and, pre-eminently, to mind in its moral aspect; nor can it stop short of the infinitely grand, august, and eternal Mind.

If we pass to the sense of Beauty, we find ourselves equally in motion towards something ulterior and loftier. Take even physical beauty, everything in nature of this kind—the flower at our feet, the bird of lovely plumage, the hues of sunset, the gleamings of ocean, the things of beauty all around us that “sparkle with a thousand dyes”—would instantly pale in our very view were we to confine our regards to them, to find

finality in them. Recall that scene on the Galilean mount, when Jesus pronounced the lily of the field smiling at his feet as eclipsing Solomon in all his glory, we discern at once that a greater than Solomon and lily both was deepest and uppermost in his mind—that, as Carlyle somewhere remarks of this very saying, it revealed a deep, deep glance into the great inner sea of beauty. When we see a lovely human face, we see the loveliness of mind and heart; for, by universal consent, this is the true element of beauty, which may exist without perfect symmetry of feature, and perfect symmetry of feature without it. If both elements are present, the inner beauty has more advantage of radiative medium. The first face of this kind we, up to a certain point, had ever seen, will often, at a time later, be left in the shade by another we came to see, and of which, at that former time, we had not even dreamed. Can we stop short even at this, or at any yet superior type as seen in actual life? Every poet, every painter, every man who can imagine or idealize, will tell you no; and more, they will tell you that if you could clip the wings or circumscribe the range of the imaginative and the ideal, you would put out half the light of life, and leave earth “a world without a sun.” But even the poet and other idealizers can carry us but a very little way. He can only work with what materials of idea, model, and colour, he has. Oh what a revelation of the beautiful beyond the genius of a thousand Shakespeares to imagine, would flash on our enraptured view were humanity seen, as it shall one day be, adorned as a bride for its Redeemer, and glorified with his glory! But even that Redeemer himself is not to us Beauty’s ultimate, though, as the God-man, he is all but that. He is “the brightness of the Father’s glory.” As such, he at once completes the ideal and satisfies the craving, and fulfils the requirements of our finest and highest being; and nothing else ever will, short of that “perfection of beauty,” the “beauty of holiness,” to be found in the personal, perfect, and infinite God.

Of the Religious sentiment, as such, the last element mentioned by Professor Tyndall, it is unnecessary to speak particularly. Enough, and more than enough, has been advanced to illustrate the utter frivolity, to give it no graver name, of pretending to use the word religion without reference to a personal God.

Thus, in the department of feeling, as truly as in that of thinking, our nature cries out from its profoundest depths for God. This could have been illustrated to yet greater extent by a reference to other sentiments than those above named.*

* See *The Religious Sentiment*, a discourse in reply to Dr. Tyndall, by the Rev. Joseph Leckie, Ibrox, Glasgow. It is a piece of beautiful disquisition.

We hasten to notice the third and remaining department of our mental being—the Will. Here the argument for the being of a God is probably to be regarded as the very strongest of all. For this reason, and because our space forbids expansion, we shall merely indicate its verdict.

We have will; and will is free—free, not in the evasive sense often alleged, that we are free to *do* what we choose, which is often not true, and where true, is nothing to the purpose; but free in the sense that we are free to *choose*. Hence come the ideas of right, wrong, praise, blame, responsibility, reward, punishment—in short, all the elements of morality and of moral government, and of a supreme God and infinitely perfect moral Governor, Lawgiver, Exemplar, and Judge. We are ourselves minds—He cannot be less. We are ourselves persons—He must be a person. We are ourselves moral—He must be moral. We are ourselves causes, every volition being a free causal act—He must be a cause, and the great First Cause. In this conscious freedom of ours, in this great deep of our free will, and in this alone, we have our very idea of cause or power; and apart from this we could never have attained it, all physical causes, so called, being in themselves a mere processional phantasmagoria of antecedents and consequents. In fact, universal consciousness, universal conscience, universal language, universal law, involve—and that not accidentally, but in their very essence—religion, morality, moral government, and a Moral Governor, who is personal and supreme. Eliminate a personal God, and morality is abrogated along with him. Religion is impossible, accountability there is none, language is a lying or unintelligible farrago, and man is a chaos, in eternal sedition with himself. I abate not, assuage not, any one of these strong expressions. It is said, indeed, that morality is quite conceivable and possible apart from God. This is said, not because there is one particle of truth in the saying, but merely on the strength of the well known fact that morality is a thing inextinguishable as humanity itself. But this fact, so far from establishing that daring hypothesis, directly exposes and subverts it. It is the dolphin's back on which it mounts, only to be drowned in an infinite ocean. For why is that morality inextinguishable? Because it involves the Divine; because a personal God is its perfect ideal and indispensable head; because apart from God it would be at war with itself, a self-convicted lie. Humanity being stronger than atheistic hypotheses, will not part with its morality at the bidding of theorists. Hence these theorists themselves are always, more or less, living confutations of their own creed.

We have thus taken the human mind in all its breadth

of Thinking, Feeling, and Willing, and we have found that as these, from their unity of root, grow up and blossom heavenward, they all look with bared bosom to the Infinite, and, as truly as the heliotrope that ever {turns sun-ward, they turn God-ward—"they cry out for God, for the living God," and drink in life, beauty, and glory from Him as the great "Father of Lights." Cut them off from the idea of God, and a solar system deprived of its central sun, would, in comparison, be a trivial disaster. But, cut off from this idea, they cannot, and will not be. Hence theorists indulge themselves in their atheizings without subverting the course of nature, but certainly not without subverting or injuring individual souls.

How far are the professors and representatives of religion answerable for the increasing influence and audacity of the scepticism of our time? This is a pertinent and solemn question. It is easy for the Pope and his Irish prelates to raise over Tyndall and his associates the hue and cry of blasphemy; and for Protestants in their several dialects to denounce those blindly dealt blows at the root of their common faith. It is also easy, and it is as competent as it is easy, and as dutiful as it is both, to protest that by no logical process can these atheizings pretend to be in any degree deducible from our faith, which they so flatly contradict, and so contumeliously ignore. But that will not suffice to absolve us. It will still remain to inquire how far our Popish arrogances, our Protestant narrownesses, our Genevan unbelievabilities, our ritualistic play-actorings, and other inconsistencies, may have inspired disgust in many minds, and planted snares in their way. In the late new edition of his lecture, Professor Tyndall says—and pity it is that he had such cause to say:—

"I have been reminded that an eminent predecessor of mine in the presidential chair expressed a totally different view of the cause of things from that enunciated by me. In doing so he transgressed the bounds of science at least as much as I did, but nobody raised an outcry against him. The freedom he took I claim; and looking at what I must regard as the extravagancies of the religious world, at the very inadequate and foolish notions concerning this universe which are entertained by the majority of our authorised religious teachers, at the waste of energy on the part of good men over things unworthy—if I might say it without discourtesy—of the attention of enlightened heathens, the fight about the fripperies of Ritualism and the verbal quibbles of the Athanasian Creed, the forcing on the public view of Pontigny pilgrimages, the dating of historic epochs from the definition of the Immaculate Conception, the proclaiming in the midst of these chimeras which astound all thinking men—it did not appear to me extravagant to claim the public tolerance for an hour and a half for the statement of what I hold to be more reasonable views—views more in accordance with the verities which science has brought to light, and which many weary souls would, I thought, welcome with gratification and relief."

We must now hasten to a close. As we began our article with some personal references to sceptical intellect, we may close it by one or two personal allusions of another and more pleasing sort.

Contrast, then, with those God ignoring frigidities of our sceptical Evolutionists, the profoundly religious spirit of one who, in scientific attainment and range of intellect, was second to none of them, and who, while associating with them, could accord them their due meed of honour. Mrs. Somerville, the authoress of *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, *Physical Geography*, *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, and other scientific works, was one of the subtlest mathematicians and accomplished scientists of her time. Nor were her time and experience short; for it is only within the last two years that she passed away, at the advanced age of ninety-three. It is interesting to note in her *Memorials* that "an evening with Professor Tyndall or Dean Stanley was marked with a white stone," as one of special interest; and the very association of these names indicate how far removed she was from narrowness. What thought this rare woman of that Ultimate Power which Professor Tyndall pronounces to be "absolutely inscrutable"? The question is by no means immaterial; for, as a true and high-souled woman, she reflected well the genuine intuitions of humanity, and, as a great thinker, whose career covered nearly a century, and bore itself with unabated vigour to the very end, her opinion on that august theme is worthy of all consideration.

And that opinion she has not left us to disentangle from the maze and haze of high-sounding scientific phraseology. She states it in her age, and in her eminence, with the simplicity of a little child. "My mother," she says, "taught me to read the Bible and to say my prayers." She had all her life long an unswerving faith in God, and hope for eternity. She carried her religion into science; for it is recorded of her that, as Sir Isaac Newton, after his great discoveries, "burst into the infinite and knelt," so she gave forth no scientific work without deep stirrings of the religious sentiment over it. And she carried, in quaint but genuine ways, her science into religion; for she expressed the hope to a visitor that at death she would attain "speed quicker than light, and powers of observation of parallel rays." On neither object of thought was there any timidity or stinginess. She rendered unto science the things that belonged to science, and she rendered to God the things that were God's. She fearlessly accepted the teachings of geology on the long pre-Adamic epochs at a time when it cost something to do so; for, says she, "I was preached against by

name in York Cathedral." But these enlarged views, and all her other incursions into the fields of nature, were felt by her to be so many steps the more into the temple, which only deepened her reverence the further she advanced. To her work on a subject akin to that which has so much occupied our Evolutionists, her *Molecular and Microscopic Science*, she prefixed a pointed avowal of the very doctrine which some of them studiously obfuscate or ignore, in the beautiful motto on her title page: "Deus, magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis"—"God, great in things great, greatest in things least." A writer who well knew her sentiments says: "To her the idea (now, alas, familiar enough to us all) of writing a book about nature and ignoring God, would have seemed as fantastic as that of writing her accounts to her children of her visits to Abbotsford or Collingwood, and carefully omitting to mention therein Scott or Herschell. 'It is deplorable and inconceivable,' she wrote to a friend just before her death, 'how men can believe that the glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth, is not the work of the Deity'" (*Quart. Rev.*, Jan., 1874). Need we wonder that a faith so child-like and yet so vigorous—a faith so feminine, and yet so masculine—enabled this large-souled woman to face death calmly, yea, jocundly, as (in playful allusion to her being an admiral's daughter), she said when very near her end, "The Blue Peter"—the naval signal for departure—"is now at the mast-head." No words could more accurately describe her interpenetration of science with religion than those which the poet Cowper uses of Dr. Cottar, the medical man under whose care he for a time was, and whom he pronounces a true philosopher. "Every tittle of his knowledge," he says, "on natural subjects is connected in his mind with the firm belief of an Omnipotent Agent" (*Southey's Life and Works of Cowper*, vol. I, p. 148).

From science turn for a moment to poetry. Here, whole clouds of witnesses rush in upon us. The poet of the Seasons, how finely does he close his poem with that lofty hymn, in which he finds the natural phenomena he has been delineating, "but the varied God." How still more finely and sublimely had Milton done this before him in the Morning Hymn, in which he makes the primeval pair, at the entrance to their sylvan bower, stand with hand linked in hand, and looking above and all around them, summon all the young creation to help them to extol their God—the pines to "wave their tops" adoringly, the fountains to "warble melodious murmurs," all objects in their several ways to extol

"Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end."

To quote the Hebrew bards, would be to transcribe in great part the Bible, the pervading sentiment of which is,—the Godhood of the thunder as his voice, of the winds as his winged car, of any object and phenomenon in nature as a testimony to God. "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Recalling, or withholding ourselves from further incursion into these tempting fields, let us, in a closing sentence or two, bring into juxtaposition two distinguished poets, both of very high idealizing faculty, and see how very differently their respective faiths reacted on the play of their genius.

Shelley's imaginative faculty was of the highest, and his power of verse nothing less than lordly; but he was an atheist. In his poem of *Queen Mab*, he actually, as we have already remarked, utters as a deliberate dictum, the words attributed in Scripture to "the fool"—"There is no God"; and in a long preface to that poem he vindicates his atheistic faith (and surely quite consistently) on the ground of the philosophy of absolute and universal necessitation which he had assumed. The result is, that his personifications and descriptions of nature, with all their beauties, are cold as a polar moonlight. Let us select his lines on *Mont Blanc* as seen from *Chamouni*. In these we find no nearer approach to anything like a recognition of the Divine than may be discoverable in these lines to the mountain, which are cold and frigid as its own icy rock :—

"The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee."

Coleridge, on the other hand, was a man inspired and possessed throughout with the idea of God. He, too, addresses the same object, *Mont Blanc*, in his famous lines on *Chamouni*, and in his hands the mountain becomes transfigured or sublimed into a very "Mount of God." Hence the grandeur of his verses. The Divinity himself is their true inspiration. They palpitate with the "living God." For this reason they are instinct with soul and sympathy, and will live as long as the language. We can only quote a few lines :—

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

J. G.—G.

THE NATURE OF CHRIST'S WORK.

AN ESSAY FOR YOUNG MEN.—PART II.

WE resume consideration of this subject under an intensified conviction of its greatness and grandeur, and with a keener sense of the merely elementary and tentative character of our thoughts regarding it. There are depths of moral and spiritual meaning in our Saviour's redemptive work, which will never be sounded by the human intellect; and the interests it touches and affects are so numerous and diversified, that no human mind can fully understand and comprehend them all. It were folly and bigotry for any one to limit the range and reference of this great work. It penetrates the depths of the entire moral universe of God: "Angels desire to look into" the majestic theme, and its power for good or evil will be felt throughout eternity, in the heavens above and in hell beneath.

In our former paper, we gave a bare outline, and made a brief defence of what is termed the *legal* or *substitutionary* aspect of the Saviour's work. We trust no one will think it strange that we should find in the views of the opponents of that aspect, something that is also worthy both of exposition and defence. The former represents the work of Christ as bearing a relation towards God, as a moral governor, in meeting the necessities of his moral government; while the latter represent it as having chiefly a relation to and influence upon man, in reconciling and conforming him to the will and image of God. No right thinking Christian believer will deny that both relations are fulfilled and completed in Immanuel—"God with us." Indeed, both the schools of theologians to which we have referred make it their special aim to exhibit this twofold relationship or purpose of the Saviour's work, although they evidently attempt to do so after a somewhat different fashion.

The advocates of the legal view, regarding sinful men as lying under a judicial sentence of condemnation, because of their sins, look upon the work of Christ as having the effect of making satisfaction or propitiation to Divine justice, enabling God to withhold that sentence of condemnation; while, yet, the law of God, though broken by man, is by Christ magnified and made honourable. By means of this propitiation God is manifested as "just, and the justifier of the ungodly"; and, through the moral influence of this legal justification—of course, including the manner in which it has been "wrought out and brought in"—the justified man is sanctified and "renewed in the spirit of his mind."

The advocates of what—for the sake of distinction merely—we may term the *moral* aspect of Christ's work, denying the legal satisfaction theory, and repudiating the idea that God needs any premium paid to Divine justice, or any motive to induce him to forgive men, apart from that found in their attitude towards himself, regard the work of Christ as a direct revelation of God's justice, mercy, and truth, and as a medium of communicating his renewing and sanctifying grace to sinners; enabling or inducing them to submit themselves to the will of God; justifying them in the sense of *making them just*, and thus reconciling them to himself, and working in them those peaceable fruits of personal righteousness, which alone are pleasing to him, and constitute a thorough—not fictitious—satisfaction to his justice.

In proceeding, as we now do, to outline and so far defend the *moral* aspect of Christ's work, we do not, of course, join with its more pronounced advocates in condemning the legal or substitutionary aspect. Neither do we agree with them in regard to their *method* of exhibiting the plan or process of human salvation. At a subsequent stage we shall endeavour to point out what we consider to be the Scriptural method, and the proper relationship and harmony of the two systems which are supposed to be antagonistic to each other.

We confess that we have had no inconsiderable difficulty in trying to form a coherent notion of this *moral* theory of atonement, as promulgated by its adherents and expounders, and to discover some degree of order in their system. It is not improbable therefore that we may omit some of the more minute shades of meaning which they have sought to elucidate. But we trust that at least we shall not do any radical injustice to their views. We have had great difficulty, moreover, in extracting from their disquisitions on this important theme what is positive and affirmative, as distinguished from what is negative and controversial. We have indeed been unable to discover which motive has been the stronger in the minds of the writers on the subject—whether to elucidate the philosophy of their own doctrines, or to oppose and condemn the philosophy of the legal doctrine. It has been painful and tiresome for us to be turned aside ever and anon from the task of trying to grasp at their own theory, to witness the demolition or denunciation of every conceivable error, that was ever held on the subject by devils, heathens, and Christian divines.

The starting-point of the scheme of atonement we are now considering—as also, we should imagine, of every other Evan-

gelical scheme—is the alienation of men from the great God and Father of all, through their sin or wilful violation of his perfect law of truth and love. This alienation has an actual existence in the experience of men; and while it may not be universally believed by theologians that such a state of matters forms the sole ground, or occasion, of the incarnation and sacrifice of the divine Son of God, it is, we believe, generally recognized that his incarnation and sacrifice have been adapted or applied so as to meet the circumstances of man's sin and alienation; and are indeed the only means capable of remedying the evils which have thus been introduced.

The advocates of the *moral* theory of Christ's work, regarding sin as the grand root or source of all the moral evil and suffering existing among men; and regarding men's love of sin as the one grand difficulty that requires to be removed, scout at and condemn the idea that God has interposed other difficulties in the way of the sinner's reconciliation and salvation, in the shape of his impending wrath, which must be appeased; and of legal penalties, from which man must be bought by the price or ransom of the sufferings of a substitute. Such a representation of God, they contend, is derogatory to his true character, bringing him down to the level of a mere bargainer with men; awarding salvation and favours only on payment of a price, and thus conveying to his creatures the idea that he is unwilling to save them. In opposition to this theory, they hold that God has no difficulty in himself in relation to man's salvation. All the difficulty is in man. If only he will repent of his sins, and return to his filial allegiance to God, all will be well; Divine Justice will then be satisfied, the sinner will be forgiven, and the righteousness of the law really fulfilled.

I. In harmony with this idea, therefore, the *first* great leading feature of this doctrine of atonement we are now considering, is that Jesus Christ came into the world, not to change the will of God, but to fulfil it. There are no antagonistic elements in the divine mind; but one simple consistent principle of righteousness and love. God never can alter in his hatred of sin, or in his condemnation of it. God never ceased to love men, even after they became alienated from him by their wicked rebellion and disobedience. "The judge of all the earth shall do right" for ever. "God is love," and has sworn, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." God's righteousness and mercy therefore never needed to be reconciled, for the simple reason that they were never at variance. Our Saviour, it is maintained, did not come to turn aside the righteous indignation of God from the sinful soul, or to save sinners from the punishment that was their due.

Viewed in its true and proper light, the punishment of sin, being righteous, is not an evil, but a positive good to the human soul, as everything that cometh from the hand of God is, when received in a right spirit. Why, then, it is asked, should this punishment be removed? To do so would be a calamity rather than a blessing to sinners, as it would cause them to think they might sin with impunity, and the heinousness of sin would in some measure be hidden or obscured.

In fulfilling the will of God, therefore, and in bringing salvation to sinful men, it was part of the work of Christ to reveal the wrath of God against sin, and to show forth the inflexible justice and righteousness of God. In what way did Christ reveal God's hatred of sin? In various ways, it is replied. But the generic idea is that he made known the righteousness of God by submitting, as a member of the human family, to the righteous judgments of his Heavenly Father. He recognized the perfect justice and goodness of the divine sentence, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" and in obedience thereto, he submitted or delivered his soul unto death. He received the punishment of men's sins in his own bosom, and thus set to his seal that God was true and righteous even in his judgments. And as Jesus Christ is in every respect the model man, the one perfect pattern of what men should be, he, by thus suffering in himself the penalty or punishment of sin, left us an example that we should walk in his footsteps, become "partakers of his sufferings," "be crucified with Christ," and "take up our cross and follow Jesus." Here an important question arises: If Christ, as is assumed, was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," how could he endure the penalty of sin in his own person, unless he bore it vicariously, on man's behalf, and in man's room and stead? There was no actual sin in him; how could he righteously suffer its punishment? The answer given to this question by the advocates of the moral theory of atonement is twofold.

First, Christ came into and assumed our human nature. He was possessed of "a true body and a reasonable soul." "He was in all points tempted like as we are." That is, we presume, his mortal body was corrupt and depraved like our own, and in virtue of his connection with this body, he was assailed by the "lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life," just as we all are. And as it is assumed that punishment or penalty against this lustful nature was, and is, a necessary consequent of its assumption, and a righteous provision for its condemnation and removal, Jesus bore that penalty. And as these lusts are inseparable from the nature which he had assumed, he bore the penalty to the death. He willingly yielded

up, at the command of God, his carnal body and sensuous nature to be crucified and slain, that he might be raised in the spirit unto life eternal. And in this respect every believer is called upon to follow in his steps. If we do not be crucified and die with Christ, we cannot live with him. If we are not "buried with him," we shall not "be raised with him"; if we be not "planted together in the likeness of his death," we shall never be "in the likeness of his resurrection" (Rom. vi, 4, 5).

Second, Although Christ was himself holy and pure, yet, as he was a member of the human family, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," he so identified himself with his "brethren according to the flesh," and so took upon himself our sins and sorrows, in sympathy of heart and in complete devotedness to man's interests, that he felt as if the sins of the world lay upon his own spirit, and suffered all the feelings of shame and self-reproach which he would have suffered if the sins of mankind had been his own. The very purity and guilelessness of his soul made him feel all the more keenly the bitterness of the shame and degradation of his brethren; just as a good man feels humiliated and burdened with the guilt and shame of the fallen and depraved and, it may be, criminal son of his own father. Christ's entire sympathy with his Heavenly Father in that utter hatred and abhorrence of sin which must ever dwell in the divine heart; his perfect knowledge of the evil character of sin, and of the dreadful havoc it was producing in the world of mankind; lay upon his sensitive and sympathetic soul as a curse, which was quite sufficient to account for the sufferings of Christ, and to explain such biblical phrases regarding him as "bearing the sins of the world," &c., without the necessity of understanding them of the wrath of God as being poured out upon him in a direct and retributive manner, as if he had committed all the sins, and deserved all the penalties that were attributable to the whole race of mankind. And such suffering, on the part of Christ, being the very highest manifestation of the beauty and glory of his character, it was not intended that men should be exempted from, but rather baptized into, them, that in all things they might grow into the likeness of his spiritual life.

Christ, then, according to this theory, did not come to stay the hand of the righteous God, as it was uplifted against sinful men, but he came to vindicate the ways of God to men, that men might know God as he really is, and be led to subject themselves to his good and holy will. God's law of penalty, it is said, is as wise and good, as it is as inflexible in its demands, as his law of precept or command; and to recede from one jot or tittle of the former would be as detrimental

to the true welfare of men, as it would be to recede from the latter.

Such is the theory of Christ's sufferings, as taught by those who advocate what we have called the *moral* aspect of our Saviour's work. We doubt not that it is a somewhat novel theory to many of our readers; and we can fancy that many objections will arise in their minds against it. It may be urged, for example, that if penal suffering, or the endurance of the punishment of sin, were only intended for the reclamation and reformation of the sinner, and if it is efficacious for that end, then there was no need for Christ coming into our nature to suffer and die for us. And, again, it may be asked, does not this theory contradict both the Word of God and human experience, for both teach us that mercy is more powerful as a constraining influence than judgment, and that men are saved by hope rather than by fear? To both of these questions it is replied, that Christ was needed by men to teach them to bear the punishment of their sins by the constraining power of love and hope. Jesus did not reveal only the judgments of God. He revealed his mercy also. He knew the mind of the loving Father behind the cloud of his judgments. He knew that the hand that chastised him was a loving hand; that God only punished that he might save; killed that he might make alive: and therefore he trusted in God, he hoped in his mercy, and by faith he passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death, into the realms of everlasting day. Sinful unbelieving men think that God's judgments are evil, and therefore they harden their hearts and will not repent; but if they would only look to Jesus, they would see things in a different light, and know that God was a just God and a Saviour in one. This view of the subject also answers the following question: Is there not a sentence of capital punishment pronounced against the unbeliever which is an entirely different thing from the chastisements inflicted by a kind father upon his erring, yet adopted children? According to this theory, all the differences arise from the state of mind of the subject of these sufferings. On the part of God these sufferings are meant for good, they are inflicted in love, and are intended to induce men to give up their sins and turn unto God. But if some men regard these sufferings as inflicted by a severe and vengeful Deity, in whom there is implacable wrath, then they are driven farther and farther away from such a being, into the darkness of sin and eternal death. But if, on the other hand, they learn, through faith in Christ, that God is good and will not always chide, nor keep his anger for ever, then that faith overcomes all things, and delivers them from all their guilty fears.

But it may be asked in what way is the penalty of past and forsaken sins removed from the conscience and heart of repentant sinners? Are not the sufferings of Christ a substitute for the endurance of penalty, without which men could never feel freed from an everlasting condemnation on account of sins which they themselves could never atone for or expiate? This opens up a view of the subject which, in our opinion, the advocates of the *moral* aspect of the atonement have not fully looked in the face and explained. But so far as we can understand their theory, they deny the proposition, which is held by the other school of theologians, namely, that sin, even though it be repented of and forsaken, is deserving of everlasting punishment; and that, without Christ's vicarious sufferings on account of sin, such sins once committed could never be forgiven. The anti-satisfactionist party regard this doctrine as an arbitrary, harsh, and erroneous doctrine. It may be that weak human governments require to punish criminals, even after they repent and turn from their evil ways. But such arbitrary dealings are discordant with the government of Almighty God. It is impossible, they say, to conceive of God harbouring wrath against a human being on account of some past sin, of which he is now ashamed, and demanding a satisfaction in the shape of blood and sufferings, either from the man who sinned or from some one in his stead. No. God is not such a being. He delights in mercy. Such wrath is foreign to his nature; and while the returning prodigal is yet afar off, He runs to meet and embrace him, and casts his past transgressions for ever behind his back. God has more satisfaction in one feeble, though sincere and believing act of obedience, than in whole oceans of human blood; and were a compensation required on account of past sin, he would infinitely rather accept it in the latter than in the former shape.

II. The second great leading feature of this doctrine of atonement we are now considering is that which relates to the subject of justification, or the righteousness which gives the title to eternal life, and is the positive aspect of that doctrine of Christ's work of which the view just outlined is the negative aspect. In sending Christ into the world as the great Saviour and Redeemer, God had a grand twofold object in view. *First*, to condemn sin, and destroy the works of the devil among men; and *second*, to create fallen man anew in his own moral likeness, and to work in him the peaceable fruits of righteousness. By so doing God proposed to save men from that death which is the just reward of sin, and make them heirs of eternal life and glory. It is the latter, or positive, side of the subject we are now about to consider. According

to the legal and substitutionary theory of Christ's work, the righteousness which justifies the sinner, and gives him the pledge of eternal bliss, is the imputed righteousness of Christ; that righteousness which Christ "wrought out and brought in" as a substitute, available to sinners through faith, in room and stead of that righteousness which they ought to have possessed, but which they lost through their sin. Even as Christ, "who knew no sin, was made sin"—that is, treated as a sinner—"for us," so sinful men, who had no righteousness of their own, but who "believe in Him who justifieth the ungodly," are treated as if the righteousness of Christ had been their own. They are saved, or justified, through the merits of another, and not through their own merits. And, lest it be thought that under this doctrine there is no absolute necessity for personal holiness in the justified sinner, it is affirmed, that the influence of this free justification or gift of Christ's righteousness produces, with moral certainty, a corresponding righteousness in the soul of the believer.

But according to the theory we are now considering, this imputed or substituted righteousness, this leaving it to the free choice of men to add his own personal righteousness to that of Christ, is repudiated, and what is termed a more real and spiritual, a personal righteousness, is contended for and provided, not as the moral result, but as an essential condition of salvation or justification. This righteousness is not objective but subjective. It is not placed to the sinner's credit by some fiction, as it is called, of legal transfer or *imputation*, but it is actually *imparted* or communicated by Christ to the sinner through the medium of faith: it dwells in his heart in actual possession, and it forms the germ of that new life, that holiness of heart and conduct, which is pleasing to God, and is life eternal.

By this view of the matter, all artificial and dramatic or acted theories are abolished, and something real and tangible set up in their place. God deals with actual sin and actual righteousness face to face. He condemns and punishes sin wherever and whenever it is found. And he demands, and will accept only, of personal righteousness. But in order to guard against the charge of *Pelagianism*, or "justification by works," which might be brought against this doctrine, its advocates zealously and urgently contend that this righteousness, which is the ground of justification, and the germ of personal holiness, is not originated by man, but is of God only. God imparts it to man directly and simply through faith in Christ Jesus.

But in what manner, it may be asked, does God communicate

this actual righteousness to the soul of the believer? In the *first* place, by the manifestation of the perfect righteousness of God, made by Jesus Christ, the God-man, in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily, and who was "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person." Here at once was a perfect ideal of God's righteousness set before men; and that too in the person of one who was not only in the likeness of humanity, but was in all respects a true human brother, who came down to share our griefs and to bestow upon us all the favours which it was in his power to bestow. Thus the ideal is not only presented but commended to men's minds and hearts, and is thus, through sympathetic contact and faith, received into these minds and hearts, and becomes a living, sanctifying power. It may be remarked here that the sacrifice of Christ—in whom all the sacrificial rites and ceremonies of the Jewish economy were completed and realized—was of the nature of this actual righteousness, now under consideration. It was not a work of supererogation on the part of our Saviour, wrought out for the credit of man's account with offended Deity, but was his own natural work, as a member of the family of mankind. As a man, Christ poured out his life unto God in token of his perfect submission to his will, his self-renunciation and entire consecration of his whole being to God. And in this respect he is a perfect example to men. Sinful men must also confess their sins, yield up their old man to crucifixion and death, and, being emptied of self-righteousness, put on the righteousness of God and live unto him.

As it is a common objection to the doctrine of atonement now under consideration that it reduces the work of Christ to the level of merely setting us an example of what we ought to be, and thus is manifestly a very imperfect and defective view of that work, those who entertain such an objection are reminded that Christ is also a revelation of the love and mercy of God; that he has made known to men the way of peace and restoration, and has become the Day's Man who is to lay his hand upon both God and man, bringing down the blessing and favour of God to man, and presenting man perfect before God. But, in continuation of our remarks regarding the communication of righteousness to sinners, and at the same time in further reply to the objection just stated, we proceed to show, in the *second* place, that the advocates of this doctrine go deeper in their views of the relationship existing between Christ and his people than that of merely an outward example and revealer of God. Christ does not merely reveal the love and righteousness of God to men's thoughts; but he, through thought or faith, enters by his everlasting Spirit into men's

minds and hearts, and works in them "to will and to do of his good pleasure." It is by the power of this indwelling Spirit, received into their souls by faith, that men are able to "die unto sin and live unto righteousness." Even as God dwelt in Christ, and made him perfect through the things which he suffered, giving him power to endure the penalty of sin to its bitter dregs, and pouring into his emptied and receptive human spirit the germs or principles of a new life of righteousness and entire consecration; so does God through Christ communicate with the spirits of men who believe in him, and "it is no longer they who live, but Christ who liveth in them." Jesus Christ is the medium through whom the Father reveals himself, not merely in the form of abstract truth or doctrine, but in fact and verity to men, taking possession of their whole being, and moulding them in accordance with his good and perfect will. The righteousness which is thus communicated to men is emphatically "The righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ," and is "unto all and upon all them that believe." There can therefore be no *Pelagianism*, no self-glorification here. All the righteousness is "of God," and to him, therefore, belongs all the glory.

And being thus the righteousness of God, wrought out in man's heart by the eternal Spirit of God, who dwells within it, there is then produced in that heart a perfect confidence and trust in God, which is peace and joy and life eternal. There can be no fear within that heart in which God's Spirit dwells, and in which his likeness is reproduced. God will not deny his own handiwork. He smells a sweet savour in this sacrifice of a heart that gives itself up alike to the punishment and the teachings of the Almighty. If it be said God can only accept a perfect sacrifice, and that man's is imperfect even at the best, it is replied, God has said that the true sacrifice in which he delights is "a broken and a contrite heart." This he will "not despise"; and if any remnant of imperfection or sinfulness cleave to it, he will purge it away, and make it perfect in his sight at last.

We have thus endeavoured to give a brief and perhaps somewhat crude outline of the doctrine of atonement as advocated by the anti-satisfactionist school of theologians. Our space does not permit us to give a more minute exposition of the doctrine in its various details. Neither can we at present enter into a critical examination of the doctrine, with the view of pointing out what we consider to be true and what false in its various affirmations and denials. But, looking at it broadly, as thus stated, we confess that it has much in it to attract our interest and deepen our conceptions of the great and all powerful work

of our blessed Redeemer. We most emphatically accept the doctrine, in so far as it makes known to us the necessity for submitting our souls to the chastisements of God, the crucifixion of our "old man," and the reception of a real as well as an imputed righteousness, through faith in Jesus Christ. We believe that views of our orthodox doctrine are popularly entertained which, to a great extent, throw a veil over this close, searching personal view of our relationship to the holy God, which is most detrimental to true spiritual life, and productive of much vain profession and self-righteousness in the Christian Church. And we cannot but feel that the advocates of this moral theory have been influenced, in no small degree, in their views of the nature of Christ's work by this prevailing error. If they have ignored (as we firmly believe to be the case) a most important and essential part of the doctrine, they have at least brought forward into prominence an equally important and essential aspect, which some are very apt to overlook. And while, to our mind, they have neither destroyed nor even materially affected the orthodox doctrine, they have certainly assisted to tone down and explain, after a more natural and rational manner, what might otherwise seem a harsh and forbidding representation of God's character and conduct in relation to his only-begotten and well beloved Son. We have often felt that the truths as to Christ's enduring the wrath of divine justice in our room and stead—of his suffering directly and ostensibly at the hands of God the penalty due to our sins, so that sinful men might escape, were often too strongly and offensively stated by popular expounders of the doctrine; and we know that such crude statements of it have been, in many instances, a stumbling block in the way of young, earnest, and inquiring minds. Still, on the other hand, we are convinced that the somewhat savage manner in which the opposite doctrine, that every man must endure the full penalty of his own sin, and pass through a very hell fire of suffering on his way to heaven, is equally, if not more, fitted to cause the sensitive soul to shrink in terror from the ordeal, and to ask in dismay, Where, if this doctrine be true, is that mercy and forbearance and long-suffering of God (which is far more powerful in its sanctifying influence than suffering can ever be), of which the Bible is so full, and which, above all things, Jesus, the meek and loving Saviour, came down to reveal? Yet we are inclined to think that there is at least a shred of honest, wholesome truth in the doctrine, which it would be well for us to remember. No one who does not "resist unto blood, striving against sin," can form an adequate idea of the mystery

of suffering. And we cannot but believe that something more than a mere idea of vicarious suffering is meant when the Word of God speaks of our being "crucified with Christ"; of our "denying ourselves and taking up our cross and following Jesus"; of "crucifying our old man, with his affections and lusts." When our Saviour said to John and James, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized," we believe that he spake of an ordeal through which, in some form or other, all his followers are called upon to pass. We cannot believe that God is one who is

"Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws,"

or that even Christian men will be exempted, in reference to the spiritual world, from that impartial law of retribution which is observed everywhere in the spheres of external nature and providence.

Again, it is no less scriptural and true that Christ came not only to teach men by his words and external works, and through the moral power of his propitiation for our sins, than that he came down to dwell in men's hearts, and to communicate with men's spirits, renewing them in their inner nature, and transforming them into his own image. It is indeed through the medium of the outward or objective truth that Christ does enter the human mind and heart; but then it must be remembered that he himself actually does enter by his Spirit into our spirits, and that through that Spirit we derive a power and a character which is infinitely greater—so to speak—than we could ever attain to or work out for ourselves, if we merely had his outward word and example before our minds. Our faith, then, must receive an actual and experimental righteousness, as well as, and along with, that imputed righteousness which, for governmental ends, is placed to our account. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

The doctrine of sanctification, especially in our anti-Calvinistic communities, is often too much of a theoretical doctrine, in which we have motives addressed to our minds from without, to induce us to give ourselves up to a life of obedience and consecration to God. In our intense recoil from necessarianism, we are apt to overlook that we need a spiritual renewal, which can only be fully experienced by means of the indwelling Spirit of God, together with the revelation of the truth. It is quite true there is danger of running into mere mysticism, and perhaps incipient pantheism, if we carry this doctrine beyond its proper limits; but there is equal danger in

the other extreme ; and it is the part of true wisdom to search out and appropriate the truth on both sides of the question, and to extract God's pure gold from the baser earth in which man has buried it. And if some earnest men seek to save their fellows from the self-delusive and deadly error of skulking behind the cross of Christ, and of hiding themselves, like Adam, behind the trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, from the presence of God, which we fear is not a thing altogether unknown in the Christian Church, we must not altogether reject their doctrines because they sometimes, and it may be unconsciously, aim their shafts against God's truth, as well as the devil's lies. But we must now close for the present.

With the Editor's kind permission, we would like, in another and concluding paper, to make an effort to point out what we consider to be the harmony and proper relationship of the two aspects of the nature of Christ's work, to which we have been directing attention ; and in so doing, endeavour, in a humble way, to expiscate and adjust the truth on both sides.

A. W.—G.

PRAISE-WORSHIP.

IN these days, when musical knowledge and taste are increased and increasing, it seems to me that we do much to close our sanctuaries and silence our pulpits, if we have bad music in our praise-worship. A bad precentor, bad choir, bad instrument, and therefore bad music, will sink the most eloquent preacher and the most fervent prayers to a practical zero.

I do not forget the proper place of our service of song—our praise-worship. It is not everything : far from it. It is only one of the three chief elements in the spiritual worship of the living God. There is, first of all, the worshipping of God in the reading, expounding, and preaching of the word of eternal truth. Without these we remain ignorant, our services are destitute of meaning to ourselves and to God—we worship, we know not what. By means of divine truth read, preached, understood, and believed, we are lifted up in intelligent, loving, and adoring thought to the God of truth, and give him the worship of our intelligence. There is, secondly, the worship of prayer, consisting, as it usually does, of the lifting up of our desires, loves, and thanks, to "him in whom we live and move and have our being." In prayer, we have the child, lovingly, confidingly, telling its own life story, its own life wants and experience to the living and loving Father. It is blessed to do so, and it is the truest recognition and acknowledgement of his worth—the worth-ship of God. But equally with these

modes of worship, the song of praise has its place and peculiar function. It is a noteworthy fact that there is as much, if not more, direct, express exhortation or command to "*sing*" praises, than there is to read the Bible or to preach. Praise-worship ought, therefore, to receive its due proportion of attention, and its fair share in the private and public worship of God. As contributing one mite in aid of this, we will say a few things concerning the outward form and the inward spirit of praise-worship.

The Outward Form of Praise-Worship.—The Society of Friends, in their early days, performed a much needed and noble service in lifting up a special testimony for the spirituality of divine worship. The Friends arose at a time when formalism lay in most places of worship as a beautiful corpse, a mere form destitute of spirit and life. Their aim was to show that that corpse of ritual and form was not religion, was not worship. They were right, and did a good work for God.

So, too, certain sections of the Protestant world, deeply impressed with, and as deeply detesting the formalism of popery as dead and unmeaning—a magnificent spectacle for the ignorant people, took a firm stand against outward forms, and went nearly as far as the Society of Friends. True, they retained the sacraments, maintained regular prayer and preaching and singing of praises at the appointed seasons; but all these were reduced to the most plain, dull, and oftentimes most wearisome performances. They seem to have thought that by so much as they reduced, or even degraded, the outward form, they exalted the inward spirit—yea, to no small extent, they required the inward spirit to struggle for its existence amid its somnific surroundings. Still, even they did a good service in contending for the spirit and the life of true worship.

But both of these classes were wrong, and waged an unsuccessful war against certain indestructible principles of human nature. These principles, though for a time driven back and subdued, were not conquered. Like all things that are natural, and therefore in the long run invincible, they only waited the fitting opportunity—sure to come—of reasserting their divine rights, and of once more taking their proper place in the service of God. What that corpse of formalism needed was not an unpitied burial, but that its comely form should have breathed into it life and power from the Spirit of God—a living soul causing it to quiver through and through with spiritual reality.

The fact is, we must have outward forms by which we may express our inward realities. We are not spirits merely, but spirits living in the flesh, and conditioned by it. We cannot

express ourselves, except by some outward form of word, look, sound, or gesture. Social intercourse, common thoughts, feelings, aims, can neither be expressed by us, nor be understood by others, except through some outward form. How can God's own truth be known or made known without the external word, or common prayer be made without the spoken prayer, or praise in its highest power without the psalm or song? There are and must be to us while in the flesh the outward forms into which we put the inner—the spiritual realities of the soul.

In praise-worship we have, first of all, the outward hymn, psalm, or spiritual song. It consists, usually, of words arranged in a certain rhythmical order, and possessing a real, though unsung music. This is the art-work of the poet. The song, psalm, or hymn is the form words take in expressing our own intensest thoughts of the real, our most vivid imaginings of the possible, and our most profound emotions towards both. As in song are contained our best thoughts, imagery, and feeling, it becomes the fitting word-form of praise, and serves as wings to bear the soaring spirit to the unseen and eternal.

There is also music—the “loud noise” spoken of in the Bible—in praise-worship. Sound, and therefore all musical sound, is a mental perception. There is no sound, only eternal silence, outside of mind, or spirit of some sort. Rapidly successive beats or vibrations of the atmosphere striking upon the peculiar mechanism of the ear, awaken in us the perception of sound. There is movement only in the atmosphere, movement only in the auditory apparatus, but sound and music are in the soul itself. Music is rhythmic sound in the soul caused by the rhythmic vibrations of the air. All nature thus becomes musical to the human soul. The winds of heaven make earth one vast organ. From cliff and crag, crevice and gorge, from forest trees and shrubs, from rippling brooks, rushing torrents, and resounding seas, earth gives forth her own grand music to the soul of man.

When rhythmical motion in the air awakens the perception of musical sound in the soul, we become conscious of one of the most peculiar and exquisite pleasures. This pleasure allies itself with nearly all our states of thought, with all our emotional states, and, indeed, gives special emphasis to them at once in consciousness and outward expression. Ever since man lived and loved and sorrowed, he has uttered his heart in music, sweet and winning in love, soft and gentle in pity, joyful in hope, plaintive and weird in melancholy and despair, stirring and fierce in the war-cry of the brave, terrible in anger and revenge. There is not a chord in the many-stringed heart of man which does not send its music into the world. All

peoples in all lands have had their music for the babe in its cradle, for the lover in his songs and serenades, for the patriot warrior in his death-struggle, for the reverent worshipper in the temple of his God. Music is ever with us. It hails us in the tenderness of a mother's voice when we are born ; it cheers and gladdens us in our companionships through life ; it gives pathos to our farewells in the solemnities of death. This wonderful music in the soul reaches its highest use when it is applied to the praise-worship of God. For then it becomes, in some sort, a spiritual atmosphere, by which our souls may soar to sister spirits, and unite with them in the chorus of the skies.

Musical instruments are needful in the praise-worship of God ; for in it we need articulate music. Of these, the most wonderful for tone, and the most perfect in expression is the human voice. It is true that many voices are not musically good, arising from some defect in the structure of the vocal organ ; yet for all practical purposes in choral singing, nearly all can sing musically, and therefore all ought to do so. Those to whom God has given good voices, ought, in the first place, to get them well trained, and then use them well in the praise-worship of the Most High God. Here, I would remark, in passing, how much every minister and pastor are indebted, and how much every church and congregation are under obligation, to those who, musically gifted, lead the public praise. Without them and their services in the songs of Zion, the ministers will be almost powerless. Bad singing will destroy much of any preacher's power ; whereas good singing will add tenfold to his influence. Therefore let those who can sing well recognize their responsibility to God and man, and let them not go off in "the huff," because of a "crotchet." Nor let churches and congregations, for whom good choirs are doing their best, be censorious, only criticizing defects, and never heartily commending anything that is good. Praise costs nothing, and it goes far to make what is good better, and so far on the way to best. "Praise is comely," whether it be to God or to man. Therefore "sing praises, sing praises."

The harp, trumpet, cornet, cymbal, and organ are spoken of in Scripture as instruments helpful in praise-worship. Little is known about the structure or musical power of these instruments as used by the Jews, or similar ones employed by the heathen peoples. This, however, is evident: both the Jews and other ancient peoples possessed the three orders of musical instruments—tube, string, and percussion instruments. It is also interesting to remark that the first instruments expressly mentioned in the Bible are the harp and the organ. Jubal,

who handled the harp and the organ, takes precedence of Tubal-Cain, the artificer in brass and iron—the fine arts first.

Nor do we know much concerning the character of the music used in ancient times. It seems to have been a simple melody, or a recitative chant used by bards in the rehearsal of their poetic effusions. When young and old, men and women, sing the same notes it makes a unison of wonderful power; yea, for popular purposes, it is better than an elaborate, intricate harmony. When human voices are aided by instruments, the musical waves become more powerful still, and carry with them all that is truest and best within our hearts.

The mysterious power of music is symbolized in the Grecian legends of Orpheus. Apollo gave him that golden lyre with which he performed such wonders. Wild beasts, rocks, and trees followed its notes; the ship "Argo" at its sound glided down into the sea; the moving rocks which threatened to crush the ship were fixed by its magic power; and the dragon which guarded the golden fleece was lulled to sleep by its influence. His music civilized the wild inhabitants of Thrace. By his lyre he even had power over death and Hades; for by its charms the torments of the damned ceased, and from the most inexorable of the gods he won back his wife Eurydice, though he lost her immediately after by violating the conditions on which she was restored to him. Alas! at last the Thracian women, in their Bacchanalian orgies, tore in pieces this Orpheus of the golden lyre. From this myth it is evident that the ancient Greeks recognized in music a divine power.

The Jews, as is apparent from their song of victory at the Red Sea, brought music with them from Egypt. By divine authority, in the days of David, they led up their service of song to the highest perfection possible at that time. David was not only a true poet, but he was also a true musician. It was more by his harp, than by the pebble from the brook slaying the giant, that he gained power in the court of Saul. The restless frenzy of the king was soothed by strains from the harp of the youthful shepherd. He gave the people an immortal hymn book, and a well trained choir to sing the songs of the Lord. We thus read: "Four thousand praised the Lord with the instruments which I made, said David, to praise therewith." David separated the sons of Asaph unto the service of song, to "prophesy with harps, with psalteries, and with cymbals." Some "prophesied according to the order of the king." Some "prophesied with a harp to give thanks and to praise the Lord." The sons of Heman, the king's seer, in the Word of God, lifted up the horn: "God gave to Heman fourteen sons, and three daughters; all these were under the

hand of their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, for the service of the house of God." We are told that "the number of them, with the brethren that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, even all that were cunning, was two hundred fourscore and eight." In the great revival of true religion, in the reign of Hezekiah, we find the re-establishment of the service of song as a divine institution. Hezekiah "set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets. . . . When the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David king of Israel. And all the congregation worshipped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded. . . . The king and all that were present with him bowed themselves, and worshipped. Moreover Hezekiah the king and the princes commanded the Levites to sing praise unto the Lord with the words of David, and of Asaph the seer. And they sang praises with gladness, and they bowed their heads and worshipped."

Such was the divine order and custom among the Jews. As far as possible, the custom would pass over into Christian assemblies and churches in their psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs of praise-worship. We find in the Book of Revelation that the exultant joys of Heaven take the form of praise-worship, with harps and voices in chorus, like the sound of many waters, rolling and surging as waves of music, round the eternal throne.

We, therefore, rejoice when Christian churches have suitable instruments and choirs to aid them in their praise-worship. Good music gives us the outward conditions of good praise, for it quickens and intensifies our mental states, and thus puts us in a befitting mood to express our thoughts, loves, and aspirations to God. I need not say that the best organ and choir do not and cannot praise God for us. The choir can do it for themselves only: I hope they do. But we, availing ourselves of the music supplied to us, must do our own singing, our own praising, with our own voices and hearts. Let no one be silent. If any one is not musical, let him sing as best he can, soft and gently—not loudly, so as to disturb those near. Let every one have a part in the voice of praise which rises to the ears and goes into the very heart of the Lord God Almighty. I come now to consider,

The Inward Spirit and Reality of Praise-Worship.—The most perfectly constructed organ when most skilfully played,

the most talented and perfectly trained choir, so far as the highest use of music is concerned, are useless, worse than useless, unless there are in us the spirit and reality of praise unto our God. We gladly admit the wonderful power of music—one of the mightiest over man in this world; but to us, as Christian worshippers, it is only a means to an end. We require to have within us the spirit and real emotion of praise to give spiritual meaning and power to our music, psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs. In what, then, do the inward spirit and reality of praise-worship consist?

First of all, to praise God it is necessary that we should know him, as he is in relation to us. "Sing praises with the understanding," is an ancient maxim. When we know *nothing*, we cannot say something, feel something, or do something. Nothing is nothing; and nothing comes out of nothing. We may have the Hallelujah Chorus in music to perfection, and we may know and feel that it is a thing of joy and exultation, causing our hearts to dance within us. Yet if we do not know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, we cannot rise up to him in the joyous gladness of our hearts—there is only a musical chaos, till it becomes radiant, rhythmical in the knowledge of God. To praise him, therefore, we require to know him as manifested in nature; for the heavens declare his glory, and the earth showeth his handiwork—know him as seen in providence, satisfying the wants of everything that has life, whether the bird of the air or the king on his throne—know him in his majesty as the Great King, in his tender love as our Father, in his yearning compassions and mercies as our Redeemer, in his gift of pardon and eternal life through the sacrifice of his dear Son. When we know God in these respects, then we have a glorious God as the object of our praises and adorations—an object who is the fountain of life, and from the everflowing rivers of whose pleasures we constantly drink and are abundantly satisfied. But if we do not thus know him, how can we praise him?

Gratitude is necessary, in order that we may praise God. Ignorant of God in his goodness, a man cannot have gratitude to him for the multitude of his benefits towards himself and his fellow-men, and therefore he can have no song of praise in his heart to send forth on the winged music of his lips, and the choral peals of the organ. It is mere sound and form, meaning nothing to himself or to his God. But when a man sees and knows God as his own Father, working for him in frost and heat, in the clouds and sunshine, in the fruitfulness of earth and in all social pleasures—above all, when he sees and knows God, stooping in the form of a servant in the person of the

crucified Christ, to redeem sinful men from the curse of the law, and from that curse to raise lost men to thrones of glory in heaven—then his heart overflows with grateful praises, and glad is he to send forth his heart's love to God in the ethereal chariot of music. But if he has not this gratitude in him, the music and the song, however good, carry no heart-message to the eternal throne—there is no meaning in them, no soul.

Joy, gladness, and hopefulness are necessary to praise God. I might include with these, sadness, melancholy, and even despair. For it is a fact that, in their most intense moods, joy, gladness, hopefulness, have lying underneath them the elements of sadness, melancholy, and despair. To-day you are full of joy over that child; never before were you so joyous and hopeful. Why? That son was lately in a raging fever. The physician shook his head and told you that the chances were ten to one against him. How sadness seized upon you, and the gloom of melancholy and despair gathered round you! But, now, the joy, the gladness, the hopefulness are great and dance jubilee in your heart. Why? Because he is out of danger; the forces of life are repelling the assaults of disease and death. So, when a man has felt that the virulence of sin's burning fever was rushing on to death eternal—when it seemed to him that God was against him, Christ against him, and that weeping and wailing would be his doom—he was crushed beneath sadness and despair. But now, when he knows that God is love, that Christ is love to him, that by the blood of Christ he is pardoned, and that the gift of God to him is eternal life, then, just by as much as he was overwhelmed in darkness, sorrow, and despair, by so much he is glad, joyful, and hopeful in God. The elements of his joys and hopes cover, as it were, the most terrible elements of dread ruin. Therefore he is able to fill any amount of music and poetic expressions with heart joys, and hopes, and offer them up in praise-worship to God. The howling in hell is not praise-worship, just because it has no joy and hope in it; but the song of the saved in earth and heaven is praise-worship, just because its theme is salvation from hell, and the living hope of the inheritance which passeth not away.

Finally, a true desire and intention to give God all the glory are necessary in praise-worship. We have hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs, setting forth in poetic forms our various needs and God's manifold fulness; and in these we have the mental moulds for our highest thought and most spiritual emotions. We have also Protean music with its ethereal, electric excitements and inspirations. All these we require to take hold of, and put our whole souls into them; and, then, with

distinct meaning and intention, offer all up to God in praise-worship. For, whoso offereth praise glorifieth me, saith God. Then, when we have fully learned the art of singing praises unto our God, inwardly and outwardly here below, we shall rise and join those choirs who sing the song, "Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb—blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

W. T.—K.

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK. No. 4.

CHAPTER VIII.

BALTIMORE.

We left Philadelphia for Baltimore, a journey of 98 miles, at half-past eight on the morning of Wednesday, May 13th, 1874. A gentleman, who was in the train, advised Dr. Morison and myself to come out to the end of the carriage that we might get a good view of the suburbs of Philadelphia, as we cleared out of its borders. These were certainly quite imposing in point of length, and gave us a still better idea than we had been able to form the day before, of the extent of the Quaker City.

At one of the first stations at which we stopped, a great rush of people came into the cars, filling them up to their utmost capacity. On making inquiry at some of the excited new arrivals as to the cause of this large accession of passengers, we were informed that a great ship was to be launched at a town called Chester, a few miles down the Delaware, and that the schools in the neighbourhood had all got a holiday that the children might go to see the launch. The school, whose youthful and buoyant pupils had crowded in beside the doctor and myself, was evidently a Roman Catholic school, as I could gather from the fact that a rather pleasant-looking sister of mercy seemed to be in charge of the happy children. They evidently paid her great respect, and were prepared to render her implicit obedience.

When the train reached Chester the excursionists left us. We could see the flags flying on the masts of the new steamer, which was said to be the greatest that had ever been built on the American continent.

We were glad that shipbuilding seemed to thrive on the

Delaware, as well as on the Clyde. Chester, although only a place of 10,000 inhabitants, has some historical importance. It was there that William Penn first touched American soil, in November, 1682. A holly tree marks the spot where he landed. He changed the old Swedish name of the town (Upland) into Chester, after an intimate English friend.

Soon after leaving Chester, we passed from the great State of Philadelphia into the upper end of the State of Delaware, one of the smallest in the Union, which runs for about a hundred miles in a narrow strip from this point down to the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. It was the property of the Duke of York, brother of Charles the Second; but he made it over to William Penn, so that it was annexed to his Pennsylvanian possession, and continued to be an appendage of it till 1704. Our train stopped for some time at Wilmington (30,000 inhabitants), the largest town in the State of Delaware, and situated on the River Brandywine, where a victory was gained by the British over the American troops in 1777. Would that the temperance reformers at home could gain a victory never to be reversed on the banks of the sad alcoholic stream of Brandywine!

We now left the course of the broadening River Delaware, near whose shores we had kept all forenoon, and began to traverse the narrow head of the peninsula which stretches from Delaware Bay to Chesapeake Bay. After having journeyed over the little State of Delaware for 28 miles, we passed, a mile or two beyond the town of Newark, into the State of Maryland. I am tempted here to take time to inform my readers that, although this point of transition is not marked by any river or estuary, it is nevertheless defined by a line not so imaginary as the equatorial line, which geographers are accustomed to draw through the ocean in their great atlas maps. It is called Mason and Dixon's line, because it was made by two surveyors, named Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, in 1761, to separate the commonwealth of Lord Baltimore on the south from that of William Penn on the north. They planted 327 stones a mile apart from one another along the whole frontiers of Pennsylvania and Maryland, with the Penn and Baltimore arms cut out on them. Afterwards, when Pennsylvania took its place as the most southern of the anti-slavery states, and Maryland as the most northern of the slaveholding ones, the line acquired both a significance and a celebrity of which its original framers little dreamed. By many, it was supposed to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and there is no doubt that in Congress and anti-slavery debates it was extended far beyond its original

dimensions, and was used to designate that somewhat zigzag line that separated the northern from the southern states of the Union.

An unexpected treat now lay before us; for about mid-day we crossed the great river Susquehanna by a fine bridge, a mile in length. This great work was completed in 1867, at the cost of a million and a quarter of dollars. The bridge is built just where the river runs into the Chesapeake bay; and the sight was imposing, from the one carriage window, of the immense stream coming down the valley, with islands in its bosom, and villages on its banks, and, on the other, of the commencement of the greatest bay in the United States; for Chesapeake Bay is actually 200 miles in length. The large town of Havre de Grace is built at the southern end of the bridge.

After crossing the Susquehanna, we held on our course for Baltimore, a distance of 36 miles. We had frequent glimpses of Chesapeake Bay during our journey, and crossed one of its creeks by another bridge, apparently as long as that which spanned the Susquehanna. We were told by a fellow-passenger that this same bridge had been burned down during the American war. I was surprised to notice how close to the water both of these great viaducts had been built.

The only thing worthy of notice during the rest of our journey was the fact that one of the stations at which we stopped was called "Aberdeen." We had a little pleasantry between ourselves, as the train waited, at the unexpected name; wondered if our Scottish friends would be found there, if we should tarry and call for them; and whether the little Maryland village would be divided into Old and New Aberdeen.

About one o'clock we found that we were entering Baltimore; and, in truth, a long entrance it was. The train seemed to run for miles, just along the side of the streets, before we reached the railway station. Of course we went at a very slow rate; and the bell in front sounded warningly, that the worthy inhabitants might keep out of the way; but certainly the proceeding was novel to us, and quite a contrast to our British mode of engineering and locomotion.

When we reached the railway station, we met with a disappointment, which threw a shade over our spirits for an hour or two, although there was no cloud-created shade in the sky, from which the post-meridian sun poured down his fiery rays with scorching fervour. We knew that a warm friend of the Evangelical Union who had emigrated from Edinburgh about a quarter of a century before, lived in Baltimore. I had written him a letter from Philadelphia

on the previous evening, telling him of our approach to the state of Maryland. But my letter had failed to reach him by the morning's post, although it was duly delivered in the afternoon. The mistake was mine. I had addressed the letter "Mr. Muirhead, late of Edinburgh, Baltimore"; whereas, if I had only put "Mr. Andrew Muirhead," the post-office authorities would have known at once who was meant. Mr. Muirhead, then, was not at the station waiting for us, for this very good reason, that he had not been advised of our coming; and nothing remained for us but to go to look for him; for as we had only one night to remain in town, we wished to see our Scotch friend, who, moreover, we were certain would prove a good guide.

In all such circumstances of perplexity, I found my excellent friend Dr. Morison, to be a most self-possessed and even-tempered companion and adviser. He at once said, with perfect good humour and cheerfulness of spirit, "There is no help for it. We will just go to the post-office and ask his address. They will be sure to know it there."

The post-office was a good way off; but although the sun was a good way off too, he felt terribly near. We were glad to get into the shade of houses as long as it lasted; and when we were compelled to cross a street we did not scruple to run into the shade as quickly as possible, as people run from rain here who have no umbrella.

When we got our friend's address at the post-office we found that he lived in the suburbs and at the opposite end of the city to that at which we had entered; but we were kindly directed as to how we might reach the place by tramway cars. We had a long time to wait in one of the main streets (it was one of the principal thoroughfares of the city; but I forget its name) till the car with the right colour came up. I do not know how my fellow-traveller felt; but I candidly confess that, as I stood in that hot and crowded thoroughfare, a feeling of loneliness came over me. Nobody knew us. The hundreds who passed us had all friends of their own, but we were strangers in a strange place, "alike unknowing and unknown."

At length the "green car," for which we had been waiting for about twenty minutes, came up; the disconsolate look we had been wearing left us as our spirits revived with the hope of finding a friend; and we set off in the direction of the suburbs, cheered with the hope of seeing a Scotch face and getting a Scotch salutation. But alas! just as the car turned into a side street that went up a pretty steep incline, it went off the rails, and all the passengers had to come out. It was a long time before things were put right; and I am afraid that we must have

looked very *green* as we stood beside that errant green car. But at length the bell sounded advance, and in about a quarter of an hour we found that we had reached the outskirts of Baltimore.

Mr. Muirhead lived in a quiet and respectable street ; and it so happened that when we knocked at the door the head of the house opened it himself. We knew him at once, although he looked older than when he sat in the front of the gallery of the Rev. Professor Kirk's church in Brighton Street, Edinburgh, at the commencement of the Evangelical Union movement, more than a quarter of a century ago. But he did not know us ; for we were doubtless changed as he was ; and then he did not expect to see us that day, as we expected to see him, although he had seen a paragraph in the *Christian News*—which he regularly reads—about our projected journey.

We entered the house, saying that we were strangers from a distance, and still our worthy host did not know us. It would have done our readers good to have seen the first faint dawn of recognition on his countenance, as our conversation revealed hints of who we might be, and then the full effulgence of knowledge, like that of the risen sun. Then Mrs. Muirhead came in, and she had many reminiscences of Bathgate, where, like Dr. Morison, she had been brought up. Much pleasant talk we had about the early days of the Evangelical Union in Scotland, the Cumberland Presbyterians, to whose General Assembly we were going, and the Rev. Leonard Bacon, of the Congregational Church, Baltimore, whose ministry Mr. Muirhead had attended till the period of that gentleman's recent departure for the continent of Europe.

But our stay in Baltimore was to be limited, and therefore our interview must needs be limited too. As our worthy friend was spending his old age in comparative retirement (his sons and daughters having prospered much commercially in the city) he was free to act as our guide for the rest of the day. Returning with us to the railway station, to get our luggage, he advised us to put up at Rennert's Hotel, a genteel kind of family boarding-house, which, from its central position and retired neighbourhood, we found to be eminently convenient. While we took dinner Mr. Muirhead went off to announce our arrival to his children and friends in the city, promising to return in an hour, and take us to see some of the principal sights. While he is gone let us tell our readers a little about the size and position of Baltimore.

Its site was chosen in 1729, and its name given in honour of Lord Baltimore, whose brother, Leonard Calvert, headed the first settlers in Maryland. The state itself, we may remark,

was called after Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. Up to the close of the last century, Baltimore had only a population of 26,000; but it is now close upon 300,000. It is the largest flour market in the United States, and has also a great trade in canned oysters and fruit. It is built on hill slopes and terraces, and is situated on the River Patapsco, about fourteen miles above its *embouchure* into Chesapeake Bay. We may, indeed, say that it is situated on the bay itself; for not only is the Patapsco more an estuary than a stream at the city, but the salt water flows up to the harbour and floats the largest ships of the ocean. There are two basins, an outer and an inner, both commanded by a strong fort, called Fort M'Henry.

When Mr. Muirhead returned, as we were really very tired, we objected to be taken round to see public buildings and churches, which are much the same in all cities, but preferred to be led to some elevated point where we could at once rest and enjoy a view of the surrounding city.

Such being our desire, Mr. Muirhead conducted us to a raised mound overlooking the harbour; both because we would have there a considerable prospect, and because General Butler's camp had been pitched at that point for the two months during which he held the city under orders from Abraham Lincoln. While we were lying stretched at full length on the grass on that eminence, beneath the shade of our umbrellas, our Scotch friend gave us a graphic history of the ordeal through which the city had passed in the eventful years 1861-65. Of course the great majority—indeed, the mass—of the inhabitants were pro-slavery, for Maryland was a slave state; and all friends of the slave, like our *cicerone*, were marked men, and to some extent in danger of their lives. The inhabitants refused to let the soldiers of the north pass through the city; and on the 15th of April, 1861, nine citizens lost their lives in a riot, when the Massachusetts troops were marching from one railway depot to another, and had been stoned by the mob. But Abraham Lincoln, seeing it to be absolutely necessary to keep a connection clear between New York and Washington, ordered General Butler to hold Baltimore with a powerful army, which that commander did both with good will and good success. Mr. Muirhead wondered how he and the few friends of the slaves had been brought through the war safely; but God's providence had been kind, and they had successfully weathered the storm. One remark which our friend made served to show us clearly how dilapidated the fortunes of the southern gentry were since the close of the struggle. He informed us that "there were many ladies living in Baltimore that day who, before the war, had never put on their own clothes, having been from childhood

attended by waiting maids, who were now glad to get work at sewing-machines." My opinion is that people should all put on their own clothes; and, consequently, I have no hesitation in adding that, however fiery the baptism through which these southern ladies have passed, the habits of industry which they have been forced to learn will ultimately be a great blessing to them and their descendants, not to speak of the liberation and elevation of the sable attendants who used obsequiously to wait upon them. I may add, that it came out in the course of our friend's conversation—quite unostentatiously on his part—that he was known, not only in Baltimore, but all over that region, as *the friend of the coloured man*. Of a truth Edinburgh has no reason to be ashamed of her son.

We returned to our quiet quarters by a new route, admiring much the retirement of some streets, and the bustle of others. An immense hotel, called Barnum's, containing 325 rooms, quite near ours, threw it completely into the shade, in point of size and magnificence. We saw also an elegant monument, opposite Barnum's, called "Battle Monument," fifty-two feet in height, in honour of those who fell in the defence of the city in the war with the British in the year 1814.

We were much pleased, after we had taken tea, by the arrival of some Scotch friends, whom Mr. Muirhead had informed of our arrival. First of all came Captain Logan, of the merchant service, who gratified me not a little by the following reminiscences: "My wife was a member of your church. Do you not remember marrying us in South Portland Street, Glasgow? She died here two years ago, in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The Rev. Leonard Bacon and his excellent lady were in her chamber the evening she died, singing sweet hymns with her, as her feet began to be chilled by the waters of the Jordan. Don't you recollect that I took her out with me to China, the first voyage I made from Glasgow after our marriage? You wrote her a letter to Canton, which I still keep among my most cherished treasures."

Then Mr. Muirhead's eldest son came in, a fine looking man in the prime of life, and rising fast in commercial position in Baltimore. His address to me was to the following effect: "Do you recollect coming into Edinburgh on the October fast-day in 1847? You preached at 11 A.M. in Brighton Street Church, and your subject was 'The Gospel as announced by the angel to the shepherds at Bethlehem.' I found the Saviour under that sermon, and I have cleaved to him ever since." Little did I expect, when I cast the bread of life on the waters on these occasions, to find it at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, after so many days.

CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON.

WHEN we reached the railway station on Thursday morning, to take the cars for Washington, we found that a few other Scotch people were there, at once to welcome us and bid us good-bye, who had heard of our arrival, but had not been able to visit us the night before. Mr. Muirhead's married daughter was prominent among these well-wishers, and a young man who had recently come from Glasgow, and whose heart warmed much to Dr. Morison and myself, although he had never spoken to us before. Our excellent friend, Mr. Muirhead, had made up his mind to take a holiday and accompany us to Washington, where another married son lived, to whom he wished to introduce us.

The distance between Baltimore and Washington is only 40 miles, the direction being south-west. For the most part of the way the line went through forests uncleared, or only very partially cleared, with here and there a farm gleaming like an oasis in the desert. As we passed one spot, I remember that Mr. Muirhead, who sat next me in the carriage, heaved a sigh, and said, "I had a farm once there, soon after I arrived from Edinburgh. The associations of the place in my memory are rather sad than otherwise; for I lost a good deal of money there; and there too my first wife died, who came out with me from Scotland, the mother of my children—one of the excellent of the earth."

The worthy man's eyes filled with tears at the recollection of his wife's devotion and sufferings at the secluded spot which we were passing. We stopped at no towns by the way, but only at two railway junctions; the one on the right being called "Washington junction," where passengers, who do not care to go to Washington, get a short cut to Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac; and the other, on the left hand, called the "Annapolis junction," where a branch line leads down to Annapolis, the capital of the State of Maryland, and situated on the Chesapeake bay. While the train waited here for a few minutes, my attention was arrested by the great number of people of colour who were standing around. I had never seen so large a proportion of them together in one place. The majority were young men and young women, between whom a good deal of humorous chaffing was going on—if, indeed, it did not amount to wooing, and billing and cooing. My zealous anti-slavery friend at my side, seemed to be grieved at the spectacle, and observed, "That is the great difficulty which we have to

encounter with these idle fellows. They will not work more than is absolutely necessary. They ought to be at their labour, instead of hanging there around the railway depot."

As we drew near the city of Washington, the broad waters of the Potomac revealed themselves to view—another great American stream, apparently as majestic as the Susquehanna, which we had crossed the day before. It seemed to double round the city by a sort of circuitous course, thereby converting a considerable portion of it into a peninsula. Indeed, the quarter where we lodged for the night, if my memory does not deceive me, was called "The Island."

And here I must inform my readers that not only were we accompanied to Washington by a Scotch E. U. friend, but that a Scotch, yea, a Glasgow E. U. friend was waiting at the station to receive us. It so happened that another young member of my own church in Blackfriars Street had been married, in 1862, to a young man who had risen to have the charge of one of the largest lithographic establishments in Washington. I had the address of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser with me; and the letter which I had sent from Philadelphia to Washington had been more successful than that which I had sent to Baltimore; for there was Mrs. Fraser with her blithe face waiting to receive us. How pleasant it is to meet with a spiritual child in a far and foreign land! I had met one in Baltimore the night before of whose existence I did not know; but here was one whom I had known very well. When a young woman she had walked five miles from the village of Busby every Sabbath day to hear me preach, along with her parents; and now she was glad to welcome me, not only to the city of her adoption but to her own comfortable dwelling. She would take no denial. She would not allow us to go to a hotel. She was proud at the prospect of having Dr. Morison as well as myself under her roof for a night. The table was spread for dinner, and Mr. Fraser would soon be in. Mr. Muirhead would just accompany us; we would all dine together; and then go out to see the sights of Washington.

Mrs. Fraser's house was in Eleventh Street, and happily not very far from the railway station. I say happily, because we walked; and as the sun's rays were more fiery than ever, the shorter the distance the better. We found the house to be delightfully neat, and delightfully cool.

Mr. Fraser soon arrived, and made our agreeable party complete. He and his wife were happy to know Mr. Muirhead, and also to have the prospect of being introduced to his son and daughter-in-law in Washington; for it is regarded as quite an acquisition when Scotch people come to know one another

in that far-off land, and especially when they have some common object of interest like this home connection with the Evangelical Union. One remark, which was made by Mr. Fraser at dinner, I have always remembered since. Speaking of his own managership in the large establishment in which he was employed, he said, "It is a common saying in the United States that 'if ever you see a man with his coat on, and acting as an overseer among workmen with their coats off, you may be sure that he is a Scotchman!'" I ask my readers, who may be not of my own country, to look upon my rehearsal of this remark as an act of pardonable national vanity.

Our host left for his afternoon duties, and we sallied forth to see some of the principal sights of Washington. I may here remark that the Smithsonian Institute, which lay quite near our lodgings in Eleventh Street, was well worthy of a visit, if only sufficient time had been at our disposal. It faced us whenever we got out to the street.

It was endowed by James Smithson, an Englishman, and, as the wording of his will and testament ran, was intended for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The building is of red sandstone, and is 450 feet in length, and 140 feet in breadth. The grounds attached to the Institute are fifty acres in extent. Eminent men come from all parts of the states, at certain times of the year, to give lectures to the students and the citizens. No doubt much good is done; but our intelligent hostess candidly informed us that it was a great pity that the expensive establishment had not been put down in some great centre of population like New York or Philadelphia; for the inhabitants of Washington were comparatively few; while the statesmen that came to attend Congress had no time, and in many instances no inclination, to listen to scientific lectures.

As was naturally to be expected, we were anxious, first of all, to see the magnificent Capitol of Washington, built largely of marble, as we were told, where Congress meets, and which towers over the city, like St. Peter's at Rome, or the temple at Jerusalem long ago. Its white dome is visible afar, and it must be confessed that a building which is architecturally imposing, and which cost upwards of two millions of pounds sterling (according to British currency), is somewhat worthy of the great Transatlantic republic.

On our way to the Capitol, we began to understand the peculiar plan on which the city of Washington is built. The original idea was that there should be an avenue for every State of the Union, with subordinate streets running between, and that these should all converge towards the great House of

Parliament. But the States have so increased in number that there is no room for them all in this metropolitan programme; and, besides, although the avenues have been duly formed and named after all the original States, in many instances no houses have been built upon them, so that they are only fine walks and nothing more. Hence the remark of some wit has become a common saying that "Washington is a city of immense distances!" Several of the central avenues, however, like that along which we drove in a tramway car to the Capitol, namely, the Avenue of Philadelphia, are wide, bustling, and well-built thoroughfares. Washington itself does not contain more than 80,000 inhabitants, although the district around it, called the the district of Columbia, included, in 1870, a population of 132,000. This remark, however, renders further explanation necessary. When a political metropolis required to be fixed upon, at the close of the revolutionary war with England, to avoid jealousy, it was agreed that the capital should belong to no particular State, but should stand apart from all the others in a district by itself. Hence the District of Columbia was fixed upon, only sixty square miles in extent, surrounded on all sides by the State of Maryland, except at the corner at which it is flanked by the river Potomac. This district was meant to be simply a decent suburban territory into which the city might extend itself, if it should in the course of years overflow its borders. It must be confessed, however, that Washington has not progressed as was expected; for legislative isolation and manufacturing industry do not go hand in hand. Up till 1871 the District of Columbia was governed directly by Congress itself; but since that date it has a Governor of its own, and is allowed to send one delegate to the House of Representatives.

We found that the Capitol was to be approached by quite a grove of trees, over the tops of which, however, the lofty dome rose majestically. The main door is not at the west front, by which we entered, but at the east front, looking down towards the windings of the Potomac to the sea and Mount Vernon, where General Washington is buried. Let us then pass through the great rotunda below the dome, without noticing its treasures at present, and plant ourselves before the east door. A splendid staircase leads up to it; and when we come to study the entrance itself, it is well worthy of the great edifice to which it leads. The celebrated door is all of bronze, and weighs 20,000 pounds. Although the design of an American artist, it was cast at Munich in 1861, at a cost of 30,000 dollars, that is, about £6,000 of our money. It is in *alto relievo*, and contains in its eight panels scenes from the life and discoveries of Columbus.

The last is the deathbed scene of the great explorer, in which he is represented as saying, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo meum spiritum* (Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit).

The rotunda is a splendid circular hall, 96 feet in height and 96 in diameter. Its principal attraction is eight historical paintings by native artists, which extend round and round the walls. In these are represented such scenes as the following: The Landing of Columbus; the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; the Baptism of Pocahontas, an Indian Princess; the Surrender of General Burgoyne; the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, &c. It was on the floor of the rotunda that the soldiers of the Seventh New York Regiment were encamped when they arrived at Washington in April, 1861. While we were examining the pictures in the rotunda, Mr. Muirhead's son, who lives in Washington, joined our party, and kindly accompanied us in our subsequent explorations.

Our great desire, of course, was to see first the Senate Chamber, which occupies in the legislative machinery of the United States much the same position as our House of Lords; and, secondly, the House of Representatives, which again is equal to our House of Commons. Both Houses are called Congress, and both were fortunately in session at the period of our visit. I may remark that the Senate is designed, like our House of Lords, to act as a check on the House of Representatives. Its members, however, are elected differently. None are of course born legislators in the United States, as is the lot of the British aristocracy; but, whereas the members of the House of Representatives are elected by the suffrages of the people, the gentlemen who compose the Senate are elected by the congress or local Parliament of each state. And while the number of those who represent each state in the House of Representatives is proportioned to the population, the smallest state, as well as the largest, has the privilege of sending two senators to the Senate.

These two grand legislative halls are situated, the one in the great northern, and the other in the great southern wing, of the Capitol. I call them *great*, because, in 1851, President Fillmore laid the first stone of these additions to the Capitol, which have made it twice its original size. Formerly Congress met in the central building; but both houses now assemble each in one of these splendid wings, commonly called "the Extensions." The whole building is 753 feet long, and covers an area of three and a half acres. The dome, crowned by a statue of Liberty, is upwards of 400 feet above the ground; while wooded grounds, thirty acres in extent, surround the splendid edifice.

Of course, many chambers are to be found in the Extensions, like libraries, committee rooms, &c., beside the Houses of Congress themselves; for we found these halls to be no larger than was necessary for the accommodation of the honourable members. The Senate Chamber is 113 feet long by 80 feet wide; and the House of Representatives, 150 feet long by 93 feet wide. Both halls are finely ornamented, and look very handsome indeed; but it struck us that in both the ceiling was too low. In all probability, however, this arrangement had been resorted to, to prevent an echo; and the acoustical properties of such chambers, I confess, should always have prime consideration.

The currency question was causing much excitement at the time of our visit; and the debates which we heard from the galleries of both houses ran on that vexed subject—namely, whether the greenback paper notes which had been issued during the time of the war should be retained, or there should be a return to the gold and silver dollars which had been previously in use. The members who spoke while we were present seemed self-possessed and fluent; but several of them we could not hear very distinctly. We felt specially interested in the House of Representatives. The gallery which runs round it is seated for 1,200 persons, exclusive of the accommodation that is provided for the gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps, and the reporters of the press. We had General Butler, of New Orleans notoriety, pointed out to us, who is said to be at once the most witty and the most unscrupulous speaker in the Assembly. Although his head be barren as to a crop of hair, it is evidently not barren as to thought. It is a pugnacious-looking bullet head, moreover; and a phrenologist and physiognomist would say that there is no wonder that its owner sent so many material bullets among his military foes in 1864, and continued to send so many argumentative ones among his political foes in 1874. Two representatives of colour interested us much, who had been returned by some constituency far down South, to speak and vote for them at Washington. It was certainly an impressive and significant fact, that these sable brethren should be there—not only free men, but members of Congress.

Every member has a desk, as well as a seat, for himself—both being quite separate and apart from all the other seats and desks. I observed that whenever any honourable gentleman wished any book to be brought to him, or any message to be taken, he had only to clap his hands, when forthwith a handsome little page would be at his side to execute his orders. These boys are well paid; and it is quite an object of ambition

among American parents to have their sons so employed. The clapping of hands was pretty frequent while the speaking was going on; but it did not seem to annoy the honourable members at all who had the floor of the house. We expected to see the Vice-president of the United States occupying the chair of the House of Representatives, which it is his duty to do; but he was absent through illness, and had put one of the leading members of the House in his place.

Before leaving the Capitol, we walked through the main room of the library of Congress. This collection consists of 240,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, and is the largest in the United States.

When we left the great building, and returned to the city to inspect some of the lesser places of interest, such as the Treasury House, the Patent Office, the Army and Navy Department, the General Post Office, the White House, where the President lives, &c., we found that our friends had committed a great mistake in allowing us in our eagerness to visit the Capitol first. All these Government houses close at 3 P.M., whereas Congress sits till late at night. If we had only visited the Government houses first, we could have seen through them comfortably, and then have repaired to the Capitol afterwards. However, there was no help for the disappointment, and we comforted ourselves with the thought that as the day was very hot, and we felt exhausted, it was just as well that these great public buildings which meet one every here and there in the main streets of Washington, were closed against us.

We were just in time to see the immense number of clerks and employées, who have situations in the Treasury House, coming down the great staircase when their day's work was done. I was pleased to see that so many of them were ladies. We were informed by our Washington friends that they were well paid, and had light labours, being occupied, many of them, in counting and packing up the paper notes that were to be used throughout the country. It cheered me to think that not a few of these well-dressed young ladies who defiled past us, would be able to help a widowed mother or a sick sister, by means of the handsome salaries which they received in the Government Treasury House.

The President's house, commonly called "The White House," was built in 1792, after the model of the Duke of Leinster's palace, near Maynooth, in Ireland. It stands on elevated ground, but only a few yards from the main thoroughfare, and about a mile from the Capitol. As we were told that the act would not be thought rude, we went in at the gate, and looked through one of the windows. President Grant's carriage was

standing at the gate; and we tarried for a few minutes, hoping that, perhaps, the distinguished general and statesmen would come out before we left. We were interested in the initials of his name which were emblazoned on the carriage door. These were "U. S. G." I forget what "S" stands for; but his first name is Ulysses. Mrs. Fraser informed us that during the war, when it was expected by the South that he would need to give in, his enemies used merrily to remark that the initials stood for Unconditional Surrender Grant! And that now when, like Wellington with us, he had become as prominent in statesmanship as he had been in soldiership, his political opponents called him Useless Statesman Grant! But he has already lived down the last nickname as well as the first; and it seems plain that, like Homer's Ulysses, he is as wise in council as he was weighty in war. As I look at the initials myself, I see in them a propriety that would have been thought providential in the days when astrology ranked as a science; for does not "U. S. G." seem to point out him whom God had designed to be the *Guardian of the United States*?

Although we did not see the President emerge from his own house, we had not long left the gate till he and his lady passed us in their carriage. We were on the side next the distinguished man, and got a good view of his face. We would have known him at once by the well known features with which both the deliberate oil paintings and more ephemeral caricatures have made us familiar. We learned afterwards that the President and his lady were on their way, when we saw them, to attend a friend's remains to the grave. It was kind of them to weep with those who wept in the midst of their own joy, for their daughter was to be married in a few days to an English gentleman. It is perhaps also worthy of being noted, that when we saw the brave general he was in circumstances of danger—almost as great danger as when he bore the brunt of Southern strategy. His coachman had not noticed, or rather had not heard, the approach of a tramway car, and was about to cross the street just as one of these vehicles was coming up at a great rate. A dangerous collision very nearly took place, and the President seemed to be considerably alarmed. He rose up in his carriage to his full height, and seemed as if he wished to take the reins out of his coachman's hands. The delay had this advantage, that it allowed us to get a good view of the celebrated man.

As we walked about the streets of Washington, a little disappointed that the Government houses were closed, Mr. Muirhead suddenly said, "By the way, Frederick Douglas is superintendent of a bank in which coloured people deposit

their savings, and it is here!" I entered along with my friend to pay my respects to the celebrated defender of his own once enslaved race. I found him looking old, but still vigorous. He impressed me as being a man of power. He remembered being in Scotland very well when the cry, "Send back the money," was sounded both loud and long in the ears of the leaders of the Free Church; because they had taken £3,000 from the slaveholding States of America in aid of their own disruption movement. I reminded him that I had travelled with him on the outside of a coach from Perth to Glasgow in 1846. Mr. Douglas repeated to me a verse of a parody on the song "My boy Tammy," which had been addressed, at that exciting time, to Dr. Thomas Chalmers. It was as follows:—

"Whaur hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?
Whaur got ye thae bawbees,
My boy Tammy?
Did ye get them on the braes
Whaur grow the thistle and the slaes,
Or 'mang the tears o' slavery's waes,
My boy Tammy?"

Let us rejoice that Abraham Lincoln's celebrated proclamation has rendered all such satirical effusions unnecessary and impossible now in so far as the United States are concerned.

We next proceeded to the house of Mr. Muirhead, jun., and spent a pleasant hour with his young wife and interesting family, breaking bread with them, drinking cooling lemonade, and talking of home. On our way we noticed how neatly parterres of flowers are inclosed in Washington where two avenues meet—the ground that would otherwise have lain as an awkward common or gap being turned into beautiful, ornamental reserves.

We spent the rest of the evening in writing home and in making preparations for our journey next day across the Alleghany Mountains. Our kind host and hostess wished us, indeed, to go to the weekly prayer meeting of the Congregational Church in Washington, of which they were members; but we regretted that the time at our disposal did not admit of this. They informed us that their pastor (whose name I am sorry that I forget), although born in the United States, had a passionate admiration of Scotland, Scotchmen, and the Scottish dialect. In proof of this, they informed us that he was a correspondent of Dr. Hately Waddell of Glasgow, the fame of whose translation of the Scriptures into Scotch had reached Washington. By the way I may remark, that of all the British clergymen who had visited the States to attend the

meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, our friends informed us that the Rev. William Arnot of Edinburgh was the most popular. He had been introduced to the Washington meeting as "the Rev. Dr. Arnot"; and, referring to the fact that he was not a D.D., while another Edinburgh minister of the same name was, he had humorously said, "If any of you should send me a love letter addressed to 'the Rev. Dr. Arnot, Edinburgh,' another man would get it." The ladies at the meeting all seemed to recognize the value of the explanation.

Before I close this chapter, let me narrate, not the sights which I saw in Washington, but two facts which I heard concerning it. The one gives a lesson in Temperance, and the other in the Gospel.

When I attended Glasgow University more than thirty years ago, there was a student there who was pursuing a most brilliant career. He carried the medal away easily as the best Latin scholar of his day and the best student of Logic. He even published a work on Logic, which was thought wonderful for a youth. But strong drink marked him for its prey! Instead of filling a high and honourable place in the roll of his country's distinguished sons, he sank into obscurity, and descended lower and lower in the social scale. His wanderings ended in Washington. He got teaching there, and might still have risen phoenix-like from the ashes of a largely mis-spent life; but his evil genius, or rather his evil passion that mocked all his genius, followed him to the Transatlantic capital. I was told that he often lay on stairs and in doorways all night, till advancing disease made him glad to get a bed in the public infirmary, in which to die. His accomplishments had become known in the city; and when he was on his deathbed, an elegant Latin inscription was required for some public building. The patrons of the new institute found out the dying graduate of Glasgow University, and asked him how to turn the phrase. He lifted his head from the pillow, told them at once how to express their idea in the purest and most classical Latin—such as the old Romans would have used in the days of Cicero—then laid his weary head upon his pillow again, and soon after expired. Readers, learn the moral. Education will not save from strong drink. Safety is found in our land and day—so appetite-creating are our highly adulterated beverages—only in Christ and total abstinence.

My second fact illustrates the blessed Gospel of Christ. On the Arlington Heights, opposite Washington and across the Potomac, where thousands who perished in the war are buried, there is a striking inscription on a tomb which has an interesting history. An old man had been drafted for the

war. A young man, pitying his infirmities, had volunteered to go in his place. The substitute perished; and the old man, filled with gratitude, gathered together all the money he could spare, and erected on the Arlington Heights a monument on which the story of self-sacrificing benevolence was narrated, and the brief inscription added, "*He died for me.*" In view of Emmanuel's self-sacrifice, may the heart of each reader bear the grateful cenotaphic inscription, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

WE left Washington on Friday morning at eight o'clock, having before us a journey of 280 miles across the Alleghany Mountains, to the city of Pittsburg on the Ohio. Mr. Muirhead and Mrs. Fraser accompanied us to the cars, and bade us a cordial farewell. Mr. Muirhead's adieu I would indeed almost call affecting and patriarchal, for he never expected to see us again in this world. Our kind hostess we hope to see once more with her husband in her native city; but as I fervently returned the pressure of Mr. Muirhead's hand, I felt that in all probability I would not see him till we had both reached a higher state of being "behind the veil."

It may be interesting to some of my readers to know the expense of railway travelling in the United States. I find, by consulting my note book, that we each paid nine dollars for that day's journey. That would be about the rate of five shillings for every thirty miles of the run in our money. There is nothing cheaper than these rates in the United States.

All forenoon our course lay along the banks of the broad river Potomac. A fellow-passenger informed us, when we had travelled for about an hour, that we had now reached some of the most exciting scenes of the late war between the North and South; since it was in the valley of the Potomac that some of Stonewall Jackson's most redoubtable exploits had been performed in the year 1862. As we advanced up the stream, dwelling-houses and factories, which had been dilapidated by shot and shell, and never rebuilt, plainly and painfully attested the fact that war had left its destructive imprint there. In the course of the forenoon we came to a stage, the name of which sent a thrill of emotion through our hearts—Harper's Ferry. Here the Shenandoah and the Potomac join; but it is not the

romantic rushing together of their full floods that throws a charm around the place, but the fact that in the year 1859 old John Brown and his followers were tried and executed in its immediate neighbourhood, thus causing an excitement which may be said to have commenced the war, that ultimately set the slaves free. I had heard the Jubilee Singers before I left Glasgow singing with thrilling effect—

“John Brown’s body lies a mouldering in the ground,
But his soul goes marching on.”

—the singers themselves being notable proofs of the fact that his soul had marched on with fetter-bursting power. As I looked up the valley where he lay, I said to myself, remembering, of course, the infinite distance between a heroic old man and the ever-blessed Emmanuel—

“Jesus Christ’s body lay silent in the ground,
But his soul went marching on.”

And how gloriously does it still march on!—setting captive sinners free, raising the lowly, humbling the proud, cheering the depressed, striking down the oppressor, removing injustice, and giving mercy free course all over the world.

At Harper’s Ferry, the line of railway crosses the Potomac by a great bridge 900 feet long, and consisting of six imposing arches. Here the traveller leaves Maryland, and passes into West Virginia, keeping the Potomac on his right hand for nearly 100 miles, till he reaches the large town of Cumberland, where, for a short time, he traverses Maryland again. I have a very distinct recollection of the rapid run which we had for more than three hours, between Harper’s Ferry and Cumberland. For a long way we kept near the river, whose windings are very picturesque; but afterwards we seemed to traverse a dreary forest tract, abounding in stunted pines, with only a farm appearing now and then at rare intervals—but for which, indeed, we would have concluded that the region was altogether uninhabited.

It need not be matter of surprise that, after having travelled more than 150 miles by railway, we should have been glad to find that at Cumberland a good dinner was to be had, and half an hour to be allowed to take it. An American does not hesitate to pay a dollar for his dinner; and we counted the demand decidedly a low one when only the sum of 75 cents was asked—that is, about 3s. 6d. of our currency.

My readers must not suppose that this large town of Cumberland (the second in size in the State of Maryland) was in any way connected with the Cumberland Presbyterians, whose

General Assembly was the goal we were aiming at; or that the River Cumberland, from which their body takes its name, was near at hand. No; it was still far away in the Southern State of Tennessee. It is quite possible, however, that this town and that river were both named after the county of Cumberland in England, or the Duke of Cumberland, George the Second's brother, who conquered on the Culloden Moor.

Soon after we left the town of Cumberland the train began to ascend the Alleghany Mountains—and a most remarkable travelling experience, in truth, it was. At first the gradient was slight; but as we advanced past the lower spurs of the mountain, it became something very considerable; yet the snorting iron horse that drew us upwards hesitated not at the steep incline, and, without making any circuitous zigzags—such as I had once encountered on the Semmaring Alps, between Trieste and Vienna—drew us resolutely forward. A gentleman in the same carriage with us, advised Dr. Morison and myself to come out to the very end of the train, and stand on the wooden platform behind, that we might look backwards, and enjoy the vista view of the narrow forest glade through which we were advancing. I stood for a while on the board as the train rushed upwards, with nothing between us and destruction but the plank of wood, for there was no railing to protect one; but I became nervous after a quarter of an hour's experience, and returned within the car, and looked more securely out at the window. The Doctor, however, had more nerve than I had, and kept his stand manfully, rocking back and forward with the rocking carriage. The sight was indeed most peculiar. We could have supposed that we were spectators in a pictured panorama, and not at all participants in a real woodland journey. Now and then, however, the semblance of fanciful representation was broken in upon by the appearance of undoubtedly living and lifelike men, stalwart and perspiring, who were felling trees on the side of the hill; for the timber trade, or, as it is called all through the States, the lumber trade, is perseveringly plied on the Alleghany Mountains. The men rested on their hatchets as the train flew past them; because, although its transient rush was a thing of daily occurrence, it broke in upon the monotony of their solitary life, and doubtless relieved its tedium, both as a phenomenon of forenoon expectation and evening retrospect. In some instances their rude habitations were within sight of the wood-cutters themselves; and then the bustling housewife and the "toddling wee things" joined in the eager contemplation of the rapidly ascending locomotive.

At the top of the ascent, with a shrill whistle, or rather a

melancholy moan, we dashed into a dark tunnel some thousands of feet long. Soon after we had emerged into the light of day we stopped at a station, or depot, as the Americans always say, on the very top of the hill, as if to give our weary iron horse a little breathing time. On the western end of the tunnel an inscription was cut, announcing the date of the completion of the work; but I could not catch the words or figures accurately as we sped rapidly past. At the highest point of the cutting, we were 2,700 feet above the City of Baltimore. I may mention that by another line to Pittsburg from Philadelphia—namely, that by way of Harrisburg—the ascent of the Alleghanies is yet more picturesque than by the Cumberland route, especially at one point, where a bend or curve is described as abrupt as the capital letter U, and the traveller sees men and houses dwindled into dwarfishness at the bottom of the ravine, as he careers first along one side of the curve, and then along the other.

The downward descent was as peculiar in its way as the upward had been. For several miles we did not need steam at all; for, on the other hand, the rapidity and safety of our progress required to be regulated by the application of the brakes. Smiling villages began to appear in the course of the afternoon, the more important having churches and schools. Both houses and churches were all alike of wood; and as the golden rays of the afternoon sun were reflected from the tin spires of the latter, an almost heavenly halo of peace and retirement seemed to surround the scene. Dr. Morison was deeply interested in the air of Arcadian simplicity that characterized the whole region, and confessed that he would be perfectly willing to spend a life-time "just in such a village as that, and be the minister just of such a little church as that." "And never be heard of beyond the bounds of the district, doctor?" "Never be heard of beyond the bounds of the district." "And write no commentaries?" "Write no commentaries." Of course, the doctor meant *ceteris paribus*, that is, if other things were equal—such as that no inspiration to speak to the world beyond, or to write for its benefit came upon him and filled his soul. And, perhaps, the state of his jaded and overworked brain made him sigh a somewhat morbid sigh after the calm obscurity of a humble village pastorate.

When we reached the foot of the hill we came to Pennsylvania again, only this division of the vast State is called Western Pennsylvania, in contradistinction from Eastern Pennsylvania, nearer the Atlantic seaboard.

About 4 P.M. we found that we were flying along the banks of a great and growing river, which still preserves its euphonious

Indian name, the Youghiogheny (pronounced Yo-ho-ga-ny). The streams on the western side of the mountains were now flowing from east to west, unlike the Potomac, and Susquehanna, and Delaware, which we had found flowing from west to east. The great heat of the week previous had caused the woods on the banks of the Youghiogheny to burst out into a greenness and a luxuriance of leaves, exceeding anything which we had yet seen in the States. This, as we have already had occasion to notice, is a marked peculiarity of the Transatlantic season, that whereas in the end of April, the trees will be bare as the masts of ships, by the month of May they will be adorned with umbrageous verdure. Hence it is a common saying in the country that, although they have a nominal, they have no real spring, but make a sudden leap from winter to summer. Yet it must be remembered that while the heat of their early summer is tolerable, that of the advanced summer is something oppressive and overwhelming.

About a quarter past six P.M., the train stopped at a large town containing about 25,000 inhabitants, called Connellsville. I remember distinctly seeing the junction here of a branch railway with the main line, and also of reading the words, "Union Town Railway" painted on a board; but I had no idea then that this branch line ran for about eleven miles up a beautiful valley to Union Town, where our dear brother, Rev. Henry Melville, late of the Scottish Evangelical Union, and one of Dr. Morison's first students, is pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. We did not know this till we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Melville at the General Assembly in Missouri. It will thus be plain to our readers that Mr. Melville, who is located thirty miles to the east of Pittsburg, and all the other members of the West Pennsylvanian Presbytery, are far removed from the main body of their ecclesiastical brethren in the west and south. They form the most eastern section of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

After we had left Connellsville, we came upon a yet greater river, and with a yet more euphonious Indian name, the Monongahela. The Youghiogheny runs into it at a point which we did not pass, and loses both its name and waters in its superior tide. The Monongahela seemed to us to be as broad as the Ohio, of which it is one of the main tributaries; for the latter mighty stream is formed at Pittsburg by the junction of two rivers—the Alleghany and the Monongahela. But how could it look as broad as the Ohio? some one may be disposed to say, if possessing only one-half the volume of water. Because, gentle reader, rivers, when swelled by

tributaries, are in many parts increased in depth, rather than in width.

It was on this river, as we drew near to Pittsburg, that we got our first view of a great American river steamer, three stories high, and lighted up for the night—for the twilight of evening was descending around. I may have the opportunity subsequently of describing more minutely both the outward and inward appearance of these steamboats, but meanwhile let me record that the first sight of one of them was impressive and suggestive. Evidently, after a railway ride of almost 300 miles, through sterile mountainous regions, we were drawing near to some great centre of population and industry.

And now the lights of Pittsburg are appearing in the distance—the great furnace fires of her iron and steel manufactories reflected in the waters of the broad and blushing Monongahela! Lo! as we approach nearer the terminus of our long journey, we can see the puddlers and other brawny artificers at work across the river, moving about among the red hot iron like fiends in pandemonium. We have, in fact, reached the Birmingham or Sheffield of the United States, or a Scottish Coatbridge multiplied by eight, with a population of 250,000 inhabitants—of which, however, we must postpone the description to our next number. We expect that additional interest will be lent to that article from the fact that in Pittsburg we first met with the excellent Cumberland Presbyterian brethren whom we had come to visit, and had the opportunity of preaching in their Church on the Sabbath-day.

CREEDS.

CREEDS as they now exist denote systems of principles to be believed, or summaries of the articles of Christian faith. These are perfectly legitimate in themselves. No man can have a moral character without beliefs; neither can any man have a character largely developed or strongly pronounced unless he have strong convictions. If, then, it is necessary thus to have beliefs, there can be nothing essentially amiss in stating them. It may be a question, however, whether the beliefs of leading men may not be invested with too much authority; and hence commended too imperatively to others. There may also be a danger connected with articles so framed. Some may be induced to accept them in whole or in part, without thoroughly digesting for themselves the evidence on which they are based: and the adoption in this way of ready-made articles of belief

generally makes the life more or less unfertile. For we hold that no man can really live and grow with vigour unless he be able to give an intelligent reason for the faith that is in him. Formulated creeds are not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of Christian doctrine; neither is it a matter of necessity that they be abused in the manner indicated when they do exist.

As it may not be wholly unimportant, we now produce a brief sketch of the history of creeds. Irenæus obtains credit for having stated the first form of a creed, if creed it may be called. Tertullian gives a sentence which corresponds with part of the Apostles' Creed, but it does not follow from this that the creed so named existed antecedent to the life of that father. Origen's creed presents the deity and humanity of Christ as matter of belief. According to Cyprian an expression of faith was required of adults at their baptism. Its articles, however, were neither long nor numerous. Augustine seems to embrace the whole field generally traversed, when he says, "Our Lord Jesus Christ bequeathed to the disciples these mysteries of faith, saying, 'Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.'" "The whole sum and body of our faith," says Athanasius, "is comprised in the words of our baptism, and is founded on that Scripture, 'Go and baptize all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'" Indeed, "The most ancient writers," says Witsius, "as *Martial*, *Ignatius*, *Justin*, *Irenæus*, and *Tertullian*, when they propose to give a summary of the faith, proceed no farther than the doctrine of the Trinity." Hilary contends at great length that the profession of the Trinity ought alone to suffice, and should be held sufficient for the exclusion of heretics.

Towards the end of the fourth century an opinion gained ground that the apostles, before leaving Jerusalem, framed that system of articles now known as the "Apostles' Creed." This summary of belief, however, seems clearly to have been a matter of slow growth,—springing out of the phrases and sentences already alluded to, rather than a composition synchronous with the apostolic era. In its present form it cannot lay any valid claim to a date more remote than the fourth century.

The arguments adduced by the Church of Rome to prove that the apostles were the real authors of the creed ascribed to them are certainly puerile. They affirm that after Pentecost, the apostles, being filled with the Holy Ghost, judged it necessary to have a form of sound words before they should separate, lest in their individual capacities and exercise they

should preach discordant doctrines, as also for the sake of the church, that she should have an authorized formulary for the instruction of those who were to be baptized. It need scarcely be said that this is not only mere assumption, but a practical denial of apostolic inspiration. They lay stress on the term "*symbolum*," which was used in the early Christian church as meaning a *creed*. They take this word etymologically to denote a *collation*, or contribution of articles, resembling in manner the individual contributions of those who assembled at a social feast among the ancients. From this they discover that each of the apostles brought to this solemn conference a morsel of doctrine; and that these, when they were all arranged together, constituted a creed supported by the authority of the Twelve. Granting this to be a correct derivation of the word "*symbolum*," it may at once be perceived that its origin is to be found in the plurality of articles collected, and not in the persons collecting. The creed ascribed to Athanasius was termed a "*symbolum*"; and in this case no plurality of authors could be intended.

Perhaps a more complete refutation of this fanciful source of composition may be found when we prosecute more fully the notion adopted by the Romish church. Supposing to furnish a better appearance of genuineness, they divide the creed into twelve parts, and ascribe to each apostle his respective portion. This is not only very artificial, but reduces the whole conception to a puerile absurdity. Who in his sober senses can contemplate with approval the representation of the apostle Peter coming forward and saying, "I believe in God the Father Almighty;" and then of John interjecting, "The maker of heaven and earth;" then of James with his portion, "and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord"? These three have but artificial divisions of an article among them. On the other hand, they give more than one sentence, or subject, to some of the other apostles; for example, James, the son of Alphaeus, is represented as saying, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, in the holy Catholic Church." This is not only excessive in point of matter, for their own plan, but too gross in assumption; for the epithet "*catholic*" was not applied to the church in the days of the apostles.

But the derivation of *symbolum*, already referred to, is not accepted generally as correct. In its original Greek form it comes as a derivate of *συμβαλλω*, *συμβαλειν*—to throw together, and also, to place together for the purpose of comparing, and thereby of establishing conclusions. Accordingly *συμβολον* literally denotes the piece of bone, or coin, corresponding to the part broken off, and kept in possession, by another party.

When two parties, especially if belonging to separate states, made a bargain, or an arrangement of friendship, each one kept a sign or token of the agreement, which often consisted of the half of a bone that had been broken from its other part. Thus when both parties brought each his own piece of bone, these when seen to correspond were regarded as satisfactory signs or symbols of the treaty agreed on. Symbols of this kind served among the Greeks the same purpose as the *tesserae hospitales* did among the Romans. The word "symbol," therefore, as meaning a *sign*, *token*, or *distinctive mark*, was chosen by the early Christians as a designation of their creed or articles of faith. Those adopting such articles were regarded as bearing the mark of the faithful, and were thereby distinguished from the unbelieving.

It would be quite out of harmony with the plan of this paper to prosecute the work of refutation any further regarding the matter in hand. Suffice it to say—First, That the apostles being filled with the Holy Spirit, who led them into all truth, stood in no need of a creed to keep them from preaching discordant doctrines. Secondly, Had they considered it to be so important for themselves, and so valuable for the Church, to have such a creed, we certainly would have found it boldly written, and distributed among the churches, if not separately and by itself, at least in their respective epistles. Thirdly, Had the creed existed in apostolic times as the "Apostles' Creed," we doubtless would have found abundant reference made to it in the writings of the early fathers. They willingly would have adopted it, and thus would have been saved any little attempts of their own to formulate articles of faith.

Creeds were ultimately formed very much with the twofold intention of defending the doctrines of Scripture, and excluding heresy. And as the Arian heresy had arisen, the General Council of the Church, convened at Nice, in Bythinia, thought it necessary to frame a creed. This Nicene formulary, as might be expected, sets forth very prominently the divinity of Christ. It presents Him as "one Lord . . . the Son of God, begotten of the Father, only-begotten, that is, of the same substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God," &c. It is to be regretted, we think, that the council should have assumed for the Church the province of pronouncing accursed those who might differ, in a certain mode of belief, from the doctrines adopted at its sessions concerning Jesus Christ.

After this creed was cast in its first mould, a heretic, of the name of Macedonius, declaring that the Holy Spirit was not a person, but a mere energy diffused throughout the universe,

afforded an occasion for the convention of another council, which was held at Constantinople, A.D. 381. In this council, the part of the Nicene Creed relating to the Holy Spirit was extended. It is as amended thus that this formulary is found in the Romish, Lutheran, and English Churches at the present day. It is, therefore, properly "the Nicean-Constantinopolitan Creed."

The Arian controversy raged in the fourth century, and nearly twenty confessions in the interests of the party so named appeared in a few years. While differing on various points, they all agreed in rejecting the doctrine of the Consubstantiality or Co-essentiality of Christ with the Father.

Considerable diversity of opinion obtains regarding the creed that bears the name of Athanasius. No evidence sufficient to lay this matter to perfect rest seems to exist. But on the authority of Dr. Waterland, it has been pretty generally assumed that the creed was written in the early part of the fifth century, by Hilary, Bishop of Arles. The only evidence possessing a degree of force to support this conclusion lies in the fact, that in the Life of Hilary, it is found that "an exposition of the creed has been written by him." This creed is more explicit in its phraseology than that of the Council of Constantinople, and therefore may safely be regarded as a later production.

It dwells largely on the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity, and also on the Divinity and Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and thus seems clearly to have been raised as a bulwark against the Sabellian and Arian heresies. Ecclesiasticism seems more prominent in it than in former creeds; for, although its doctrines may be regarded as the doctrines of God's Word, they are advanced chiefly on the authority, not of the Bible, but of the Catholic Faith. It is also to be regretted that the right of anathematizing those who do not accept the creed in its totality has been claimed. In the "Faiths of the World," it is stated that "many divines of the Church of England coincide entirely in sentiment with Dr. Prettyman, in his *Elements of Theology*, where he says: 'We know that different persons have deduced different and even opposite doctrines from the words of Scripture, and consequently there must be many errors among Christians; but since the Gospel nowhere informs us what degree of error will exclude from eternal happiness, I am ready to acknowledge that, in my judgment, notwithstanding the authority of former times, our Church would have acted more wisely, and more consistently with its general principles of mildness and toleration, if it had not adopted the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.'"

The mutual contentions of councils and Popes for centuries make it difficult to know precisely what the creeds of the Roman Church were for a long time. But, professedly for the purpose of correcting, illustrating, and fixing with perspicuity the doctrine of the Church, of restoring the vigour of its discipline and reforming the lives of its ministers, the celebrated Council of Trent was assembled by Paul III in 1545, and continued through twenty-five sessions, till the year 1563, under Julius III and Pius IV. At this council decrees were sanctioned which, instead of settling the disputes and dissensions that had rent the Church, rendered them more intricate and perplexing than before, tending rather to their multiplication and propagation than to their diminution or suppression. Notwithstanding all this, the decrees of the Council of Trent, together with the creed of Pope Pius the IV, contain a summary of the heads of the Roman Catholic religion. This creed bears the date, "November, 1564," and is understood to contain in substance the decisions of the council immediately after whose sittings it was issued. It also, as is well known, is not innocent regarding anathemas.

The Greek Church has no confession publicly recognized and established; but in her catechisms the Athanasian and Nicene creeds are admitted. The Spanish Church, in the fifth or sixth century, appears to have admitted or inserted into the Constantinopolitan Creed the phrase *Filioque*, thereby indicating the belief that the Holy Spirit proceeded, not only from the Father but also *from the Son*. This change was accepted by the Church in France and Germany; but was rejected, as it now is, by the Greek Church. Indeed, this addition to the creed still forms a distinctive ground of separation between the eastern and western Churches. In the "rule of faith," according to the Greek Church, the doctrine of election to everlasting life has a place, but is based, not on the mere sovereign decree of God, but on good works as foreseen by the Omniscient One.

The formulary of faith recognized in the Waldensian Church dates from the twelfth century. It contains fourteen articles, which are generally believed to be Scriptural in their expression.

The first Protestant confession was presented to the diet of Augsburg in the year 1530. It is known as the "Augsburg Confession." This summary of doctrine was drawn out by Melancthon, but the original draft and material for it were supplied by Luther. It contains twenty-eight chapters, twenty-one of which are devoted to the exhibition of the leading points of Protestant doctrine; while the remaining

seven expose the errors and abuses which led to separation from the Church of Rome. As might be expected, justification by faith has a prominent place in this confession, and, it may be added, consubstantiation has a place also. Because of this latter doctrine, the Reformed or Zwinglian party refused to subscribe the Augsburg Confession. Consequently, the four imperial cities—Strasburg, Constance, Lindau, and Memmingen—presented a confession which was drawn up by Martin Bucer. It was designated the “Tetrapolitan Confession”—or “the Confession of the four cities.” It agreed substantially with the Augsburg Confession, except in this, that it rejected the doctrine of the corporeal presence of Christ in the eucharist. For a time this dissenting party maintained a separate adherence to their own confession; but ultimately they yielded, and subscribed that of Augsburg, which is the standard creed among orthodox Lutherans.

Six years after the presentation of the two aforementioned deliverances, the first Helvetic Confession was published. It was framed by Bullinger, Leo Judæ, and three others, in accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of Swiss divines held in Basle, in the year 1536. That which generally goes under the name of the Helvetic Confession was issued in 1566. It is a simple exposition of the former, and is larger. During the period intervening between these respective years of publication, the doctrines particularly propounded by, and closely associated with the name of Calvin, seem to have been gaining influence; for the doctrine of predestination, as understood by him, found a place in the latter Helvetic Confession. It consisted of thirty chapters, and was adopted not only in Switzerland, but also in Germany and Scotland, as well as by the Polish, Hungarian, and French Reformed churches. It was translated into French by Theodore Beza.

The Bohemic Confession is a compilation made from various ancient formularies of the Waldensian Christians, who settled in Bohemia in 1532. It was approved of by Luther and Melancthon, and published in 1585. It contains twenty articles, and among these is the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

The confession of the Saxon churches was composed by Melancthon, in 1551. It contains twenty-two articles, and, like that of Augsburg, while silent on the doctrine of Predestination, it lays stress on the doctrine of “Justification by Faith.”

In the year 1551, and during the period of Reformation fervour, the first English confession was drawn out. The two eminent men chiefly concerned in the accomplishment of this

work, were Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Ridley. These, however, communicated with, and received answers from many other bishops and divines, who were willing to aid them in their task. This formulary was revised by Knox and others, corrected by English bishops, and approved of by Convocation in 1552. It then received the royal sanction of Edward VI, the first Protestant king of England, and was published in 1553 in Latin and English. The articles originally contained in it amounted in number to forty-two; but after careful revisal, in 1562, by Convocation at London, these were reduced to thirty-nine, and published in Latin only. In the year 1571, however, they were again revised by Convocation, and published in their present form, both in Latin and English. Some amount of controversy has existed as to the Calvinistic or non-Calvinistic complexion of this formulary. And it has been noted as a fact, so far decisive on this point, that the English delegates, at the Synod of Dort, regarded the English as a Calvinistic confession.

By order of a synod of Paris, convened in 1559, the first Confession of the Reformed Gallican Churches was published in the year 1566. It contains forty articles, and is similar in character to other Protestant confessions.

In 1560, the Protestants of Scotland prepared a digest of doctrine, which was sanctioned by Parliament. It contained twenty-five articles, which coincide generally with the subject matter of other Protestant creeds. It rejects the doctrine of Consubstantiation, and affirms, though vaguely, that of Unconditional Election.

As the followers of Arminius were becoming strong in Holland, the Calvinists, in order to check the rising tide, appealed to a national synod; and, as a result, five canons, or doctrines, generally known as *the five points*, were sanctioned. These stood opposed to the five points or articles presented by the Remonstrants.

The last formulary we have to refer to is the Confession of Faith, composed by the Westminster Assembly of divines, including five ministers and three elders of the Church of Scotland. It was adopted by the General Assembly in 1647. Two years later it was ratified by Act of Parliament as the public and avowed Confession of the Church of Scotland. In 1690 it was again declared to be the national standard; and, it is almost needless to add that, with more or less modification, in the conception of those who subscribe, it still obtains a place as a subordinate standard in the Presbyterian Churches of our land. It contains thirty-three chapters, the matter of which, we presume, is pretty well known to all our readers.

Having thus endeavoured to give a condensed history of creeds, it will be expected that we now say something on the question of their usefulness.

It is certainly a somewhat difficult task to answer fairly, and, at the same time, definitely, the question respecting the general utility of creeds. But we may state, as our own opinion, that elaborate systems formulated for belief, and containing many details of doctrine, and metaphysical distinctions, when raised to the status of creeds, are not conducive, as a rule, to the development of the spirit of true religion. A few reasons for this opinion we may now submit; and,

I. No creed, apart from the sacred Scriptures, was given forth by Jesus Christ, his apostles, the apostolic fathers, or their immediate followers.

Indeed, we can trace the history of no formulated creed farther back than the fourth century. "We learn from the New Testament," says Bishop Tomline, "that those who first embraced the Gospel declared their faith in Jesus as the promised Messiah, in simple and general terms (Acts viii, 37); and there is no ground for supposing that the apostles required this declaration to be made in any particular form of words. No such formulary is transmitted to us; and had any ever existed it would probably have been cited or alluded to in the New Testament, or in the early apologies for Christianity." One prominent reason given for the composition and use of creeds is, that they are in themselves calculated to establish and defend the genuine doctrines of the Gospel against the assaults and inroads of prevailing heresies. But when our Saviour was subjected to the onsets of the arch-deceiver himself, he appealed to no system of formulated articles of faith, but to the Word of God, saying, It is thus and thus written; and the apostles themselves, who were surrounded with opposition on all hands, appealed only to the "volume of the book"; and if such a standard was sufficient then, may it not be sufficient now?

II. Creeds were intended to suppress heresies of doctrine, and thereby to prevent corruption of life; and it is now a question, which we may not be able fully to solve, whether, or to what extent, they have succeeded. But one thing is plain—corruptions of doctrine and life grew apace with the developments of creeds in the earlier and mediæval centuries of the Christian era—the very church, which made and gave authority to the creeds, degenerating in the use of them. The author last named thus writes: "Those very councils, which were convened, according to the practice of the apostolic age, for the purpose of declaring the truth as it is in Jesus, gave

their sanction and authority to the grossest absurdities and most palpable errors. These corruptions, supported by secular power, and favoured by the darkness and ignorance of the times, were most universally received through a succession of many ages, till at last the glorious light of the Reformation dispelled the clouds which had so long obscured the Christian world."

In a book entitled *A Collection of Confessions of Faith, &c., of Public Authority in the Church of Scotland* (1719), we find the same testimony thus stated: "This use of confessions was, among other things, miserably perverted, and prostituted to serve the worst and cruellest designs. Popes and councils possessed themselves of the sacred authority of the Scriptures, and claimed a blind and undisputed submission to their infallible decrees; and fire and sword were the necessary arguments to support opinions, which disdained to submit to a fair examination." The germinal principle which thus developed itself, we think, is not difficult to discover. However praiseworthy the design, according to which creeds were planned, and, however innocent the intention of those by whom they were prepared, the fact remains, that a certain amount of authority was misplaced; what should have been associated with the Bible alone, was in part attached to these compilations. Though regarded as true expressions of the Word of God, they were after all but human compositions, consisting of man's opinions of that Word, which opinions must be inferior in authority and value to the Word itself. Nevertheless they were elevated to the position of standards, and, as a consequence, appeals which should have been made to the Scriptures alone, were made to these formulas of human compilation and exposition. And as there was not sufficient intelligence or knowledge of the Word of God prevailing, to check and correct the exercise of this misplaced authority, it soon developed itself into the most cruel of all tyrannies.

In accordance with Protestant belief, the authority last quoted from ascribes the great overthrow of the existing evils to the glorious work of the Reformation. Now it might not be amiss to ask by what instrumentality was this work effected, so far as human agency was concerned? It was certainly by no formulated system of doctrines, but by the fervent proclamation of simple Gospel truth, especially of the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, and an appeal to the Word of God. It is true that the great leaders of the Reformation compiled articles of faith, which were sanctioned as tests or standards of orthodoxy; but it is also true, we fear, that the church on the Continent, possessing these, has departed somewhat from her first love, and declined. Might it not have been better to

have tried to maintain the preaching of the simple Gospel with no standard of appeal but the living Word? In such conditions would not God have been an equally sufficient bulwark of strength, as in the days of the apostles? We do not see it to be the duty of the church so much to make and maintain creeds, as to carry out her royal commission—to preach the Gospel to every creature. It may also be a question worthy of consideration, whether in our own country, when faith in creeds generally prevailed, the church did not wane from the fervour and brilliance of Reformation work? And now when we believe that the vitality of religion is growing and spreading widely, permeating the hearts of men, and moulding their characters, creeds or elaborate formulas of faith are becoming less and less esteemed as instruments required for the welfare of the church. Looking back upon the great ecclesiastical epochs of the past, does not history respecting these seem to say, that without recognized creeds, the church sometimes made great advances; while in the possession and use of these she generally lagged?

III. Creeds were also designed to maintain the purity of Christian doctrine from the many contagious heresies which everywhere abound (see *Collection of Confessions, &c.*) to avoid diversities of opinion, and to establish consent touching true religion (Bishop Tomline). These three branches of design may be summed up into one—the maintenance of oneness of opinion regarding true religion.

This aim may be very commendable regarding the great cardinal truths of the Christian religion; but when it comes to detail and to matters of individual opinion it may, and is likely to be, the very occasion of increasing dissension; for it is regarded as a maxim in philosophy, that in such matters one man's opinion may be as reasonable as that of another. No uniformity in things religious can be produced by any constituted authority, which implies or employs pressure. Moreover, it may now be admitted that the unity sought to be obtained through creeds has never been realized. This is evinced by the existing state of matters; and a glance at the history of the last century, for example, gives similar evidence. In the work entitled *A Collection of Confessions, &c.* (1719), we read that "the use of confessions hath had many adversaries," and also that "the loudest clamours were raised by those who were the lesser and weaker part of the society, who had not the framing of them, nor were able to adapt the public standard to their own favourite schemes and notions." Authority was thus given to certain formularies, at the expense of the reputation of the opinions of the minorities; for it was

assumed that those framing and sanctioning the creed were on the side of pure doctrine. Such things only tended to increase opposition, and in the long run to multiply diversities. A sectional meaning thus attached to creeds, which could never be associated with the Bible. We therefore think there would have been more unity among Christians had appeal been more exclusively made to the Word of God. It may be said in reply to this, however, that people may take many different opinions of the Scriptures, and wrest the phrases and passages of the Word of God. But does not the same thing obtain regarding the phrases and expressions of doctrines in creeds? Could we suppose, for example, that more true Christian unity is promoted in the Church of England by her thirty-nine articles, than would result from simple appeal to the Book of God? Only a few years ago, Principal Tulloch, the recognized superior of one of our chartered universities, confessed himself scarcely able to understand the phraseology of the Confession of Faith.

IV. Confessions seek unity on too many details generally, and therefore tend to keep Christians apart, rather than to bring them into a happier and healthier oneness.

Something like good evidence of true Christianity, peace with God in the soul, or newness of life, should be the Christian bond, rather than general consent in many details of doctrine. For example, one man believes in Original Sin as inherent and transmitted corruption; and another regards the phrase as denoting Adam's first sin; and hence as that which brought guilt and corruption *necessarily* to our first parents alone, and only certain consequences, *minus* guilt, to posterity. But both believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Then they are both one in Christ, and therefore should live as of one family.

Again, one man believes in Christ's death for all, and another that he died only for some; but both believe in him as having died for *their* sins, and have the peace of the Gospel. Are not creeds, therefore, at fault, if they would separate to any extent those whom God regards as members of one family.

V. Creeds, we think, fail, because they in a sense put into the hands of men authority which really belongs to God's Word.

For example, King Edward gave his royal sanction to the creed of England; then Mary, of infamous name, withdrew the royal consent; and Elizabeth, in her time, gave it once more. And royal favour it still enjoys. But this seems to imply the creation of an authority, which may be changed at will. Yet the Scriptures cannot be broken; and if appeal had always been made to them, we never should have seen such doing and undoing practised respecting divine things.

VI. We think that ready-made forms of faith are generally very far from exercising a vitalizing influence on the souls of men. I would much rather see many erratic notions co-existing with the maintenance of Gospel truth than find men accepting wholesale undigested forms of theology. Though correct, these resemble food which has not been reduced and assimilated in the system, and which, instead of giving strength, rather injures. Now, there is reason to fear that not a few accept ready-made theology in part, and this just so far prevents the searching of the Scriptures. Let there be as many guides or works of instruction and exhortation produced and read as may be possible or convenient; but let every generation search the Scriptures for itself, and let the bond of Christian love unite all true believers of the Word. Were there more of individual and independent searching of the Scriptures, there would be more Christian vitality on the earth.

Finally, few, if any, believe on firm grounds, so far as we can learn, all the details of creeds; but being unwilling to separate from their friends, it may readily be expected that many who give their signatures to a creed will make some kind of apology to satisfy their own minds, when they are conscious that they do not believe all that they have subscribed. Would it not be far better were they free from such difficulties, and from the temptation to such moral obliquities?

This paper is not intended as an unconditional tirade against creeds. I have only taken the liberty of speaking my mind on one side, and of giving a few reasons for the opinions which I have advanced. But suppose creeds were to be put to the trial, and were to be regarded as a *sine qua non* of ecclesiasticism, as it generally exists, might they not be much shortened, and made to recognize newness of life as a matter not to be overlooked, and especially, might they not be confined to a few cardinal points, regarding which all Christians are generally agreed?

Might not a few questions respecting great doctrines be put to candidates for the ministry where answers would be expected to be given almost, if not altogether, in the words of Scripture? I think the Word of God could supply in its own language an answer to any essential question that might thus be put; and, further, we would in very deed be honouring that Word, which is able to make us wise unto salvation, and which is a lamp unto the feet, and a light unto the path.

A. S.—A.

ANDERSON ON REGENERATION.

Regeneration. By the late REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D., Glasgow. With an Introductory Sketch, by the REV. JOHN KER, D.D., Glasgow. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1875. Pp. 319.

EXACTLY two years ago, we reviewed the life of the late Dr. William Anderson, by Mr. Gilfillan, of Dundee, in the pages of this magazine ; and we have now much pleasure in noticing the third edition of his work on *Regeneration*, which has just been issued from the press. We will, indeed, treat the book as if this were its first edition ; for the *Evangelical Repository* had as yet no existence when the lamented and much loved author gave his work to the world.

We are told in the modest prefatory notice which Mr. William Logan, of Glasgow, Dr. Anderson's literary executor, has prefixed to the volume, that this treatise, which has been for some time out of print, has been re-issued in accordance with Dr. Anderson's own wish, expressed several times before his death. It is to be regarded as the reverend author's legacy to the intelligent working classes ; for he wished it to be published at such a price, that it would be put easily within their reach.

Mr. Logan also informs us that the idea of the book was first suggested to Dr. Anderson by the visits which he paid to Kilsyth, where his father was a minister, about the year 1839, and during the period of a religious awakening there. Doubtless he saw that the views were crude and ill digested on the subject, even of those who had themselves received spiritual benefit. The re-issue of the book at the present time is opportune for this very reason, that it will serve to set a systematic view of the new birth before many, who have themselves of late been happily subjected to the change.

We are also informed that these successive chapters on the nature, necessity, instrumentality, actuating agency, and manifestation of regeneration, were first delivered as discourses to the doctor's own congregation. We can still see traces of hortatory appeal interspersed throughout the book—passages evidently inserted to catch an audience by what Dr. Ker calls an attack "in flank," and not for a reader sitting at a quiet fireside. We are glad that this pulpit style has been preserved in the treatise ; for the home-thrusts that occur every here and there, are quite as direct as if the reader had been listening to an earnest remonstrance on the new birth, while all the time the subject is treated with minute, philosophical, and theological detail.

It is interesting, moreover, to us to observe that these discourses must have been originally preached just about the time when Dr. Morison's case was being agitated before the Synod of the Secession Church. We doubt not that the controversies of the day helped to increase the earnestness and zeal with which the author grappled with the important practical subject which he had taken in hand. It was freely remarked among his own people at the time, that "Mr.

Anderson was very Morisonian in his pulpit teaching." That he ever went the length of the full Arminian, Wesleyan, or Evangelical Union view of the conditionality of election we do not assert; but it is quite plain from the book before us that he held the very views on faith and atonement, for which James Morison was libelled and deposed in the year 1841. Indeed, we remember very well that at the time when the first edition of this work was issued in 1850, the *Free Church Magazine* made a fierce onslaught on it for its alleged heterodoxy. And as we have read over again these forcible and fearless pages we do not wonder that, looked at from the ultra-Calvinistic standpoint, the book was regarded as unsound. Listen, for example, to the unsparing way in which the bold doctor denounced those who did not agree with him as to his position on the question of original sin, that, "since all minds proceed directly from the formative hand of God, they are, in the first instance, pure and unpervverted."

"In making this statement I assume any thing but an attitude of defence and apology: on the contrary, for any other to deny it, and represent them as being at their origin tainted, and inclined to sin, I denounce as being an impeachment of God as being the author of sin, in the worst form possible in which the impeachment can be made—as not only tempting to its commission, but directly creating it. It requires only one other evil thought of him to perfect the blasphemy, namely, that he will avenge himself on that of which he himself is the originator. What monstrous shapes of opinion they are, for holding which, some will boast of the soundness and depth of their theology! And with what pretensions of zeal for the glory of God they will impose on the vulgar, in anathematizing those who are concerned about vindicating his character from their sacrilegious imputations! There is need that the people be undeceived, and assured from our private knowledge of them, that those men are no more the holiest in their lives, than they are the most scholar-like in their attainments, who are distinguished for their grimace and fury in their exhibitions of God as an object of horror—sovereign to ordain, yea, to create sin; and then sovereign to punish it—sovereign for all evil!"

We would describe Dr. Anderson's view of regeneration as eminently that of common sense. The very heading of one of his chapters lets us into the secret of all his theology on the subject: *Bible truth believed works the change.*

And when he comes to state what the express Gospel truth is which the sinner is to believe, he employs these grand and glowing sentences:—

"Observe, therefore, carefully, that there is a third article in the testimony of the Gospel, in the belief of which faith is consummated, but without believing which no saving effect will be produced: it is this, that Christ has been provided by the divine mercy as a Saviour for thyself. Do you believe that? I know not if there be any who believe that a Redeemer has been provided for others, and stop short there, except in such cases of *mania* as that by which Cowper was affected. But of this I am certain, that unless a man believe that provision has been made for himself individually, regenerated he cannot be. What would it avail to assure me, that a Saviour had been raised up for the empire of China,

unless you assured me that he had been raised up for the empire of Britain too? It would leave me trembling like a devil. If you would affect my heart with joy and sanctity, you must present my faith with a report of mercy for myself. And it must be quite express. A mere peradventure, the chance of ten thousand to one, and much less, of only one to ten thousand, that I am an object of welcome love, will not satisfy my demand, when not only eternal life is at stake, but when the second death is the penalty of loss. Such an exigency will admit of no chance of failure, how small soever the chance may be."

On the debated point, as to whether faith be the simple belief of the truth or the trust of the heart in addition to the belief of the truth, our readers will not be surprised to find, considering the passages already quoted, that Dr. Anderson gives his vote in favour of the former theory. He maintains with Dr. Chalmers that, while moral exercises precede faith, such as alarm and anxiety, and moral graces succeed faith, such as trust and hope, faith *qua* faith is purely intellectual. The great thing with him is that the truth be really believed. He does not think that the reason why we have so many careless and inconsistent professors is, that they have believed the truth of the Gospel, but have failed to surrender themselves by an act of subsequent reliance to Christ as king and governor; for he holds that the truth is so great and commanding that, if they *really believe it*, they will not fail to yield themselves up to the Saviour as the Lord and Master of their souls. We agree with Dr. Anderson in his metaphysical analysis on this point, which he has conducted with his customary acumen. We see no inconsistency, however, between it and this other position, that, so soon as a man has thus clearly perceived the truth of the Gospel, he should give himself away to God, in a solemn manner, in a covenant of trust and consecration, and oft renew that covenant from day to day. Dr. Ker, we are sure, will agree with us in this remark; for although he says in his introduction, referring to this point, that faith and trust are identical, only that "faith looks to the Word as a statement, and trust to Christ as a Person," he is too keen an analyst of the human mind, and also of the experienced operations of God's Spirit, not to acknowledge that trust in any person is preceded by faith in truth concerning him, so that not only does faith always go before trust, but the latter has in it more of the element of will than the former.

Advancing next to the all important point of the actuating agency of regeneration, and putting the question, Why is the sinner's faith ascribed to the Holy Ghost? the Doctor gives a threefold answer in his own clear and cumulative style: First, Because He is the author of the Bible which contains the truth of the Gospel; secondly, because He arranges the providential circumstances under which the sinner hears the word; and, thirdly, because wherever sincere and thorough faith is really consummated, there is what he calls a literal and direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. With characteristic large-heartedness and liberality of spirit, he admits that a man may be justly said to believe in the work of the Holy Ghost, who holds either or both of the first two propositions; although he maintains

that the full significance of Scriptural language is not recognized unless the third proposition be also accepted. He adduces the following illustration, or parable, to make his meaning plain: If a student of physics, who has mastered Newton's *Principia*, should say that Sir Isaac Newton taught him science, he would be quite warranted to do so. But if Sir Isaac had left a legacy, endowing a college for the explanation of the *Principia*, at the lips of men who had caught his own spirit, and mastered his own demonstrations, and if this student had studied there, he would be yet more fully warranted to say that Sir Isaac Newton had taught him. But if with all the prelections of the professors, there were points in the *Principia* which the youth could not understand; and if he had lived in the days of Sir Isaac himself, and had enjoyed the privilege of being introduced into an inner room where Sir Isaac sat, and if all his difficulties had been resolved by the great philosopher himself, much more emphatically might that student be said to have been illuminated by Sir Isaac. A somewhat similar gradation is recognized by our author in the Scriptural representations of God's regenerating grace, and in the possible views thereof, which thoughtful, analytical minds may take. It is because the sinner is averse to the truth of God, and because it is so marvellous in itself, that, as Dr. Anderson believes, this direct inspiration is needed ere the sinner will believe it. He does not hold that the Holy Spirit imparts what is called a holy relish to the sinner's mind before the truth is believed. On the other hand, he ridicules that idea; for, as he says, if there be a holy relish in a mind already, that mind must be holy, and does not need the gospel, or the God of the gospel, to make it holy. He does not explain what takes place at this moment of inspiration; for the ways of the Divine Spirit he holds to be inscrutable.

He seems to think that along a *via sacra* or avenue to the mind known only to himself, the Lord can flash conviction of the truth which gives to him that sat in darkness a great light. It is as when nails that had been loosely fastened are firmly driven in by the Master of assemblies; or when seeds are spread over the garden soil, and some of them are planted deep in the ground by the great Husbandman himself. Or as when a student of the mathematics, to recall Dr. Anderson's own illustration, has suddenly revealed to his mind, he knows not how, the solution of a problem on which he had long meditated, but meditated in vain,

But although Dr. Anderson cannot explain what this all important inspiration is, it is more to our purpose that he seems to admit that it is within the reach of all men. He maintains that "all men are responsible for being thus regenerated" (p. 170). And speaking of the difference between Judas and Peter, he remarks, "The principle is most equitable, that to him that hath, through improvement of former advantages, more should be given" (p. 151). He also is of opinion that whosoever earnestly prays for this superior illumination will obtain it, citing James i, 5, John vii, 17, as passages in point. Concerning this supplication he remarks—

"For such a prayer every man is responsible, in virtue of his dependent nature as a creature; and by the rule of the scriptural assurances already quoted, we are certain that the responsibilities of the duty have not been fulfilled, wherever we find the regenerating faith wanting."

It is plain then that Dr. Anderson did not believe the Calvinistic doctrine, that this regenerating grace was from all eternity pre-ordained only to some. Evidently, with him, all the students who improved the teaching of the inferior masters, would be admitted to the private study of the great Sir Isaac. What a relief that view would have been to us in 1844, when we were threatened with expulsion from a divinity hall, if we did not sign a document which confined regenerating grace to the *unconditionally elect*! It was supposed, indeed, that the founders of the Evangelical Union did not hold that direct work on the soul, for which Dr. Anderson pleads. But this was a mistake. And we have no hesitation in saying that they are more and more persuaded now, just like Dr. Anderson, that the Spirit works directly on man's soul in the hour of conversion, in the way of making the truth of the Gospel shine forth as a living verity. All that they contend for, and ever contended for, like the Wesleyans, was this, that that gracious influence was accessible to the whole world, and might be resisted, grieved, and quenched by God-defying men.

We had purposed to make some further remarks on Dr. Anderson's view on Assurance, but space forbids. Although at one part of his treatise he seems to maintain that a man may believe, and yet from over-timidity "not believe that he believes;" when he subsequently asserts that every believer rejoices in God, he really admits all that we ever understood by the assurance of faith.

We conclude by recommending this work as the matured production of a ripe theologian on the most practical of all subjects. We agree with Dr. Ker in the opinion which he has expressed that, on the subject of regeneration, Dr. Anderson's work has no rival.

We must add a sentence or two as to the introductory sketch (by which, indeed, the value of the book has been greatly enhanced), from the accomplished pen of the distinguished minister just mentioned. In twenty pages, Dr. Ker has succeeded in giving his readers, *con amore*, a graphic and succinct delineation of Dr. Anderson as a man, a minister, a platform speaker, and an author, besides beautifully epitomizing the contents of this work on regeneration itself. If Gilfillan's life of Anderson be compared to the large and valuable oil painting, Dr. Ker's sketch resembles the smaller photograph, which is not only the more portable, but perhaps the more striking likeness of the two. No one could have performed the task assigned him better than Dr. Ker; for besides having been an admiring co-presbyter of the departed divine, he sympathized with him in his large-hearted philanthropy, and possesses both a tongue and a pen that have been baptized, like Anderson's, at the Pentecostal font of holy eloquence and inspiration.

THE LATE REV. DAVID DRUMMOND.

WE expressed our regret, in a postscript to our last issue, that we had forgotten, till it was too late, to insert an obituary notice of the sudden death of the Rev. David Drummond of Shotts, which had taken place during the preceding quarter.

Of a truth the editor of the *Evangelical Repository* should not withhold an *immortelle* from the grave of that amiable, able, and diligent minister of the Gospel; for he has been one of the most voluminous and acceptable contributors to its pages since it was started, twenty years ago. His own tastes led our late beloved brother to take pleasure in literary labours, and most of all in theological and exegetical research. The numerous papers which have appeared in this magazine with the well known initials "D.D." at the end of them, each and all conveyed the impression that their writer possessed an original mind, as well as a pious and earnest heart. Even although, at first blush, some of his speculations might be thought fanciful and eccentric, before the author would be finished with his reasoning, the reader was generally convinced that he had got a most interesting view of truth and of the character of God laid before him, if not the very one taught in the passage under review.

As a preacher, Mr. Drummond was decidedly above the average, invariably interesting his audiences and riveting their attention. He was a most useful co-worker at evangelistic services; and many have preceded him to the world of light who had found Christ under his clear teaching and earnest appeals. We have already noticed, in our history of the Evangelical Union, that Mr. Drummond was the first pastor whom Dr. Morison was called upon to ordain after his own separation from the Secession Church.

As a man, Mr. Drummond was singularly characterized by humility of mind and amiability of disposition. Indeed, if he had a fault, it was this, that his childlike modesty kept him often from asserting his own rights, and taking the position to which, as a minister of Christ and a man of original mind, he was entitled.

He died very suddenly, in his sixty-ninth year. Doubtless his inquisitive mind is now rejoicing in the full light that has been cast, within the veil, on many exalted themes which had often formed the subjects of his eager contemplation.

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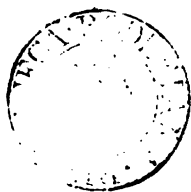
A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

SIXTH SERIES.

VOL. II.



GLASGOW:

THOMAS D. MORISON, 8 BATH STREET.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1876.

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THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

SIXTH SERIES.

No. V.—SEPTEMBER, 1875.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST'S PERSON HISTORICALLY AND SYSTEMATICALLY SKETCHED.

To begin with the HISTORICAL part of my task, the Apostolical Fathers are here a blank. They speak of Christ as we should expect of them; but they were long dead before the Christological era began. For *ousia*, *homoousia*, or even *hypostasis*, and other such theological terms, you will search their writings in vain. Already, indeed, heresies were springing up rank and rapid—Ebionism, Gnosticism, *et hoc genus omne*. These last grew on the sap of Oriental philosophisms that dealt largely in the pravity of matter and emanations, and led them, accordingly, to credit Christ with only a phantom humanity; hence one of their names, *Docetæ*, or *Seemingists*. That limbo we shall entirely skip, with the one remark, that a savour of these emanational notions may be traced very sensibly down, and seems to have had no small influence in generating Arianism. Ideas are found floating in solution among the ante-Nicene Fathers, which Arius did little more than precipitate and crystallize. He felt driven to propound that “there was a time when the Son was not” (*ἦν ποτε, ὅτε οὐκ ἦν ὁ υἱός*). How the war went on between him and his Bishop, Alexander, from synod to synod, till it surged at length into the first and most influential of the General Councils, that of Nicæa, in A.D. 325; and how it overflowed into subsequent synods, and over multitudinous peoples, rude races, long years, and broad lands, behold, stands it not written in sundry and copious records, and very notably in the pictorial pages of Dean Stanley's *History of the Eastern Church*? Than this last, Carlyle's *Procession of the States General*, and other

tableaux of the French Revolution, though in a higher strain of genius, are hardly more graphic.

The whole air had become polemically electric. The rampant theological discussions had come to overflow into public life. They were parodied in the pagan theatres. Collisions occurred, in which the Emperor's statues were sometimes broken in the public squares. The streets, the very shops rang with the Arian dispute. According to an ancient writer, the question, "How many oboli?" was apt to be answered at the mart, by hard positions on generated and ungenerated being. The question, "What is the price of bread?" might elicit for reply, "The Son is subordinate to the Father." Inquire if the bath is ready, and the probable answer will be "The Son arose out of nothing."

The wild tumult has now determined its course into the General Council; and many and various are the elements that have there congregated. Maimed martyrs were there—some with one eye scooped out by the sword point—venerable relics of the last and worst of the imperial pagan persecutions. Presiding over the Council, and often striving to keep it calm—a strong, stalwart figure, with leonine glance—was the Emperor Constantine. There stood Arius, a man described as being tall and originally handsome, and of gentle spirit (reminding us in figure of our own George Wishart), but now, as the result of ascetic habit, and transfixed with care, gaunt, lank, and haggard, with shaggy, unkempt locks, and sad earnest looks. And there, too, might be seen his great opponent—not among the prelates, nor in stature a Saul, but in the form of that young and lowly deacon of twenty-five years of age—a man of slight and diminutive figure, but of collected mien and massive brain, the master-spirit there, who triumphed, but only to be afterwards beaten, and again to triumph, and again to be beaten and banished, and to beat in the end, the father of theology, and the hero of the well-known phrase, "Athanasius against the world." The Nicene decision, declaring the Son to be "Only Begotten, of the Substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten, not made," and so on, in painful iteration, ending in a forked anathema, proved, as all such things are apt to prove, no pacification, but rather a fresh stage of battle. Arius, thinks Neander, lacked breadth and intuition, and was too much the thrall of contracted forms of the understanding. Be this as it may, he was inflexibly consistent to the last. In debate, his veins would swell and his limbs shake—prophetic of his final break-down. Yet he lived seventy weary years, and died, ten years after the Council

of Nice, a sudden and painful death, on the very day when he was to be received back in triumph at Constantinople. A manifest judgment of God! exclaimed his opponents, for which Bishop Alexander, his old opponent, had the barbarity and indecency to give public thanks to God in the church. Bad as all this was, there was excitement to palliate it; but, that modern writers should echo it, is simply and insufferably abominable. As respects Athanasius, after five expulsions, comprising twenty-five years in exile, and half a century of tumultuous troubles, he died long after, at the age of fourscore.

Such was the result of the Nicene Council. It created far more strife than it allayed. "Certain it is," says Principal Campbell, "that no party was ever convinced of its errors by the decision of a council." Carlyle, speaking of one of them, sardonically calls it a "Sanhedrim of the Universe"—"a solemnly distilled elixir of what pious intellect and valour could be scraped together in the world." There were too often present on these occasions other varieties of "scrapings." And yet, to the honour of this first council be it said, that the appeal was to Scripture, not to formularies. Hence, ultimately, it has proved of councils by far the most influential. This first and best of the seven Œcumenical Councils was occupied with the loftiest of all themes in theology; the seventh and last—less suggestive of sevenfold perfection than of sevenfold possession—sanctioned image-worship; so steady was the descent. Scenes were enacted at some of those synods and councils which provoked from Gregory of Nazianzus an epigram of which let posterity, if it likes, accept at these homely hands the following very literal translation :—

I deem it unfit
In synods to sit
Of cranes and of geese in full gabble ;
Where tumult and strife
And scandals are rife,—
All dragged to the light by a rabble.

The seven Œcumenical Councils were all Greek, and reflected the subtleties of Grecian thought. The torrents of controversy that surged into and around them, all ran hissing hot into Greek moulds, and hardened into Greek forms. Compulsory Catholicism, we only too well know, is the ultimate and double-distilled essence of all sectarianism. And yet some of these councils had good results. The first two dealt with points rather pertaining to the Trinity; the next four with Christology proper. Those that followed the first seven were not Œcumenical, though Rome parades them

as such. The last, that of 1870, is still fresh in our minds, when the gowned fates flew Romeward to check and chastise Universal Progress in dog-latin dogmas which Cardinal Manning says are to "become the rule and law of the intellectual belief of man," and which, more than ever had been done before, vindicate and verify the punning poet's definition of "dogmatism" as "puppyism grown to maturity." The force of malediction could no farther go. Old Renulphus's full-voiced curse was nothing to it. That cursed in detail all the members and organs of a single human body; but this cursed wholesale—this "swoor at lairge."

"It cursed us in sitting, in standing, in lying,
It cursed us in walking, in riding, in flying,
It cursed us in living, it cursed us in dying.
Never was heard such a terrible curse.
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

But I recall myself. I have been snared thus far into the councils, because the old Christological controversies culminated there. Stanley calls these General Councils "the pitched battles of ecclesiastical history." I now dismiss them, and hasten just to notice the chief views of Christ's person on which they successively pronounced.

First comes Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, some time after the Council of Nice. He was the first, says Dorner, who began to elaborate the Trinitarian result of that synod Christologically. In his recoil from Arius, and unable to see how two thinking and willing natures could be in one—deeming that either the human must be virtually all, or the divine must be all—he cut the knot by assigning to Christ's humanity only the *psuche* or sentient soul, and making the Logos or divinity to be, instead of the *nous* or *pneuma*, the rational soul. His views, from their plausibility, and his high character, gained much attention; but they were condemned by the second Ecumenical Council, at Constantinople, in 381.

Nestorius, in his revolt against the phrase "*Theotokos*," "mother of God," now coming into use (for which he insisted in substituting "*Christotokos*," "mother of Christ"), bounded to the other extreme. He made the union of the two natures in Christ to be, not personal but merely moral—the Logos inhabiting his perfect humanity as a temple. He was condemned in his absence, and thus far unjustly, by the third General Council, at Ephesus, in 431.

Eutyches, an old monk of seventy, by way of rebound from Nestorianism, taught a sort of fusion of the two natures, and thereby stirred up the tedious and interminable Antiochian controversies, which darkened the air with high-flying speculations, and laid many a baffled and broken-winged thinker sprawling on the ground. These controversies were represented by the Monophysites (or One-naturists), the Monothelites (or One-willites), and others, "whereof here needs no account," as Milton would say. Eutyches was condemned by the fourth General Council of Chalcedon, in 451, in a deliverance which very much determined the doctrine of Christ's Person, in the form that has since found general acceptance throughout all sections of the Christian Church.

There is no need to follow the oscillations of Christological thought farther down, especially through the Middle Ages, where, beyond subtle scholasticizings on the received tenets, seven centuries are very much a blank. At the Reformation it became implicated in the great Sacramentarian Controversy, which parted Luther and Zwingli, and rent Protestantism into the Evangelical and the Reformed. The former, headed by Luther, held that, between the two natures there was a reciprocal communication of attributes, and that, in the words of Luther, they "could not otherwise be joined in one person." By virtue of this assumption, omnipresence was asserted for the humanity, and the consubstantiation dogma was thereby subserved. This they named the "*Communicatio Idiomatum*," fusing into one the two ancient formulas in Greek and Latin, *ἰδιωμάτων κοινωνία*, and "*communicatio proprietatum*;" but in a new and wrong sense. Schenkel (in Herzog's *Encyclopedia*), justly charges Protestantism with "the defect, that it did not enter upon a revision of the modus of communication of the two natures, as it was conceived by the ancient Church." The Reformed Church, headed by Zwingli, however, really did this when they utterly denied the Lutheran doctrine, and held the distinctness of the two natures, while also holding the personal union. Pope, who seems throughout to be haunted by a nightmare phobia of Nestorianism, denies that Zwingli is "faithful to the record" any more than Luther (*Person of Christ*, p. 28); but he gives no evidence of this. So far as we can see, Zwingli and the Reformed held the ancient truth against a Lutheran error which equally outraged philosophy and common sense, and sowed the seed of many modern German Christological monstrosities. This hard Lutheran dogma was never without protest even in the heart of the Lutheran Church; in the bosom of which there exists to this day a section who avow

themselves Calvinistic, so far as the Sacramentarian question is concerned.

Passing the Neo-Arian, Socinian, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, and other modern varieties, we shall bring this sketch to a close by a glance at some prominent features of Continental Christological speculation in these days.

German philosophy, from Kant downward, yoked Christology to its car, with the good result, it is true, of snatching it from the low dead Deism of the last century, but at the expense of transfiguring and transmogrifying it beyond all power of plain Christian optics to recognize. The old charges of imposture against the Bible these sages disdained. They could reverence the Bible; but textual trammels were no more to them than the thread-net to Sampson: they walked their sublime ways and trod their high places, with that ruptured web of textuality hanging as light as gossamer from their Olympian locks. What their philosophy might have to say of the divine-human, that they made Christology to say. Schleiermacher recalled it a long way back towards its own proper ideal. The personal union, indeed, he held not; but he was strong, and as devout and fervid as strong, on the God-consciousness of Christ, almost to the merging of his human personality, and in his representative character as a new life-root for the race. Frederick Maurice in England seemed in many things his prophet.

Unitarianism, in its conscious dearth of creed, contrives to twist for itself, out of these German rainbows, a certain nimbus of hazy glory; as may be read in the parti-coloured humanitarianisms of the Old England and the New.

In Germany, among Lutheran divines, embracing great and well known names, a strange phase of Christology has for some time been in vogue—that known as Depotentiation. The Logos, it seems, so emptied himself at the incarnation as to surrender his self-conscious being in some sense and way that recalls the Patripassianism, and kindred isms, of the ancient time. Through all its varieties it assigns to Christ but the one nature, and thus threatens to cause Apollirianism, Eutychianism, and Monophysism, to start and look up inquisitively out of their graves. It has been well felled by Lutheran divines of the more evangelical type, especially by Dorner in his great work. These, however, Pope thinks, are sure to carry themselves by the impetuosity of their onset to the opposite or Nestorian extreme. The necessity for this we fail to see. History, it is true, shows a line of rebounds from extreme to extreme. But if the truth in the present case does lie in the middle, in a duality that is not bi-personal, in a unity

that is not Monophysite, poor human nature must learn to steady herself as best she may, and bring her needle to rest at the true polar point.

From the Historical let us now pass to the Systematic view; in the light of which the foregoing and other varieties may the more clearly be seen at their respective angles of deviation.

If a worshipper of old felt awe-struck in view of the sacred pile whose gilded minarets crested the summits of Moriah, what ought to be our emotions now? A greater than Solomon's temple is here. If, while beholding the man, we fail to behold also the God, we miss all that is grand and vital in Christianity. Here lies "the first philosophy" of all religion—the *union of the divine and the human*; and that too embodied, not in a doctrine merely, but in a *person*, in a seat, and centre, and source of life. The realization of this has been the real aim of all religion in every age.

To begin with the Gentiles, we find the two great divisions under which they may be ranged, pursuing this aim from opposite points. The starting point of the Greeks, and western nations, was the human, rising towards, and terminating in the divine, either by *apotheosis*, as in the case of their heroes and demigods, or by *absorption*, as in the Platonic and other philosophies. But of the union, and harmony, and yet distinctness of the two natures, they had no definite conceptions. The idea of the one, personal, and infinite God, at once distinct from his creatures, and yet such that "in him we live, move, and have our being," they never clearly attained. They were never fully emancipated from the enslaving influence of Pantheism; and, therefore, had no basis for right conceptions as to the moral harmony and intimate union of the human and the divine. They either stopped short of the *divine* among a rout of inferior Gods; or if they soared beyond, they lost themselves in the *universal substance*.*

The Orientals, on the other hand, took, as their starting-point, the divine, and thence descended to the human. Vishnu, the second person of their trinity, becomes man; but all is confusion. The natures are blended, and the union, such as it is, is but temporary. The supposed essential gravity of matter adds to the confusion, and so mixes up the natural and the

* "Among the Greeks we find men deified: among the Romans, gods humanized. The Romans had a spirit too serious, and an imagination too poor, to be successful mythologers."—Professor Seeley's *Liby*, books I-X, p. 39.

moral, that their religion runs a ceaseless round between Pantheism and Materialism—as may be seen exemplified in the Buddhism of the present day. The source of failure in all these cases is the want of clear and distinct conceptions of the personality of God, and of the true nature and ground of morality and accountability.

The Jews, on the contrary, had both these truths clearly unfolded to them in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. There God appears at once in his complete distinctness from man, and as glorious in holiness. A basis was thus laid for the union of the human and the divine—though this union, as conceived by the Jews, was simply moral. The perfection of it in the *hypostatical*, though wrapped up in predictions and to an amazing extent anticipated by Jewish writers towards the time of Christ (as may be seen in Philo and the Targumists), was never clearly or steadily grasped.

This attainment was reserved for Christianity as its distinguishing glory. The fact of the Incarnation furnished the world with the grand idea at length, and completely developed and realized. It is fully exhibited in the New Testament, and may be seen in its highest type in the writings of John, who, as he lay on his Master's bosom, seemed to have had a peculiarly deep insight into his loveliness and glory.

Though this august truth was fully exhibited in Scripture, and universally received by the Primitive Church, it was not till some centuries later that it was comprehensively worked out. Jew and Greek, from different stand-points, met in Christ in a vital union, and saw in him both the human and the divine. This was the principle of their harmony. But their different trainings tinged and qualified their conceptions. This accounts for the subsequent controversies, which many deplore, but which were gloriously overruled for signal good to the Church. The controversies related to every aspect of the great doctrine—to our Saviour's humanity, which the Gnostics denied, and in effect, though unintentionally, the Apollinarians also; to his divinity, which the Ebionites denied, and which the system of Arius vitally assailed; and finally, to the union of the two natures in one personality, from the extreme views on the one side propounded by Nestorius, to the views no less extreme that were propounded by the Monophysites and Monothelites on the other. These questions were thoroughly sifted. In the providence of God men were raised up and adapted to the emergency. Eminent among these was Athanasius. By the influence of such the Scripture truth was elaborated with amazing clearness and distinctness, and preserved to the Church Catholic through the influence of the Œcumenical Councils.

This is a matter of devout gratitude, for the subject is one on whom even angels might "tremble as they gaze," and in reference to which—as the germ of the Christian salvation—we ought ever to feel that we are on "holy ground."

In this spirit, let us now proceed to present a brief summary of the Scripture doctrine of the theanthropic person of Jesus.

I. Our first proposition is, that Christ is *truly man*. As opposed to all forms of Gnosticism, he had a true body. This is proved by all the facts of the Saviour's history. He was born, lived, grew, walked, conversed, ate, drank, slept, suffered, agonized, perspired, was nailed and pierced, bled, groaned, and died, was consigned to the grave—and all this like other men. It is further proved by the express mention of his body, as in John ii, 21, "the temple of his body"; Heb. x, 5, "a body hast thou prepared me"; John xx, 12, "where the body of Jesus had lain." It is proved by the express testimony of Jesus himself, Luke xxiv, 39, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have"; John xx, 20, 27, "And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord," "Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." It is proved by the positive testimony of the Apostle John, with direct and specific reference to the Gnostic heresy which denied it; 1 John i, 1, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life"; iv, 3, "And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist," &c.

Again, as opposed to all Arianism and Apollinarianism, Jesus had a rational human soul. This is proved by the ascription to Christ of a human nature, and, therefore, inclusively, of a rational soul as its principal part. It speaks of him as "the man Christ Jesus"; "the man of sorrows"; "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God." See 1 Tim. ii, 5; Isaiah liii, 3; Acts ii, 22, with all the passages, and they are very many, in which he designates himself "Son of man." The soul is our nobler part, the seat of personal identity, and hence exists in continued personality after the body has mouldered into dust. To ascribe to Christ, then, only a human body, energized by his divinity, is to deny his humanity; for a puppet moved by springs were as truly a man as could be a human body without a soul, and propelled by some

power extraneous to itself. Further, Scripture makes express reference to Christ's soul—"Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell"; "Thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin"; "He shall see of the travail of his soul"; "He hath poured out his soul unto death"; "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death"; "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?" Psalm xvi, 10; Isaiah liii, 10-12; Matt. xxvi, 38; John xii, 27. It attributes also to Jesus emotions peculiar to the soul, and which could not be affirmed either of divinity on the one hand, or of a mere body or animal soul ($\psi\chi\eta$) on the other—such as mental trouble and fear, grief, sorrow, and agony, as in these places just cited, and in many more to the same effect, that describe him as "in an agony," as "sore amazed and very heavy," as "oppressed and afflicted," as "bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows," as, in brief, and with compendious emphasis, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It represents Jesus as having been tempted in all respects such as we are, sin excepted. Matt. iv, 1, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil"; Heb. ii, 18, "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted"; iv, 15, "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." But thus tempted he could not be in his body, nor in his mere sentient principle, for neither being moral, these are not fit subjects for temptation; nor could he be tempted in his divinity, for in this sense "God cannot be tempted." Finally, Scripture ascribes to Jesus progressive mental development. In Luke ii, 52, we find him, with this aim, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions"; and in verses 46, 47 of the same chapter we read that he "increased in wisdom and stature"—a declaration which attributes human limitation and progression to him alike in wisdom and in stature, which on the same principle affirms "growth" of his body and of his mind. In like manner, we find ignorance in certain points ascribed to Jesus, which implies a limitation of knowledge and of faculties. See Mark xiii, 32, "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father"; Matt. xxvi, 38-42, "Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh unto the disciples, and

findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What ! could ye not watch with me one hour ? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation : the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." It is thus abundantly evident from the testimony of Scripture that Christ had both a true body and a rational soul, and was therefore possessed of complete humanity as our elder brother and kinsman redeemer.

II. Our second proposition is that Jesus is *truly God*. The testimony to the divinity of Christ is so clear and copious as to illumine less or more every page of the New Testament, not to mention the numerous proofs to be found in the Old. The Scripture testimonies to the divinity of Christ are generally classified under the four following divisions—those which respectively ascribe to Jesus *Divine Names*, *Divine Attributes*, *Divine Works*, and *Divine Worship*. No method could well be more convenient, as none could be more conclusive. Of the first class are those texts that directly declare him to be God, such as John i, 1, "the Word was God"; Romans ix, 5, "Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever." An unbeliever in this vital doctrine once argued with a friend that if a truth of such importance were really taught in Scripture, it might be presumed that it would have been taught in express and positive terms. "In what terms would you yourself have revealed it ?" asked his friend. "Why," rejoined he, "I would have stated expressly that Jesus was the true God." "Very good," replied his friend; "and if you will turn to 1 John v, 20, you will find that it is there revealed in these very words, "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his son Jesus Christ. THIS IS THE TRUE GOD, AND ETERNAL LIFE." The second class of proofs consist of those that ascribe to Jesus Attributes that pertain only to the Divinity; for example, Omniscience—"He knew what was in man," "He knew their thoughts," "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee" (John ii, 25; Matt. xii, 25; John xxi, 17). In like manner, Scripture ascribes to him omnipotence, omnipresence, and other attributes distinctively divine. The third subdivision of proofs comprises those that attribute to him divine Works, such as creation and providence—"All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made," "By him he made the worlds;" "God created all things by Jesus

Christ;" "By him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him. And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." (John i, 3; Heb. i, 2; Eph. iii, 9; Col. i, 16, 17.) On the same principle are ascribed to him the prerogative of forgiveness ("Who can forgive sins but God only?"); miraculous acts of his own power, even to resurrection, yea, and self-resurrection, from the dead; "all life in himself," "all judgment," "all fulness," "all dominion," "all power in heaven and in earth"; "a name which is above every name," "above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." The fourth class embraces the texts that represent him as not only having paid to him, but as accepting, vindicating, and asserting as his native right, the honours of divine Worship; for in contrast to inspired, yea, and to glorified men who repelled such homage from themselves with horror (Acts xiv, 11-15, Rev. xxii, 8, 9), and in express view of the unusual mandate which he himself expressly quotes, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve," Jesus accepts divine homage, and demands as his righteous prerogative "that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father" (John v, 23). This is the merest indication of a field of argument which might occupy volumes, as it often has done; but it will suffice for our present purpose. To make any serious incursion into it further would only be to divert us from our proper theme.

III. Our third proposition is that Christ is God and man *in one person*. This explains what in ancient theological phrase is termed "the Communication of Properties,"* which means—not the blending of the two natures (a notion inconceivable and absurd), but the ascription to Christ under a name specially significant of one nature, of actions or attributes strictly belonging to the other nature. Thus, in John iii, 13, Jesus, under the designation of "Son of man," which is significant of, because founded upon, his possession of a human nature, is represented as being then in heaven—an affirmation which was true of him only as God. On the other hand, in Mark xiii, 32, Jesus is represented under the name "Son of God," which is significant of, because founded upon, his true and proper divinity, as being at that time ignorant of the day and hour of his second advent—an affirmation which was true of him only as man.

* *ἰδιωματῶν κοινωνία.*

This is a remarkable peculiarity. In all other cases where, between the divine and the human, only a *moral* union subsists, Scripture carefully discriminates between what is predicable of each; but here all such discrimination seems intentionally avoided. Why? Evidently because the union between the divine and the human in Jesus is *hypostatic* or *personal*; and the Holy Spirit speaks thus to guard us against any Nestorian tendency to separate what God hath indissolubly joined, and thereby peril the foundation of our faith and hope. This sweeps away that entire class of Rationalist objections which is grounded on the diverse and apparently conflicting statements of Scripture that exhibit Jesus as at one time claiming equality with God, at another owning his inferiority—as growing in wisdom, yet knowing all things—as being in the form of a servant, and yet Lord of all. On the hypothesis of the union in Jesus of the divine and human natures in one personality, all is easy and intelligible; on no other principle can these seemingly conflicting declarations be explained and reconciled. The “Communication of Properties” thus explained is a useful framework furnished us by the Holy Spirit with which to interweave and associate the diverse properties and acts ascribed to Jesus, without allowing ourselves for one moment to lose sight of the fact that these, in their remotest extremes, belong to one being, the *Theanthropos*, or God-man, whose name may well be called “*Wonderful*.”

In strictest harmony with this doctrine are all the facts of our Saviour's history. A halo of glory followed the Man of Sorrows into the darkest cloud. The divinity shone through. Even in the deepest abyss of his agony and ignominy, when it could be said with most emphasis, “Behold the man!” there is a sublimity around him which constrains us with still more emphasis to exclaim, “Behold the God!” What gleams of glory broke through the darkness that covered the land at his crucifixion, in the miracle of mercy that rescued the malefactor, like a dry brand from the burning, when the unquenchable fires were already circling around him, and in the prodigies at the Saviour's death which extorted the confession even from his murderers, “Surely this man was the Son of God!” The following I find given as a quotation from Chrysostom: “When thou hearest of Christ, do not think him God only, or man only, but both together. For I know Christ was hungry, and I know that with five loaves he fed five thousand men, besides women and children. I know Christ was thirsty, and I know Christ turned water into wine. I know Christ was carried in a ship, and I know Christ walked on the waters. I know Christ died, and I know

Christ raised the dead. I know Christ was set before Pilate, and I know Christ sits with the Father. I know Christ was worshipped by the angels, and I know Christ was stoned by the Jews. And truly, some of these I ascribe to the human, others to the divine nature; for, by reason of this he is said to be both together." This diversity of manifestation, in harmony with unity of person, is effectively brought out in the well known hymn, beginning—"Bound upon the accursed tree"; also in the following lines of Giles Fletcher—

"Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is.
For man that could not by himself have ris'n
Out of the grave, doth by the Godhead rise;
And God that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live, by that sweet sacrifice."

IV. Our fourth proposition requires only to be stated. It is this—Christ's pre-existent nature, that is, his *divinity*, is the seat of his personality. As God, he existed and acted from all eternity. As man, he never had a distinct personality. There never was a time when he could be called "the Son of man," to the exclusion of the correlative name, "the Son of God." Yea, the hypostatical union is recognized as subsisting even prior to the Saviour's birth; see Luke i, 35, "that holy progeny which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." In the light of this truth we may note, in passing, the value of our Saviour's atonement. It invests it with all the infinitude of merit consequent on the fact that he who suffered on Calvary was God as well as man—it was God himself that purchased the Church with his own blood.

V. Our next proposition is no less evident; namely, that the *two natures in Jesus continue distinct and unblended*; for how could deity and humanity interblend their properties? How could the infinite contract itself within the finite? How could the finite dilate itself to the infinite? Moreover, were the impossible supposition to be granted, Jesus, in that case would neither be God nor man, but an intermediate being, compounded of both! The very expression of this consequence almost amounts to blasphemy.

VI. *The hypostatical union is indissoluble and everlasting.* No intimation is given of any time when it is to cease. On the contrary, it is expressly declared that the God-man Saviour "ever liveth," in the plenitude, yea, and exercise, of his

mediatorial qualifications, and, therefore, in the theanthropic constitution of his person, Heb. vii, 25. He is in heaven as "a lamb that had been slain" (Rev. v, 6), that is as man; and yet he is there associated with the father as the object even of angelic homage, and this, too, "for ever and ever" (Rev. xi, 13). He shall thus continue in his God-man constitution throughout eternal ages; bearing, as it were, the scars of his deadly woes, received when he intercepted the curse that impended over the world, and that would have engulfed it for ever in "the lake that burneth." Jesus shall thus stand as the eternal medium of communication between God and man. Every smile from the Father of Lights will take Jesus in its way; and after meeting in him, as in a concentrating focus, and mellowing medium, these impartations of bliss will diverge to the redeemed, and will be all the sweeter and more rapturous to them that they owe them to the merits and mediation of Jesus. It will lead them with eternally increasing emphasis to cast their crowns at his feet, and exclaim, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

VII. Our last proposition is, that Jesus in his human nature is *perfectly sinless*. He was free to sin. He was a fit subject of temptation. Sharing in all the ills that flesh is heir to, there were susceptibilities in his holy humanity on which (as exemplified in the temptation in the wilderness) Satan could operate, though in vain, to seduce Jesus into sin. To deny this, from a dread of certain crude and reckless views that have at certain times been propounded on the peccability of Christ, is not to promote, but to detract from the Saviour's glory; for it is in the light of the susceptibilities mentioned above that we discern the moral loveliness of Jesus in its transcendent majesty and glory. On the Scripture testimony to our Saviour's sinlessness, it may suffice to glean these few expressive samples:—"that holy thing," "which of you convinceth me of sin?" "in him was no sin," "yet without sin," "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," "a lamb without blemish and without spot," "who did no sin," "in him is no sin;" all which may be read in their proper connections in the following passages:—Luke i, 35; John viii, 46; 2 Cor. v, 21; Heb. iv, 15; vii, 26; 1 Pet. i, 19; ii, 22; 1 John iii, 5.

VIII. We now sum up, by stating in brief what we accept as the Scriptural doctrine of the Person of Christ. The second (as we may say) of the co-eternal Three assumed a human nature, consisting of a real body and a rational soul—sinless,

yet subject to the sinless infirmities incident to fallen humanity—into union with his Divine nature, in such a manner that, while the Divine and human natures are (as they must be) distinct and unblended (*ἀσυγχύτως*, *ἀτρέπτως*), they are also in him personally and indissolubly (*ἀδιαίρετως*, *ἀχωρίστως*, *ἀμεικτώς*) united as the mediator between God and men. As opposed to all forms of Gnosticism, Christ has a true human body. As opposed to Apollinarianism, he has a true human soul, which could be "sorrowful" as truly as the body could be exhausted, and "grow in wisdom" as truly as the body could "grow in stature," and but for which he could not have been human; for the soul is a constituent of humanity and its nobler part, and but for which, moreover, he could not have died; for death means the separation of the body and the soul. Thus, as opposed to all such errors, Christ is truly human; and, as opposed to Arian and all kindred error, he is truly divine; while, in contrariety to all error on the Nestorian side, his humanity, though involving as such all the elements of personality, never existed apart from his divinity, but only in the union of the Theanthropos, or God-man mediator.

IX. Finally, we should like just to indicate the leading redemptive ends subserved by the theanthropic constitution of the Saviour's person. "Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh": the mystery, not in the conventional sense of inscrutability, but in the Scriptural sense of the hitherto unknown, or ill known, now at length divulged, and especially, of some new fact that involves deep and far-reaching significance. Of this I throw out, in closing, a snatch or two at random.

1. Saving *approach*. The divine comes to the human. This was the first thing needed—proximity of the rescuing divinity to the wrecked humanity. The physician among the sick—the Saviour among sinners, in their dwellings, in their very garb, in their very flesh; his arm made bare over them, his rescuing grasp already upon them, his healing touch already shooting its electric thrill through every nerve of the common humanity.

2. Pledge and realized type to all men of *possibility* of restored union of lapsed humanity to its God. For, behold, there it is, not in moral union merely, but in personal union, the closest union of all; for what union could be closer than the constituents of personality? and how could the union be more conspicuously and strikingly manifest than between two constituents thus co-existent and yet in themselves so distinct? Here is realized harmony, union, communion, intercommunion, between the divine and the human, and while as yet that

humanity is still bleeding with its wounds at every pore, burdened with every infirmity, it is "yet without sin." Then, doubt not the possibility of restoration; and that *here and now*, without waiting for miraculous reconstruction in the future time. For no miracle is needed. Only let in the grace and truth that will kill sin; and humanity is already one with its God, even though it has still, with bleeding feet and aching brows, to travel to the grave.

3. Grace and condescension altogether peerless: That he "who humbles himself to behold the things that are in heaven" should not only behold but visit earth, not only come to it but pass through its tainted air, down through its royalties, its aristocracies, its plutocracies, its petty dignities, down, down into its deepest dungeon and lazar-house, clothe himself with our flesh, take our sorrows, and share that last and lowest humiliation of humanity—the dust of death. When we see a Howard in the den or cell we say, There stands the philanthropist. Were we to see the refined and delicate lady, heedless of her jewelled attire, bending over the smeared and half-smothered child, struggling in the pitch-pool or fetid marsh, and clasping him in the closest of embraces, we instinctively say, There is the mother. And when we see the Divinity taking wrecked humanity into an embrace so close as personal union, to retrieve it, we can only exclaim, "Who is a God like unto Thee?"

4. *Revelation*: and here we have Christ the *prophet*. This is needed for the salvation of man as man. Had the problem been merely to repair a shattered sphere, curb a runaway star or two, or re-garnish a wrecked and chaotic globe, stark omnipotence would have done. But here, when God's image is to be reinstamped on a rational creature, magnificent even in ruin, *truth, light, love* are the very restorative elements. This revelation of God we have, through this personal union, in more than portraiture, we have it in life; and in life veiled to our vision; the broken rays achromatically re-adjusted and softened to what we can look upon and live, and have only to look upon and discern in order to live. The revelation of God is also the revelation of man; and is doubly so in this union of the God-man. He who is "the image of the invisible God" is also "*the Son of Man*"—not a Son of Man, but humanity's all-sided model, type, and new root. Thus in the Incarnate the very truth becomes incarnate, and makes the Bible as palpitatingly human as it is palpably divine. Christ is the Bible of the Bible, the volumed Book's innermost involution of treasured wisdom and knowledge. Christ is the Word of the Word—called by pre-eminence the Logos, "*the Word*;" for the

written word is not only vocal with him, it is coherent and articulate only in him. Christ is the Revelation that reveals the very Revelation, for, apart from him, not only the Bible but the Book of Providence would be an insoluble enigma. Here then, in the God-man, we have the needed element of light; and the very light is itself the life.

5. *Reconciliation*: which brings Christ into view as the Priest: (1.) As our *Propitiation*, that he might have somewhat to offer, by virtue of his humanity; and that his offering might have infinite value, by virtue of his divinity; and that it might have rounded oneness of perfection by virtue of the union of both in the one Theanthropos; and in order that, by virtue of this atonement, as a vindication of the insulted majesty of heaven, a basis might be laid on which "mercy could be built up," and God might be just, and the justifier of the ungodly who believe. (2.) As our *Intercessor*, "the days-man between, laying his hand on both," as God with God, as man with man; at God's right hand, yet wearing our humanity there; "in the presence of God," but there for us: His very presence there in humanity, as the lamb once slain, is of itself intercession. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," and "because he lives we shall live also." (3.) As our *Sympathiser*; for "in all our afflictions he was afflicted." He, as never friend could, feels the sacredness and the sympathies of sorrow, for he was, as none can be, "the Man of Sorrows." He not only bears our names on his breastplate, he wears in his heart sensitive feelers that embrace all things human. Whatever, for good or ill, is done to the least of his little ones, he feels as done to himself. "He that toucheth such, toucheth the apple of his eye."

6. *Final Redemption*: which brings Christ into view as *King*. As "first begotten from the dead," he is "Prince of the kings of the earth." "For the suffering of death he was crowned with glory and honour." For his body's sake, the Church, he has, as the Incarnate, been exalted high above all height, where he wields the sceptre and the reins of universal dominion. "Lo, I am with you alway," says he, as man in spirit, as God in reality, as God-man in the fulness of him that filleth all in all. "I will come again," he further says, "and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." "All judgment is committed unto him, because he is the Son of man." First the cross of many woes; now "the crown of many stars." "To him be glory and dominion for ever, and for evermore."

J. G.—G.

THE BASIS AND MEASURE OF HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY. *

BELOVED BRETHREN,—Through the good hand of our God upon us, we meet this morning as students of theology, whose very hearts, I trust, cry out for the living God. In these our studies all branches of knowledge are open, and all manner of inquiries may with ardour be prosecuted, for theology stands, as empress, at the head of all the sciences and philosophies, truly so called. By it they are to be tested, in it they all culminate, and find their final and luminous explanation. We gladly leave it to the experts in physics and psychology to observe facts and unfold the general principles of which they are exemplifications. When they have done their great work, it is our place thankfully to accept their labours, and use them as contributions to the science of God. In this manner we shall find that all true science and philosophy, instead of being, as is too often supposed, hostile to theology, are in fact subservient to it, lay their treasures at our feet, and enable us more fully, and with enlarged conceptions, to give honour unto God,—“for of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

But just as theology is the supreme science up into which all lines of true thought run, and in which they all terminate, so there is in theology itself a supreme element, and that is the moral. The sphere of morals embrace all matters relating to responsibility,—virtue and vice, holiness and sin, with their resulting awards of blessedness or misery. The ultimate problems concerning God himself are those which relate to morals—the right and the wrong in what he has done, or is still doing, or will yet do as the Creator and Governor of the universe. All inquiries into the Being, the natural, necessary attributes, and the voluntary acts of God, possess their importance because they enable us to recognize and unfold the moral equity of God. The morally right, as a law, is ever found in the relation of doing to being, and the morally right, as character, is ever found in action as in perfect agreement with what antecedently is in being. In one word, “*is*” is the basis and measure of “*ought*” in God, and in the created universe. As is the being, with its attributes, and conditioning circumstances, so is responsibility for the morally right.

If, therefore, man is responsible—if he is capable of entering

* The Inaugural Address delivered by Rev. Professor Taylor, of Kendal, at the opening of the Evangelical Union Theological Academy, on Tuesday, 3rd August, 1875.

into, and living in the sphere of the morally right—the basis and measure of his responsibility must be found in what he is, as conditioned by his environments. This question of our human responsibility is being keenly canvassed in our day. I need not say that there is much in modern thought and speculation hostile to anything like true responsibility in man. With great skill, and by men of great attainments, theories of the universe are propounded which tend to establish a Materialistic Pantheism, and the dire fatalism involved. It is no part of my intention at present to debate this question with Materialists or Fatalists. I simply desire to bring before you the basis and measure of our human responsibility as found in what the living, personal God, has made us, and the conditions in which he has placed us. This will give us a position, or dogmatic standpoint, from which we may survey, and test all other theories of man and the universe.

I at once assume that God is—is the living personal God who created the heaven, the earth, and all that therein is. As the self-existent one, he is the true and proper cause of whatever has begun to be. It is, therefore, self-evident that, as the basis and measure of all possible responsibility on our part, God must first give us existence, and all those conditions requisite to its enjoyments, development, and the exercise of all its capabilities. As he first sovereignly and unconditionally gives to us, only thus and no farther can he require from us, or hold us responsible. What, then, is the nature or being he has given to us, and what are the things which condition us, as the basis and measure of our responsibility?

As to ourselves proper, God has made us in his own image, or likeness, as contained in our moral nature. That moral nature consists of three elements—the rational, emotional, and volitional. The rational element is the mirror in which all facts, truths, principles, and laws appear, and declare themselves to the mind. The emotional element is the self-conscious susceptibility in which are felt the relative good or evil, the objects of desire or aversion, all motives and urgencies of the heart. The volitional element is the free self-action of the soul, in virtue of which we act or not, or act otherwise, as proper causes. The intelligence presents the reasons, principles, and laws, the sensibility, the motives of action, and as such they in reality present only that which is possible to be done, or left undone. These possibilities can pass into things done only through the exercise of our free action, as proper causes. Free will, conditioned by the intelligence, and sensibility, and their contents, constitutes us rational free agents, and as such, in the very terms of our God-

given constitution, responsible. This intelligent, emotional, and volitional mind, soul, or spirit, God has sovereignly and unconditionally given to us as his great first gift, and has thus laid the indestructible basis of responsibility in the very structures of our immortal nature.

The *measure* of our responsibility, however, is determined not by the mere fact that we possess a moral nature. Without seeking to settle the question whether all minds are equal in quantity and quality when created, and so equal in degree of possible responsibility, it is certain that the circumstances in which each mind is placed, and by which its moral activities are conditioned, produce great differences in the degree of responsibility. Now, those primary, differentiating circumstances are fixed by God sovereignly, and, therefore, relatively to us, or anything we can do, unconditionally. For in these first things, God must ever act antecedently to the possibility of action in us. These great first things form the foundation, sovereignly and unconditionally, laid for all our duties and obligations. It is self-evident that a moral nature, however perfect in itself, if absolutely isolated, and unconditioned, as in a vacuum, could know nothing, feel nothing, do nothing, and thus moral action would be impossible. In sovereignly and unconditionally fixing for us the primary conditions of our moral action, God determines the measure of our responsibility.

That he has done so, is evident, because, so far as we are concerned, we had no choice as to who should be our parents. That was fixed without our choice. Nor had we anything to do with the health or disease, the strength or the weakness of the bodies with which we entered life. As little had we to do with the primary configuration of brain, and the resulting degrees or kinds of primitive power, and predispositions of mind, with which we came into the world. Nor had we anything to do in determining the circumstances into which our birth brought us. The virtue or the vice, the wealth or the poverty, the refinements or rudeness, of our family, were fixed for us antecedently to the possibility of our consent or control. Nor, properly speaking, did our parents and friends fix these things for us, for this plain reason, they had no control over the disposal of our self-conscious moral person as the immediate creation of God. He chose our parentage and circumstances for us, and gave us them and our moral personality in one bundle. In so doing, he acts sovereignly and relatively to us unconditionally, and gives us these first things as the basis and the measure of our responsibility to him. To some he gives much, to some he gives little, and from each he requires

a final answer or response for what has been received; equity can ask no more, and can take no less.

It thus appears that in our rational moral nature, God gives us the basis of responsibility; and in our bodies and outward circumstances, into which he has inserted that moral nature, he determines the measure of responsibility. For by these, taken as a whole, he fixes what is possible to each in morals. In each human life, as it starts upon its moral career, created and conditioned by God, there is contained God's ideal of what is possible for the man to be and to do. As the man comes up to, or falls short of this ideal of the possible, is he virtuous or sinful. He may not be half as good as others, yea, he may appear to men as bad in many respects, and his moral life seem a comparative failure, yet if he is living up to God's ideal of the possible for him; taking all into account, he will receive praise of God for the same; while others, better circumstanced, and falling far short of God's ideal for them, though in outward appearance superior to their less favoured brother, will be worthy of censure, according to the righteous judgments of God. Where God gives nothing, and does nothing for us, there most clearly we owe him nothing, and he can require nothing. Where he has given little, there he can require only little. Where he has given much, he will, and must, require much. In our final answer, God will, and, in moral equity, must require from us nothing, little, or much, according as he has first given to us. The measure of what we owe to God, is what God antecedently has given and done for us. Duty, or that which is due to God from man, never can go beyond that which God has first given and done; for, the moment we go beyond the divine activities and gifts, we come to nothing, and, of course, there can be no responsibility. Nothing is nothing for ever.

I have thus far spoken of the basis and measure of responsibility in the spheres of nature and circumstances, as conditioning our moral activities. The same principles equally apply to the redemptive system introduced by God for the benefit of our lapsed race. The purely moral system of things, as contained in our moral natures, the moral law, and divine arrangements generally, have been involved in the manifold difficulties and disorders arising out of sin. If sinful men are to be delivered from sin and its consequences, it is manifest that God must sovereignly and unconditionally first give the means and possibilities of redemption to the fallen race. Apart from these redemptive possibilities by the grace of God, there can be no responsibility on the part of man for being saved, and purified, and made blessed for ever; for redemption

can form no part of the original moral system, with its reward for obedience, and penalties for disobedience.

Accordingly, if we suppose that the God and Father of the spirits of all flesh has sovereignly determined to choose a certain number of sinful men as the objects of his redemptive, merciful love, to whom he will give the means and possibilities of eternal life, then, all such men thus furnished with those redemptive conditions, are clearly responsible to their gracious God. If we further suppose, that a certain number of other sinful men, has been sovereignly, unconditionally excluded by God from his redemptive, merciful love, and left under the purely moral system to perish in their sins, then it is clear, that since God has no merciful redeeming love for them, gives no means or possibilities of salvation, they owe him nothing in that direction. If there is a man whom God the Father does not love, whom he is not willing to pardon and save, then, that man has no responsibility as to salvation. God does, and gives nothing, and there is nothing that man can answer for. How or in what rational mode Calvinists can hold the non-elect responsible for salvation, when God has fixed that there shall be none for them, I cannot imagine; but let them declare it if they can.

It is, however, otherwise with us, who believe, as we think, on the testimony of God himself, that he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, because he would have all men to be saved. We believe that God is longsuffering, not willing that any should perish. No man needs to ask whether he is good or bad, thus or otherwise, in order to know whether God loves him—is willing to forgive and save. As a man—made in God's image, and capable of endless life in bliss or woe—his Father God loves him, blesses him, and seeks in manifold loving-kindness his eternal good; and, in virtue of the divine redeeming love, going forth to every man without distinction or exception, every man is thus far responsible for salvation, and without doubt God will require an answer from each for the manner in which that redeeming love has been treated.

Not only in his fatherly redeeming love and goodness in general does God come to every man—he also especially does so in the gift of Christ, and the fulness of blessing which is in him. Sovereignly, unconditionally, God gave his Son to taste death for every man, and in that death to do all that was needful for the salvation of every man. All men are sinners, and therefore all men equally need the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. If, therefore, there is one man excluded from the redemptive work of Christ, salvation is to that man impossible, and the impossible eternally excludes the respon-

sible. I grant most freely that, in moral equity, God might have left all men to eat of the fruit of their own doings. I further readily admit that God might have chosen some men as the objects of his redeeming grace in Christ, and have left the rest of men to perish in their sins without Christ. This, as you well know, is believed by many to have been the case, and is in fact the Calvinistic dogma on the subject. But if this idea is correct, it will necessarily follow that those, whom God has passed by, for whom Christ did not live and die, and for whose salvation nothing has been done by God and Christ, owe nothing to God and Christ. There is nothing divine as the basis of human duty; and surely human responsibility can never extend further than the divine activities and gifts. Even granting all that may be said on the ground that man, in terms of his moral nature, is responsible, yet if his moral nature is unconditioned by some divine act or gift, there is nothing to elicit the activities of his moral nature. When there is no antecedent action of God, there can be no consequent response in man. Therefore, if God and Christ have done nothing for the non-elect, they owe nothing, and have no responsibility, in the matter of salvation. Whenever, and wherever, the divine ceases, the human must also terminate. Human responsibility can never project beyond the basis of God's works and gifts. Hence our advantage in pressing home upon every man his responsibility relative to immediate salvation in Christ. We do not go with a doubtful *offer* of Christ to all, when both we and they think that the *reality* of Christ is for some only, and then by means of that offer try to fasten a responsibility on all for the reality which is not for all. All this is deceiving and deceitful; for where the realities of God and Christ are not, the offers of God and Christ can never be; and even a divine pretence cannot be an honest basis of human responsibility. We go, however, with clean hands and true words to tell every man God loves thee, Jesus Christ died for thee. There is for thee now full, free remission of sin, and the gift of eternal life in Christ. Then all the honesties of human consciousness will say, if that is true, I am responsible to God and Christ for being saved.

The same principles of human responsibility apply to the work of the Holy Spirit in the economy of redemption. Before man's salvation is possible, God the Father must graciously, forgivingly love him, and God the Son must propitiatingly die for him; for no one can be saved whom God does not thus love, and for whom Christ did not thus die. So the work of the Holy Spirit is essentially necessary in the conversion, regeneration, and sanctification of the soul. As

sinners, men are the enemies of God. Not only do they not love him, but they are also hostile to him. Sin produces the abnormal condition of moral depravity; and from this arises the necessity of a supernatural divine influence upon the soul, in order to the truth and love of God having their converting, regenerating, and sanctifying effects. This office and work are ascribed to the Holy Ghost, who gives within the soul of man spiritual impression and power to the truth and love of God, and so overcomes its moral depravities, and imparts a new moral and spiritual life. Accordingly, we find that the Holy Spirit is poured out upon all flesh, and is come to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, so that all who perish resist the Spirit, and do despite to the Spirit of grace. It is he who keeps conscience awake to judge, trouble, and condemn. It is he who makes the heart yearn for a love the world cannot give. It is he who presses upon the soul the love of God in nature and grace, and who, in general, surrounds sinful men with divine, spiritual saving influences. He thus conditions our moral natures with the redemptive forces which are in the Father and the Son, for he takes the things of both and shows them to us with spiritual impressiveness and power. His place and office, therefore, is to bring what is in God and Christ within the sphere of our moral nature, as the conditions and excitements of our free choice in the refusal or acceptance of the great salvation. Thus the agency of the Holy Spirit underlies our responsibility for being converted, regenerated, and sanctified, and so for being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

But if there are those, as Calvinists assert there are, whom the Holy Ghost does not redemptively love, and for whose eternal life he does nothing, then, all such owe him nothing, have no responsibility towards him. He has not, on such a hypothesis, brought the saving things of God within the sphere of their moral nature so as to condition it and render them accountable. So far as the Spirit is concerned, he leaves their moral nature in a vacuum, and therefore irresponsible in that direction. Human responsibility cannot project itself beyond, or cover a larger area than, the operations of God. All attempts of theologians and preachers to fix responsibility upon the non-elect for being saved, are utterly in vain, so long as it is affirmed that the Holy Spirit leaves their moral nature unconditioned by His gracious saving influence. For in that case the means, opportunities, and possibilities of moral responsible action in the matter of salvation do not exist, and moral action itself becomes impossible.

Nor does it mend matters to say, as some do, we admit that the Father loves all men, that the Son has died for all men, and, on that foundation, and apart from the work of the Spirit, all men can be saved, and are, therefore, in terms of their moral nature, responsible for being saved. As moral agents they have the natural ability to believe, and be regenerated and sanctified by the belief of the Gospel truth, and so to be finally saved. To this I reply, that it is certainly true that a moral nature, in virtue of what it is, is *capable* of responsibility for every duty, and being saved among the rest. Yet it is just certain, that it is not in fact responsible for this or that particular action, or course of action, till it is properly conditioned by the objects, means, and possibilities of its performance. I have the natural ability to stand or walk in virtue of my constitution, of what I am in myself, but this intrinsic ability cannot be exercised by me, till it is conditioned by something to stand and walk upon. So I have, in virtue of my moral nature, the ability to think, believe, feel moral emotions, and originate free volitions, but I have no ability to exercise these natural abilities till they are conditioned by objects of thought, emotion, and volition. The fact is, all natural abilities, if in a vacuum, are necessarily dormant, because they are unconditioned by concauses, means, and opportunities. The theory before us is, that since a man is responsible, in virtue of his moral nature, the Holy Spirit and his work are not needed to render him responsible for faith, conversion, and all suitable dispositions and attainments in the divine life, so that the non-elect, though the Spirit is withheld, are responsible for being finally unsaved. But how, I ask, can this be, except on the principle of making bricks for Pharaoh without straw, or even clay, because the bondmen have hands.

Let me press upon your consideration this one point. The spiritual realities which necessarily underlie the spiritual change and processes in man are primarily in God and Christ. The love and mercy are felt in God towards us, the atonement for sin wrought out by Christ is something realised in God's consciousness towards us, the purpose to pardon and to give eternal life is in God and in him alone. These are the saving realities with which all faith and savingly spiritual operations of the human mind are concerned. The question, therefore, is, how are these saving realities in God and Christ to pass to us and condition our moral nature, and evoke its responsibility in the matter of salvation? This transference of the saving realities in God is possible only, through some action of God, showing or revealing to us the things of the Father and the Son. But, then, this is precisely the office and work of the Holy Spirit in the

economy of redemption, and without whose agency, therefore, the things of God and Christ cannot pass over to us and condition our moral nature, and render us responsible for the specific duty of being saved. How, then, can any man be responsible for salvation, on the supposition that the Holy Spirit is withheld from him?

Moreover, if it is still urged, that having revealed the truth once for all in the Gospel testimony, the Spirit is no longer, and no further necessary to human responsibility for salvation, since man has the natural ability to believe, and be regenerated and sanctified by the belief of the truth, and thus be saved,—I reply—that no moral, spiritual changes, and processes can be carried on in our creaturely and dependent natures apart from the antecedent, concurrent, and subsequent operations of God. But here, again, all Scripture declares that this spiritual agency and operation concerned in salvation belong to the Holy Spirit, and without him, as the Divine co-worker, conditioning every human act and process, how can man be responsible for a result the Divine side of which is wholly wanting?

Further, it must be carefully remembered that the saving, spiritual realities in God and Christ, when brought by the Spirit to man, come to him not in his normal state, to produce in him their normal effects. These realities come to him in the abnormal state of ignorance, error, sin, and, in one word, moral depravity. In order to adequately condition this abnormal depraved state, it is necessary that the saving truth and love of God should be presented with specially convictive force to the intelligence, special emotive impression to the heart and conscience, and, thereby, with special influence over the will. Short of this, the depraved state of man is not properly conditioned by the saving truth of God. But, it is this very supernatural influence upon the soul relative to divine, saving truth, which is the glory of the Divine Spirit's work in human salvation. It is, therefore, utterly vain to say that man is responsible for the saving change and processes apart from the conditioning agency and operations of the Holy Spirit. For, in that case, the human, responsibility would be more extensive than the Divine operations. With our belief in the necessity, universality, and resistibility of the Spirit's operations, we can honestly, and without fear of gainsaying, press upon every man his responsibility for being saved.

Hitherto, I have sought to bring before you the sovereign unconditional gifts and arrangements in which God gives us the basis, and determines the measure of our responsibility.

In these he lays the foundation of all our duties and obligations in their several degrees. Let me now briefly, and by way of conclusion, add, that there are other additional gifts and blessings which God bestows only on condition of our doing what God requires. God first works in order that we may work, and, then, when we have done what he rendered it possible for us to do, he, on that condition, works still further for our good, and so on, mutually, do God and man work together, the agency of the one conditioning the work of the other for ever. For example, in his love and mercy, in the work of his Son, and in the operations of his Spirit, God has given already all that is essential to the salvation of every man. These are the unconditional pre-requisites to the salvation of all. Why, then, are all not saved? I reply—because in order to these redemptive elements in God taking effect in the actual salvation of any man, there is a human condition required, as the link which connects the man with the saving energy of God. That condition on our part is faith. He that believeth shall be saved. There is no other rational condition of our personally receiving or accepting, or enjoying in the experiences of life the manifold goodness of God. For if we believe not the Gospel testimony, we know nothing of God in Christ; and knowing nothing, we can feel nothing; and knowing nothing, and feeling nothing of God in Christ we can do nothing; and thus our moral nature is out of correlation with the saving elements in God. But we are saved by faith, just because it opens the whole soul to the inflowing of God's love and grace in Christ with all their saving efficacy. So, on the other hand, unbelief is the condition of final condemnation, just because it excludes from the mind the saving realities of God and the redemptive forces in them.

The same principle applies to prayer. In addition to the sovereign, unconditional blessing essential to salvation, God has a reserve of blessing which is not bestowed till prayer is offered. Without the slightest danger to our moral freedom, God is able and willing, in answer to prayer, to give enlarged measures of blessing to the family, the Church, and the world, and this indefinitely enlarges our Christian responsibility. Still further, special blessings are conditionally dependent on holy living and earnest working for God's glory, and human good. The nearer we each come into harmony with God, and the more his thoughts, and loves, and aims fill us, the more and fuller blessing he is able to bestow upon us, and through us upon others. This, too, indefinitely enlarges our responsibility for enlarged divine benefactions to ourselves, and our fellow-men.

In closing this address, let me say to you, my young brethren, that you come here, I trust, to have your responsibilities considerably enlarged. I trust you come here as men of faith, men of prayer, men of holy, devoted, earnest life, anxious to be fully fitted and furnished unto every good word and work. I earnestly hope that your studies will profit you much, and help you in the great work to which you have consecrated your bodies and souls. I congratulate you, at least on this one point, that in going forth to press upon every man his responsibility for being saved, you can go and do it honestly, without reservation or mystification of the matter. You will place beneath the moral feet of every man the love and saving grace of a Three-one God, and in God's great name, command him, as he shall answer for it in the great day, that he stand there and be saved. On behalf of my fellow-teachers, I am sure I may say, that we shall, according to our ability, give you mental discipline and knowledge, so that, in days to come, you may bring all your culture, and all your information to bear upon man's moral nature, and condition it with heavier responsibilities, because placing before it enlarged possibilities of good; for it is man's moral nature with which you have especially to deal, and to the good of which all your attainments must contribute. I trust you will become able ministers of the New Testament, "renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty, not working in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but, by manifestation of the truth, commending yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK—No. 5.

CHAPTER XI.

PITTSBURG.

THE hotel at Pittsburg to which Dr. Morison and myself had been recommended by a fellow-traveller in the railway, was called the "Central;" and it was well named, because it was in the very heart of the dusty and smoky town. As we unpacked our trunks in the room to which we were shown, we heard one of the servants of the inn singing a well known Scottish song in the court below. We were glad to think that the language of Queen Victoria, and even the ballads of our native Caledonia, could be heard so far west, and among a

people destined to play so conspicuous a part in the future history of our race.

When we awoke on the morning of Saturday, 16th May, 1874, we sallied forth for a walk before breakfast. To tell the object we had in view, necessarily reveals a secret project which we had been forming for a day or two. We had been a good deal exhausted by sight-seeing since our arrival in the United States, and had not yet experienced that invigoration from our journey which we had anticipated. Continuous railway travelling, moreover, we had found to be very fatiguing; and we had set our hearts on a sail on the bosom of the broad Ohio.

On making inquiry at Baltimore, we had been informed that the navigation of the great river commenced at Pittsburg; and in Washington we had found out on Thursday night that a steamer was advertised to sail thence down the river on Saturday forenoon. It was, therefore, with quite eager expectation that we repaired to the river side, on Saturday morning, hoping that nothing would occur to deprive us of the anticipated pleasure of our much desired river sail.

The steamboat wharf at Pittsburg is on the Monongahela; for the Ohio proper commences about a mile below the city, where the Alleghany and that stream join. There was no real pier or wharf built on the side of the river, for the very good reason, I should suppose, that the floods in winter would wash away any wooden fabric that might be erected. The only change which man's hand had made on the virgin banks was that they had been causewayed like a street; for the declivity slopes so gradually, that when the water is low (and as summer was advancing it was beginning to diminish), the exposed part can both be walked upon and worked upon, even although great holes have been worn away by the action of the water.

Several steamboats were lying down at the river's edge, and among others the one which had been advertised to sail for Cincinnati and the Mississippi that day. But, judge of our surprise and disappointment, when the captain coolly told us that he would not sail till Monday. When we referred to the advertisement, and expressed our surprise that he did not keep faith with the public, he only smiled, and added that they could not get goods on board in time, if he did not pretend that he was going to sail a day or two sooner than he really intended. We could discern neither the morality nor the wisdom of such a course; for, in the first place, it looked to plain, unaccustomed British consciences direct lying, and nothing else; and, in the second place, neither the goods nor

the passengers, we were certain, would be likely to turn up more expeditiously, if it was generally understood that the day advertised was not necessarily the day of sailing.

As we were in the act of leaving, the captain called me back that he might make some additional explanations. I thought that, perhaps, he might raise our drooping spirits with the hope of a speedier sail than he had at first led us to anticipate: but, in the candour of his soul, he dashed all our hopes to the ground by remarking, "I may as well tell you, that I have no hope of being ready to sail till Tuesday."

We returned to our breakfast, in the Central Hotel, a good deal disappointed; but it now seemed pretty clear to us that it was the will of Providence that we should remain in Pittsburg till Monday. We therefore determined to call for the Rev. Dr. Squier, who, we saw by the Directory, was minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in that city.

If the kind friends in Pittsburg, whom we afterwards made that day, should read this account, it may perhaps pain them to learn that we really had been purposing to pass through their city, without letting them see our faces or hear our voices. But, in truth, we feared, in the humility of our minds, lest we might intrude upon them, and we had, somehow or other, got it into our heads that a sail for a few days on the river Ohio would completely rehabilitate our jaded frames.

Finding that Dr. Squier lived in the city of Alleghany, and therefore across the river of that name, we set off, in the early part of the forenoon, to call at his house. On our way we came to the conclusion that Pittsburg was the smokiest city we had ever seen. I remember passing through a cloud of smoke at the Birmingham railway station, as I journeyed once from London to Birkenhead; and I remember also wondering how people could live in so dense and defiled an atmosphere; but Pittsburg easily carried off the palm of murkiness from its English rival. Some parts of Glasgow are as bad; but the sootiness seemed to be diffused throughout the whole of this rich but rough American centre of Commerce. I observe that Anthony Trollope says, in his book of *American Travels*, that when he put down his foot in his bedroom in the morning, there was so much soot on the carpet that the mark was left on the floor; and that, when the traveller looks down upon Pittsburg from the overhanging heights, there is something really picturesque in its smokiness; for the steeples project from the clouds below them, as if they wished piously to escape from the worldly vapours that envelope their obscured and invisible basements. Dr. Morison complained to me, as we

walked along, that the breast of his shirt had been completely soiled during our short journey from the Central Hotel to the bridge across the Alleghany, where we began to leave the impurity behind us. I tried to convince the Doctor that all this smoke was the secret of the prosperity and wealth of the place, and that if these great steel and iron foundries, which seemed to abound everywhere throughout the town and neighbourhood, really made the *pot boil* for thousands of comfortable families, neither he nor I should care much though our linen should be soiled a little, and the saliva of our tongues somewhat thickened with dust. But my poetical, or rather sentimental, prelection only half pleased the Doctor; and he gave it out as his decided opinion that, if we required to remain in the city till Monday, we should remove our lodgings from the "Central" to some hotel in Alleghany city, the salubrity and beauty of which were already beginning to open up before us.

The city of Alleghany contains about 60,000 inhabitants, and lies on the slope of a hill, looking down upon the toil and turmoil of the rival, or rather the mother city, on the other side of the river; for many of those who win their bread in Pittsburg eat it in Alleghany. The river Alleghany seemed to be nearly as large as the Monongahela; but whereas the latter has only two bridges over it, the former is spanned by five. That which we crossed, if I remember aright, was a chain bridge with foot path and carriage way separated by a partition, as is common on almost all the great American rivers. The waters of the Alleghany had a peculiarly green hue, such as we have sometimes seen in streams at home which flow through wooded, arboriferous regions.

Perhaps it may be of advantage here to say a little about the size and the manufactories of Pittsburg, as I have just noted down the population of Alleghany city. Including its immediate suburbs, there are about 190,000 inhabitants in Pittsburg, so that the two cities together contain 250,000 souls. It was built on the site of the old *Fort du Quesne* in 1765. It was at first called Fort Pitt in honour of William Pitt, the great English statesman; but when it became more a commercial than a military emporium, the name was changed into Pittsburg. Within a radius of five miles from the Court House, there are 475 factories of iron, steel, glass, oil, copper, and wood. The stalks of 103 collieries can also be counted from the heights. Half the glass trade of the States is carried on in Pittsburg; while 60 per cent of all the oil, including petroleum, which has of late years filled even the British markets, has been sent out of her oil refineries. Her iron and steel exports are so vast,

that their statistics can with difficulty be even approximately estimated.

Dr. Squier's comfortable residence was half way up the hill on which the city of Alleghany is built, and looked out on a common or park, in the centre of which stood a monument in memory of those who had perished in the late war. It happened that the Doctor was out when we called; but Mrs. and Miss Squier engaged us in agreeable conversation till he arrived. We then learned that from an announcement which had been kindly sent by Mr. Frizzell, clerk of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, it was expected, or at least hoped, that we would pass through Pittsburg on our way west. Indeed, Dr. Squier had intimated to his congregation on the preceding Sabbath that it was just possible that we might be with them and take part in the services. The Doctor's only regret was that we had not arrived a day sooner, that due intimation of our presence in the city might have been made.

When we found that we were thus warmly welcomed as brethren in Christ, we were very glad that our steamboat project for the day had broken down, and that we had it in our power to render happy the kind Christian friends who were so glad to receive us. And if any one should express wonder at our humility and our fear lest the Cumberland Presbyterians of Pittsburg might not have welcomed us with cordiality, we must remind him that we have been accustomed to have our backs so much kept at the wall in Scotland, and have been all along regarded with so much coldness for maintaining with honest consistency the doctrine that God honestly wishes every man to be saved, that we are always shy about believing that any large body of Christians would cordially recognize us and take us to their hearts. Although we had maintained fraternal communication with the leaders of the denomination at their annual Assemblies, we could not be certain that at this far distant out-post in Western Pennsylvania, the minister and members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church would have regarded it as a providential favour that we came their way.

Dr. Squier expressed a desire that we would live in his house; but we declined his kind offer, and took advantage of his assistance in selecting a comfortable hotel in one of the loftiest squares of Alleghany city. To this agreeable lodging we removed our baggage in the course of the afternoon. We enjoyed much a stroll in the environs of the city in the company of the Doctor in the evening, in the course of which he pointed out to us the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church. The great building stands on a com-

manding eminence near the city ; and most certainly, if in any respects the view of theology which the students get be a narrow one, their view of scenery is a wide one, and ought to exert a rectifying and broadening influence on the mind. We were informed that Dr. Hodge, whose recent work on systematic divinity has made so much noise, was one of the professors in the college upon which we looked. We were happy to learn that Dr. Squier was on intimate terms with all the theological Professors of this great seminary, although a prominent minister in a church which had seceded from the Presbyterian Church on doctrinal, as well as on ecclesiastical, grounds. This liberality of sentiment among those who hold Christ the Head, but differ on minor points, is just as it should be. May it become universal in the Church of Christ !

Before our walk ended, we stood for a long time gazing on the monument which had been reared on the Common in honour of the natives of Pittsburg who had fallen in the recent terrible war. On the pillar itself were inscribed the names of those who had earned by their self-sacrifice their country's gratitude and love ; while the monument was crowned with an imposing figure in stone, representing a daring youth advancing, banner in hand, to death or victory. I was reminded of what I may call the spiritual conqueror's text, in the book of the Revelations—"Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out ; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God ; and I will write upon him my new name" (Rev. iii, 12).

We were glad next day (Sunday) when we could say to one another, "Let us go into the house of the Lord." The day was beautiful ; and we felt happy in being among friends who fully sympathized with us. We had arranged to spend the whole day with Dr. Squier's family after breakfast—agreeing not to return to our hotel till the evening service would be past.

When we reached the chapel in which the brethren of the Cumberland Presbyterian body worship, we found that it stood in a quiet and respectable street in Pittsburg, with the name of the denomination inscribed on its front. The first floor is occupied with the apartments which are used for the Sunday school, and other branches of church work ; while the chapel proper is upstairs. It had an air of cleanliness, and seemed capable of containing about six hundred individuals. The chapel was respectably filled—the majority of the audience consisting evidently of industrious working people, with a sprinkling here and there of those who were better educated and better

circumstanced in life. There was no gallery in the edifice, except above the entrance; and this was occupied exclusively by the choir, the members of which commenced the divine service by singing a voluntary—that is, a piece of sacred music which they had themselves selected and previously prepared. Dr. Squier's son played the harmonium with taste and skill; while his daughter's voice sounded sweetly among the choristers.

Although the congregation had thought it possible, from the intimation made on the previous Lord's day, that we might have arrived at Pittsburg, very few of them knew for certain that we had come till they reached the chapel that morning. Yet the service that was to be held was invested with a special interest to them. Dr. Squier, indeed, apologized to us because he could not ask either of us to preach in the forenoon, inasmuch as he had announced a memorial or funeral sermon for several of the members of his church who had recently deceased. The shafts of death had been unusually busy that spring among his people; for five or six, during the preceding month, had been called home. The friends of the deceased were sitting in the front seats dressed in deep mourning; and, when the Doctor, after preaching an appropriate discourse, drew out a sheet of paper, on which he had inscribed a few particulars concerning the history, illness, and patience of each sufferer, one could tell who the bereaved friends were in each case, by the emotion which they manifested. Dr. Squier had taken Dr. Morison and myself up to the platform-pulpit beside him, so that we could see the audience easily as well as hear the speaker.

Dr. Squier, who is a tall and powerful built man, was himself deeply affected by the particulars which he narrated, and more than once could with difficulty proceed for tears. Alas! thought I, wherever we go through the wide world, the joys and sorrows of the human race are much the same! They marry and are given in marriage; they rejoice over the birth of the babe, and they mourn over the death of the friend. Everywhere, if the proud need affliction to humble them, the afflicted need a Saviour and Comforter to keep them from despair.

Dr. Squier intimated, before dismissing the audience, that Dr. Morison would preach in the afternoon, and that I would preach in the evening. We were agreeably surprised, when the benediction was pronounced, on being accosted by the members of a family of the name of Girdwood, who had been adherents of the Evangelical Union in Scotland, and were now members of Dr. Squier's church in Pittsburg. "Do you not

recollect being in my house in Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, one night before a soiree?" said brother Girdwood to me. Although I had quite forgotten the circumstances I fully believed the fact, and gladly returned the family's Christian and Scottish greeting. Then, when we were on our way home we met a father and his two sons coming in the direction of the chapel (for the news of our visit was just beginning to spread over the city). Addressing Dr. Morison, the somewhat patriarchal Scotchman said, "You baptized these tall sons of mine, in Kilmarnock, when they were a good deal less and a good deal lighter than they are to-day!"

Before the afternoon sermon commenced, we had the pleasure of looking in upon the Sunday school of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which was taught in the commodious apartment below the chapel. We were delighted to see so many young ladies and gentlemen taking an interest in the religious instruction of a considerable body of young people. I was asked to address the children when their lessons were concluded; and I am bound to confess that I had a most appreciative audience. Quite a large number of grown-up people also, who had come to hear Dr. Morison's afternoon sermon, being informed that we were examining the school, were present during my address. Among these was the Rev. Dr. Noble, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg, who politely thanked me for the remarks to which he had listened.

Dr. Morison preached from the words in the seventy-third Psalm: "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." The Doctor kindly informed me afterwards that he was led to select this topic of address by two considerations. (1) That he had preached the discourse in Glasgow, only a few Sabbaths before our departure, and, therefore, was familiar with it; and (2) that he thought it would follow up Dr. Squier's own morning sermon appropriately. The discourse was a truly pathetic and powerful one, and must have been soothing to the spirits of those who had been bereaved; for its main idea was this, that frequently, when doubts as to God's saving grace had been most harassing, and earthly trials had been most overwhelming during the week, in our own dwellings and places of business, light and comfort would be suddenly flashed into the mind by the blessed Spirit of God in his own quiet sanctuary.

The audience was large, considering that no announcement of the extra service had been made, except by Dr. Squier

himself, in the forenoon, and a few of the city ministers to whom he had sent a hurried notification of the sermon. Several clergymen of the city of Pittsburg were present themselves, and remained to be introduced to us. Dr. Noble was very anxious that Dr. Morison should preach for him in the evening to the congregation of the first Presbyterian Church; and as he pleaded illness, the Doctor reluctantly consented, although himself little able to bear the strain of a second service.

Although the rain fell heavily when we were on our way to the church, at night, I had an encouraging audience, and preached with some liberty from the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him" (Psalms ciii, 13). To me quite a remarkable scene occurred at the close of this service. I had no idea that so many Scotch people, who knew us, would be found located in an American city. Before I had finished my tour in America I had become accustomed to such claiming of acquaintanceship; for in every large town which we visited, people came forward at the close of our sermons to say that they had known us or heard of us in the mother country; but as these recognitions at Pittsburg were the first of the series they surprised me much. At the same time, however, they taught me never to be sorry when certifying honest Christian people to American churches; for they assuredly become missionaries there, and propagate the Gospel both by lip and life in that mighty land which will yet play so important a part in the world's millennium.

The news of our visit had by the evening spread over the whole city; and the interest which it excited may be gathered from the fact that pretty lengthy reports of our discourses were published next day in the principal newspapers. For myself, I may state that in Dr. Morison's absence I had to hold something like a levee—may I call it a spiritual levee?—at the foot of the pulpit stairs; for quite a little crowd of Scotch people came round me to shake my hand, and say either that they knew Glasgow well, or that they had known or heard of me there. Beside the Girdwoods, to whom I have already referred, who mingled in the throng and tried to refresh my treacherous memory again about the Muirkirk meeting, one young man came forward and, shaking my hand warmly, said, "Don't you remember me, Mr. Ferguson? I not only sat in your church, but I sang in your choir for more than a year." He had grown so much since he had left Glasgow that I really did not know him; and although he told me that his father and mother were members of the

church, and that their name was "White," this item of intelligence did not help me a bit; for we have several Whites in our fellowship, all happily worthy of their name. But whenever my young friend reminded me that I had visited his dying little brother in a certain street in Glasgow, I at once identified this lamb of the flock that had strayed so far away, and was able to return the pressure of his hand with fervent, responsive regard. I visited him next morning at his own place of business in the city of Alleghany, and was happy to find that he was in partnership with an enterprising American as a brassfounder, and was doing well.

But the interview that affected me most of all was yet to come. A gentleman and lady, who were the last to introduce themselves, certainly had not the least right to do so; because they had known me from my boyhood. "I cannot tell you, dear sir, with what interest I have listened to you to-night," exclaimed the lady; "for I was at school with your sister in the town of Hamilton, and I remember the day when she left school ill, with the weakness upon her of which she ultimately died." That was indeed a most touching and unexpected reminiscence. It recalled the tender memory of my only sister, and my deep emotion when I was raised from my bed on a cold January morning in 1838 to see her die. Mr. and Mrs. Semple, who have prospered much commercially, were most generous in their offers of hospitality, and proposed to drive Dr. Morison and myself all round Pittsburg in their carriage if we could only stay a day or two. But our time was limited. We were pilgrims and strangers, and could tarry but a night. I returned to Dr. Squier's house to supper, saying to myself, "How wonderfully are men and women scattered over this broad earth; but God will at last gather his elect from the east and the west and the north and the south into his everlasting kingdom." Dr. Morison was late in arriving for supper; because he had been detained by Dr. Noble in a very interesting conversation in his vestry on theology and theological literature. He found Dr. Noble to be thoroughly a liberal theologian of the New School.

I should not omit to notice that we were introduced, on this memorable Sabbath day, to the widow and widowed daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bryan, a man of great piety and pulpit power, who, along with the Rev. John Morgan, was the honoured instrument of introducing Cumberland Presbyterianism into Western Pennsylvania. Dr. Bryan was the first pastor of the Pittsburg Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Bryan has spent all the years of her widowhood in Pittsburg, and is much respected among the members of the church.

I have not yet had an opportunity of speaking about the different denominations into which Christians are divided in the United States; but I am reminded of the subject by the reference which I have been led to make to the college of the Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, and the frankness and fraternal feeling of the ministers of that connection in that city. Of course, my readers all know that no church is endowed in the great Transatlantic republic. All churches are voluntary there and self-supporting. Taking the census of the whole country among the Protestants, the Methodists, in point of numbers, come first; the Presbyterians second; the Baptists third; the Congregationalists fourth; and the Episcopalians fifth. But in particular districts of the country this balance of parties is changed. Thus, in New England, as a whole, Presbyterianism is weak, being represented in a great city like Boston only by a single church; while Congregationalism is the prevailing form of church government. But in more southerly cities like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c., Congregationalism is weak and Presbyterianism predominates. The latter again consists of one great body called *par excellence*, the Presbyterian Church, with several minor organizations. Thus, in this very city of Alleghany of which I am writing, besides the great college, to which I have referred, there is the Theological Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church established in 1826, and the Alleghany Theological Institute organized in 1840 by the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. I must have my readers to understand, however, that the unions and reformations referred to in these titles are not the same as those which are commemorated by similar designations in Scotland.

Forty years ago, Dr. John Ritchie of Edinburgh and his associates, were wont to appeal to the state of religion in the United States of America as a proof that the Church of Christ might be maintained without national endowments; and there is no doubt that the plea was a pertinent one; for to-day society is leavened as powerfully throughout the States by Christianity as is the case with us at home, and yet all churches are upon a level, and no minister is paid out of the public purse.

CHAPTER XII.

CINCINNATI.

WE left Pittsburg *en route* for Cincinnati on Monday forenoon, May 18th, at ten o'clock. This was another journey of 300

miles, during the course of which we rode all day through the State of Ohio, which we traversed entirely from east to west. Dr. Squier introduced us in the railway car before we started to several brethren of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who had come a distance of thirty miles that morning, and who, like ourselves, were on their way to the meeting of the General Assembly in Missouri. Prominent among them was the Rev. Mr. Norris, of Freeport, Pennsylvania, with whom I had some very pleasant conversation as the train progressed. He had served for a whole year in the American war, and gave me some thrilling accounts of the dangers through which he had passed, and the narrow escapes he had made. The incident which lingers most vividly in my recollection was to the following effect: On one occasion volunteers were needed for a very hazardous service, namely, to carry provisions by rail to the Northern army through a district which was partially in possession of the Southern troops. Mr. Norris was among the volunteers; and he told me that, when a certain point of the journey was reached, a halt was called, and a consultation held as to the propriety of proceeding farther. The train containing the troops was divided into two portions, a driver being with each. The result of the deliberation was that one of the drivers refused to advance, because evening had come on; but the other fool-hardily decided to proceed notwithstanding the darkness. Fortunately, the young volunteer who now sat at my side was with the cautious driver who declined to go forward, or he would never have lived to be a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Next morning, when the day dawned, and the second detachment advanced gingerly through the dangerous territory, on rounding a corner they saw the whole of the cars that had preceded them the night before lying in the bottom of a ravine, and all their comrades killed—a mangled, mutilated mass. The enemy had been watching their movements, and had diverted the rails to the edge of the ravine, so that sudden and dreadful destruction had come upon them in a moment. War truly is a savage and unholy mode of settling differences.

In these long journeys, lasting for a whole day, one was glad of a friend to talk to, a book to read, or even to listen to the conversation of fellow-travellers in the seat before or behind. Of course, when people speak in an ordinary tone, what they say cannot very well be understood by strangers, nor is it good manners to try to make out remarks addressed to another; but there were two of our fellow-travellers who spoke in so loud a tone on theological subjects, that their discourse, which was amusing at the first, became somewhat annoying as time and

the train rolled on. I may observe that the cars were very full, because many ministers and elders were on their way to the General Assembly of the great Presbyterian body at St. Louis, besides the few of us who were bound for the Cumberland Assembly 240 miles farther on. The loquacious gentlemen, I think, were elders, and not ministers; for, although no clergymen wear white neckcloths in America south of the New England States, our loud-speaking fellow-passengers had the appearance of men who had left their commercial pursuits behind them that they might have a fortnight's ecclesiastical enjoyment at St. Louis as lay delegates. They rattled over all the five points of the Arminian controversy, including original sin, election, man's inability to keep the commands of God, and all the sombre sisterhood of debated points. I would not have cared if they had spoken reverently and to edification—for Christian converse on such sacred themes is what the Lord delights to hear and record in his book of remembrance; but it seemed to me (and their frequent laughter confirmed the impression) that they were seeking to show off before the company. When they had at length exhausted the entire body of systematic theology, the more pretentious of the two threw out this challenge to his neighbour—"Put any question you like to me on any knotty point you please, from Genesis to Revelations, and I will answer you right off." An alarming series of interrogations here began as follows: "What like was the serpent that tempted Eve?" "Was the forbidden fruit an apple?" &c., &c. Off-hand answers were certainly given; but they were not valuable enough to be reported, and we were all glad when a stoppage in the journey put an end to the theological duel.

I have spoken of beguiling the time in the railway train by an interesting book; and even if we had taken no readable volumes with us, the peculiar customs of American travelling would not have allowed us to remain unsupplied. Every day a scene like the following would occur—and perhaps the description of it may be something new to the most of my readers: Soon after the train has started, and the passengers have got comfortably settled down in their seats, the door opens at the end of the long railway car, which I have described in a former article, and a young man begins briskly to place a book or magazine on the knees of each passenger, dealing the copies out from a bag which is slung over his shoulder. Having reached the end of the carriage he vanishes from view, shutting the door behind him, that is opposite to the one by which he had entered. Then he steps from the one carriage to the other, and repeats the same

process there; for it must be recollected that you can not only walk from the one end of the carriage you are sitting in to the other, but step from carriage to carriage if you choose to prolong your walk. Now all this looks very liberal on the part of the brisk youth referred to; and perhaps an inexperienced traveller might at first suppose that this largess of literature was quite in keeping with what he may have heard of American liberality. But, lo! he is doomed to disappointment; for here is the busy youth back again in about a quarter of an hour, and he is picking up the books as quickly as he laid them down, unless, indeed, some traveller interposes and says that he wishes to buy—an occurrence, I must confess, which was comparatively rare as far as my observation went; although doubtless the thing must pay upon the whole or it would not be continued. Thus all the good we got of this American mode of advancing human knowledge was a half hour's gratuitous perusal of a sample of the young man's stock-in-trade, if we did not wish to buy. I must admit, however, that the experience was somewhat more tantalizing when it was sweetmeats or confections that the young man laid down on our knees, wrapped up in neat paper parcels, with some of the tempting wares peeping through. I observed that Dr. Morison, the first day we were thus laid siege to, was proof against the literature, but fell an easy prey to the sugar-candy! It was fortunate that our weaknesses lay in different directions; for I could not resist the fascination of a popular New York monthly magazine, called "Harper's Miscellany," with pretty pictures in it; and so it fell out that by sharing our purchases the Doctor got a sight of the pictures, and I got a taste of the candy. My readers will thus see that railway travelling in America has elements of interest and attraction in it not to be found at home.

Although I mention the fact that we dined at a place called "Dennistown," nobody will be much obliged to me for the information. It is of more importance to notice that we tarried for a short time in the course of the afternoon at the city of Columbus, the political capital of the State of Ohio, and, therefore, the local metropolis, at which the State Congress annually assembles. Here our friends of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church left us, for they were pushing on for St. Louis, by the most direct route, *via* Indianapolis, that they might be present at the opening of the Assembly, at Springfield, Missouri, on the Thursday following; whereas we, not caring to reach that destination till the Assembly had been a day or two in session, went round

by Cincinnati, that we might be able to carry out our cherished scheme of sailing on the waters of the Ohio.

Columbus seemed to be a place of about 40,000 inhabitants, and was evidently more a political and agricultural, than a commercial centre. We saw a large prison in the outskirts of the city as our railway cars bore us away. It reminded me of the fact that every government must needs have a prison for incorrigible offenders, and that God has his too. There are "spirits in prison."

One feature of the State of Ohio struck me, during this day's journey, as somewhat peculiar, namely, that it was the most universally cultivated State which we had as yet traversed. Farm after farm met our view all the way, in almost unbroken succession. It has been remarked that Ohio is not unlike Scotland in this respect. It contains just about three millions of inhabitants, like our native land; and looks very like our agricultural districts in many parts. Of course its territory is much greater in its dimensions than little Caledonia, and consequently it must be much more sparsely inhabited than even our not very populous land. But it is a fact that Scotchmen who live in Ohio are often reminded of home by the soil and the scenery; and the remembrance makes the land of their adoption dearer than it otherwise would be.

It was ten o'clock at night when we reached Cincinnati. Although it was quite dark, we had been made aware by sundry unmistakeable intimations for some time that we were drawing near a great city. The suburbs seemed to extend for several miles into the country; for shining lamps, in goodly rows, twinkled before comfortable villas, and revealed the wide territory over which the police regulations extended. The city actually has a frontage of ten miles to the river. As we drove through the silent streets, in an omnibus well filled by our fellow travellers, to the Gibson House, I found that I was possessed by an emotion which I had often experienced before when entering great cities in the far east, as well as in the far west, and which may be described in the following words: How humble and unimportant a being am I on God's earth! Here is a great city in which the hum of commerce has been heard, and the tumult of social competition has prevailed for many slow revolving years, and yet to the hundreds of thousands who are now retiring to their nightly rest, I am of no importance and no consideration at all! But then the true victory in life is not to make the world ring with the fame or infamy of one's name, as the case may be, but to do the duty allotted to us in our sphere, whatever that may be, leaving all consequences

to God, and recollecting that in many instances, in the world to come, the last shall be first and the first last.

Dr. Squier of Pittsburg had recommended us to the Gibson House, and had permitted us to mention his name as our friend to Mr. Gibson or, as he called him, Colonel Gibson. The Colonel had served bravely in the great war; and, as he told us next morning when we were sitting at breakfast, he was happy to make our acquaintance, not only for the sake of our Pittsburg brother, but because he was of Scottish origin himself, and had only the year before made a visit to Edinburgh. Certainly the hotel which is called by his name is a most palatial building, as we could judge on the night of our arrival by the immense lobbies through which we were led ere our apartment was reached, and on the next morning, from the size and elegance of the magnificent breakfast saloon into which we were ushered, with its obsequious sable attendants bowing respectfully to us as we entered, and paying all the more attention to us when they saw that "Massa Gibson" conversed with us freely as his friends.

Our first care after breakfast on Tuesday morning was to go down to the banks of the Ohio, and see whether or not we could get a steamboat that would take us to the junction of that great stream with the Mississippi, so that we might reach St. Louis by water before the end of the week. Our spirits had been raised by having just observed, at the bar of the hotel, an advertisement to the effect that a vessel, called the "Pat Rodger," would sail that very evening down the river, bound for Memphis on the Mississippi, in distant Tennessee; and as far as we could make out from the table of arrangements, we would be able to catch an upward steamer at Cairo, at the confluence of the rivers, and thus reach our desired destination on the Friday. But with our Pittsburg experience as to the untrustworthiness of these steamboat announcements, we could not be sure that the advertised programme would really be carried out; and so, gentle reader, we set off to the wharf to see.

It was not difficult to find the river, for the street in which the Gibson House was situated, Walnut Street, ran right down to the great Ohio, the shipping on which, indeed, could be seen from the front of the hotel. If I should be asked to describe the city of Cincinnati in as few words as possible, I would say that it contained about 300,000 inhabitants—that it was built on sloping ground on the right bank of the Ohio, and that all its principal streets either ran down to the river, or cut those at right angles which did so. We need not wonder that one of the principal cities of the United States was named after Cin-

cinnatus, the great Roman Dictator, who saved his country in war, and then went back to the plough as poor in purse and as pure in spirit as when he had left it; for it is quite germane to the genius of the great Transatlantic republic that a man should be a ploughman the one day and a president the next. Yet is there something in their very situation and staple articles of commerce that makes the sons and daughters of Cincinnati love the memory of a rural hero like him after whom their town is named; for it is the great agricultural centre of the vast arable districts through which the fertilizing Ohio flows; and its chief source of wealth is the manufacture or the importation and sale of such implements as the husbandman needs. It has an immense trade in bacon too, by which remark I have no reference to the Inductive philosophy, save in so far as that may be regarded as including the induction of multitudes of pigs from the country to the town. Indeed, it has been suggested that the place, like Chicago, might be appropriately called Porkopolis—a name certainly not so classical a one as that which it bears.

We had not seen the River Ohio since we had looked upon the two rivers at Pittsburg which commingle to form it. Indeed, it may be said, that we had not seen the true and veritable stream, till we looked upon its broad bosom that morning at Cincinnati; for we had never once got a glimpse of it during our whole ride through the State of Ohio. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that this great river does not so much flow through the state that is named after it, as form a boundary line between it and other states.¹

We found the shipping more abundant at Cincinnati than at Pittsburg, and the river certainly broader than either of its constituent streams—yet not so much broader as we had expected. The sloping banks were causewayed with stones here also, and as the river was falling, as already remarked, with the advance of spring (although it had by no means reached its lowest point yet), we required, as at Pittsburg, to descend along the causewayed margin to a considerable distance before we reached the steamboat with whose captain we wished to have a conversation.

It was not difficult to find the "Pat Rodger" among the fleet of steamboats great and small that lined the shelving shore. The captain, a Scotchman, who belonged to the town of Berwick, was very complaisant. We would certainly reach St. Louis, he informed us, on Friday. His boat sailed positively at five o'clock that afternoon, and ran in partnership with the up-stream steamer from New Orleans, which we could catch at

Cairo. The fare for the whole voyage would be fourteen dollars each, and he would give us transfer tickets for the sail up the Mississippi, when we had reached the mouth of the Ohio. We got our choice of two handsome and comfortable cabins adjoining one another, paid our fare, and left in high spirits to see a little of the city of Cincinnati before starting for our voyage on *La Belle Rivière*, as the Ohio is called.

We made our way all at once by a tramway car, from the river, across the whole breadth of the city, not for the purpose of getting a good and rapid view of it, but that I might call upon an old church member from Blackfriars Street, Glasgow, who had lived in Cincinnati for about twenty-five years, and whose address I had received from a friend before setting out on my journey. Mrs. Miller happened to be out, and Dr. Morison and myself strolled into a beautiful public park, with a sheet of water in it, in the immediate neighbourhood, till she would return. I remember wondering how a young man, who was rowing about in a boat on a sheet of water with little islands in it, could endure the fervour of the sun, which was beating down upon his head with meridian intensity.

It is affecting to meet a Christian friend whom you have not seen for more than a quarter of a century, and to find that said friend does not know you. This was my experience that day with Mrs. Miller, at Cincinnati. Although I was the minister who had officiated at her marriage in Glasgow, she did not recognize me. But after the revelation was made, she was all the more rejoiced at the unexpected visit, as well as to see Dr. Morison, whom she used to hear in Glasgow, addressing the crowded audiences which were wont to assemble to listen to him, when, as a comparatively young man, he used to come from Kilmarnock, to preach occasionally in our western metropolis. It now turned out that quite a little colony of old Blackfriars Street members lived in Cincinnati, and Mrs. Miller, as our time was limited, offered to take us round to see them.

It was astonishing to notice the difference as to the power of recognition, which was exemplified in the experience of these old friends. The first, a widow lady, Mrs. Liddell, whose house was near our guide's, knew me at once, and named me whenever she came into the room, introducing me at the same time with delight to her daughters, as the minister who had married her, and had been the pastor of her youth. And Mrs. Miller's husband also, whom we went to see at his business in the heart of the city, knew me at once, and Dr. Morison also. But the last of the "strangers scattered abroad" on whom we called, Mrs. Maxwell, could

not recognize us although she tried again and again. But her husband, Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, who has risen by his own industry and skill to be the first master plumber in the city of Cincinnati, after a very little earnest contemplation of our countenances, knew us, and named us both. In Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell I was greatly interested; for when I was placed in the city of Glasgow in 1845, they were young converts who had newly come to the knowledge of the truth, warm with the love of Christ, and the love of one another. Little did I think in these early days that I would ever be in their house in Cincinnati, and that I would find them occupying so fine a social position there. One of their sons, a handsome young man whom we saw, was learning to be an architect in the city; while the eldest was from home, at Amherst College, where he was preparing for the work of the holy ministry.

Before bidding farewell in my narrative to Mrs. Miller, our guide through the city, I must retail one little item of conversation with Dr. Morison and myself as we walked along, which made a pleasing impression upon our minds. I have not yet taken occasion to refer to the fact that, while we were thus journeying through Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, what has since been called "the Women's Whisky War" was actively going on, and was making no small stir through the land. Dr. Squier, pointing to a liquor seller's in Pittsburg, had said to us, "I saw our ladies praying before that door last week." In the hotel at Alleghany City we had met with an intelligent young lady who knew the parties well who had originated that remarkable movement in the State of Ohio. Well, we found that the city of Cincinnati was heaving with the excitement of that whisky war on this very day of our visit. Forty ladies had been arrested during the previous week for street obstruction, and having been immediately let free on bail, they were to be summoned and tried before the judge on the morrow. Mrs. Miller's spirit burned within her with a holy indignation as she referred to the fact. "And sorry I am," she continued, "that I had not the honour of being arrested too. I have prayed, and sung, and exhorted with them on the streets ever since the movement commenced; but I was unavoidably detained on the day of the arrest, and I am very sorry for it." Dr. Morison whispered into my ear, "Does not that spirit put you in mind of the holy ambition for martyrdom which fired the early Christians both in apostolic and post-apostolic times?" It was a just remark; for there is "one spirit" in all ages as well as in all lands. And I was happy to see that my old church members remained so true to

their temperance principles as well as to Christ after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and with the wide Atlantic between them and their spiritual birth-place.

When we got back to the hotel we met with a great disappointment. The captain of the "Pat Rodger" had sent up word that he would not sail till the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. We were thoroughly vexed; for we had no confidence that he would start at even this specified hour, and we began to fear that, owing to the shortness of the time at our disposal, we would not get our sail on the river at all. When I went down to the wharf, however, and saw the captain, he seemed to be so thoroughly ashamed to look me in the face, and protested so fervently that the delay was caused by the required shipment of goods he had not known about in the morning, that I was fain to believe that he could not help disappointing us. He assured me, moreover, on his word as a man of honour, that he really would sail on Wednesday afternoon, so that I was able on my return to Gibson House to bring Dr. Morison gradually down to the condition of soothed equanimity which I had reached myself.

Even the delay turned out for the best—as many things which may seem adverse at first shall prove only blessings in disguise to my gentle reader. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Maxwell, had called at the hotel to bid us good-bye, and "accompany us to the ship"; and when they had heard of our disappointment, they were extremely glad, and rejoiced in the opportunity of enjoying a little more of our society, and of showing us no little kindness. In the first place they took us for a walk that evening along a magnificent bridge which spans the whole breadth of the Ohio, and actually connects the great state of that name with the "Old Kentucky shore." The centre of the bridge is reserved for waggons, while there is a path for foot-passengers on either side of it. It is the largest chain bridge in the world, its entire length being 2,252 feet. There is a good deal of population on the other side of the water from Cincinnati; for the two almost contiguous towns of Covington and Newport contain upwards of 20,000 inhabitants between them.

As we walked first along the one division of the bridge, and then back by the other, Mr. Maxwell kept telling us of the anxieties and sufferings through which they had passed during the great war—chiefly because Kentucky, which was so near at hand, although she was *nominally* for the North, or at any rate neutral, had been *really* for the South in sympathy, and in the spontaneous enlistments and exertions of her inhabitants. We parted with our kind friends on the understanding that we

would meet them after breakfast next day, and that they would, according to promise, drive us round the environs of Cincinnati.

They were as good as their word. Perhaps we should have gone to see the forty ladies tried before the judge for carrying on the whisky war; but we were tempted away from the close court-room to the open country. The first object of interest to which our friends drove us was the great and celebrated cemetery of Cincinnati about three miles outside of the city. On our way we passed an immense reformatory for criminals and a workhouse situated near one another. The grandeur of these palatial buildings led Dr. Morison to expatiate on what he conceived to be a decided error in political economy—namely, the practice of building jails and penitentiaries in so splendid a fashion that the accommodation provided seemed to be a reward rather than a punishment to crime; and even in making infirmaries, convalescent homes, and workhouses so magnificent that labouring people temporarily housed there were made discontented with their own dwellings afterwards.

The cemetery was certainly a most beautiful and imposing inclosure; and I am certain that the worthy Doctor did not grudge the dead their exquisite resting-place, even although a captious censor might have been disposed to say, "Wherefore this waste,"—for by universal consent, and as if by an instinct of humanity, men pay respect to the departed. I had been in the *Pere la Chaise* of Paris, which contains two hundred acres of ground, and had admired the crowds of monuments which France has there raised to her more distinguished sons; but this cemetery of Cincinnati actually incloses five hundred and fifty acres. The law of the place is that no lot of ground is to be less than one hundred feet in extent. Thus, there is always a considerable distance between the elegant marble monuments—so that, when compared with other more populous cemeteries which might be regarded as the crowded east ends of sepulture, this "God's acre" at Cincinnati looked rather like a west end suburb of sparse and superior villas. As our carriage wound peacefully along the quiet, secluded walks, we could rarely see more than one monument at a time; and we felt disposed to say, "Surely only rich people are buried here." Yet it is the sleeping-place for all the dead of Cincinnati; and perhaps we are warranted to draw a conclusion from the magnificence of this graveyard as to the opulence, or at any rate to the *free handedness* in money matters of this the largest city that stands on the banks of the Ohio. We found also that preparations were being made to hold what is called

Decoration day, as to the meaning of which festivity my reader must suffer a word of explanation. Since the great civil war ended in 1865, once a year, on the last day of May, called in the United States the last day of spring, the people in all the cities, towns, and villages throughout the Union go forth and decorate all the graves of the soldiers who died for their country. We saw in this great burying-ground the first signs of the approach of Decoration day; for fresh wreaths of flowers had already been brought for some of the graves where the heroes lay buried. The day is held as a national holiday; and there is not a little speech-making through the land, and some stirring up of the embers of the old feud between the North and South, in places where it is almost beginning to die away.

After leaving the cemetery we were driven to a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati that overhangs the town where the wealthiest inhabitants reside, called Clifton. Here also we saw the great reservoir of water that supplies the thirst of the hundreds of thousands in the valley below. It has been excavated in Eden Park, a fine gardened enclosure consisting of 160 acres.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, and also with his partner in business, Mr. Gibson (brother of the proprietor of the Gibson House, at which we had been staying), and his lady. We found that during our absence in the forenoon a great calamity had well nigh befallen the household of our host and hostess. Their youngest boy—the beautiful Benjamin of the family—had escaped being drowned, almost by a miracle, in a canal which was not far from the house. The little fellow had sunk for the third time, when a vintner, whose shop was hard by, had plunged in and dragged him out. The gloom which hung over our dinner-party by the very thought of the great danger of the dear boy—mixed with gratitude to God for his providential mercy—was somewhat dispelled by a rather odd passage of arms between the two ladies at the table. “Now, Mrs. Maxwell,” exclaimed Mrs. Gibson, “you will never be able to speak so much against the liquor-sellers after this, when one of them saved your child!” The fond mother, who had been sitting with her darling boy on her lap ever since we came in—made all the dearer by the terrible danger through which he had passed—was rather cornered by this remark; but feeling that her strong temperance sentiment required her to say something, she cleverly rejoined, “Don’t say that, Mrs. Gibson; for if he had just been a greengrocer he could have saved him all the same!” This sally, I repeat, was followed by an irresistible burst of laughter, after which the ice being broken, social converse followed freely, while little Benjamin (whom

I may also call much loved Moses, since that day he had been *drawn from the water*) slumbered sweetly on his happy, yet sometimes shuddering, mother's knee. Like Moses, may he be honoured yet to say to many a captive, if not of Pharaoh, yet of sin and Satan, "Go free."

After dinner, as it was only 3 P.M., we walked across to the house of Mr. Gibson, which was quite in the neighbourhood. We had a pleasant talk about books and foreign lands with him and Mrs. Gibson, whom we found to be both well read and far travelled. Some rare antiquarian volumes and plates were on the table of their elegant drawing-room, the explanation of which gave Dr. Morison an opportunity of unostentatiously bringing out his great knowledge, both of ancient and modern literature. Mrs. Gibson whispered to me, "To be acquainted with such a gentleman is equal to a liberal education." I do not know whether the lady threw off this remark extemporaneously in the exuberance of her spirits, or if she was actually quoting a proverb. If the latter, I confess that I never heard it before; and if the former, I declare it to be worth preserving on account of its sententious felicity. I need not add that, in my opinion, my fellow-traveller fully deserved the compliment which was thus elegantly paid him.

I may here notice that, as we were driving back from the cemetery into Cincinnati, we had observed a church open and ladies entering as if for a religious service. We were a little surprised at this phenomena in a Protestant edifice, in the early afternoon, and on a week day. We now learned, as we walked through the city, that the meeting in question had been called by the ladies who had that morning been tried before the judge. They had all been dismissed with a reprimand, and had been warned not to pray on the streets again. But, like the primitive Christians, "they had departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ" and temperance. And whenever they had been set free from the bar of human law, they had rushed to the throne of heavenly grace, that they might again lay hold of the arm that moves the universe. May that mighty arm overturn, if slowly yet surely, the entire machinery of strong drink's unhallowed organizations, which so powerfully prey upon the Anglo-Saxon race, both in America and Great Britain, and so effectually retard the spread and triumph of the everlasting Gospel!

As we drew near our hotel, and just before entering it, to pack up our little valises, and bid good-bye to Cincinnati, our attention was called to a magnificent public fountain of

granite, which a public-spirited citizen, Tyler Davidson, had recently put up at a cost of £66,000 of our money, and made over as a gift to the city. Only they who have lived in a sultry land during a hot summer, can have any idea of the blessing which such a fountain confers upon a community. The construction of this great erection was most delicate and marvellously intricate. It was not playing when we first approached it; but whenever the keeper understood that we were Scotchmen, being of that nationality himself, he touched the hidden spring, and all the gaping mouths below, as well as the more elegant mouths of the splendid statue above, poured out most musically their jets of clear and cooling water. And as the fountain plays in our honour, and its delicious drops pour coolingly around, we, in imagination, uncover our heads respectfully, and bid Cincinnati farewell, praying that she may never suffer from a drought, either of natural water for the body, or of the water of life for the heaven-born soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE OHIO.

WHEN we got down to the banks of the river we found that the "Pat Rodger," true to the captain's promise, had her steam up, and was evidently making ready to start on her voyage far south to the swamps and sugar-cane lands of the Mississippi. Everything seemed to promise well. Our sleeping rooms had been put into good order; but there was one serious want—where was all our baggage? It had been sent down the day before by one of the waiters of the Gibson House, because, as already noticed, we had expected to sail on the preceding evening. We fully expected to find it in our respective state-rooms; but discovering to our surprise that it was not there, we descended to the hold where the baggage of the other travellers was stowed; and, lo! to our increased disappointment and perplexity, although all the boxes and leather-bags, which the stewards, black as night, had in charge were turned over, our well-known portmanteaus were nowhere to be seen. The captain having promised not to start till I returned, I rushed frantically back to the Gibson House, in company with our friend, Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, to look for the missing luggage. When we at length got hold of the porter, to whom the manager at the bar told us that he had committed the trunks, he informed us to our great grief that

he had wheeled them on board the steamer, which started from the foot of the street, according to the instructions which he had received. This was the daily, or rather the nightly steamboat to Louisville, the capital of Kentucky, about 150 miles farther down the Ohio. How true is it, as the proverb says, that "the traveller should be like an elephant, and keep his trunk always below his nose!" Little did we imagine, as we were walking leisurely, the night before at 5 P.M., across the great Ohio bridge, and were looking down at this very Louisville steamer, as she set sail from the wharf, that she was carrying away with her all our great leathern boxes with our clothes and books and precious manuscripts!

What was to be done? How could we recover the lost luggage? Our captain assured us that it was quite safe; and that, when the hands on board the Louisville steamer found that no one claimed it, they would just bring it back to Cincinnati. In fact, the steamboat would just be leaving Louisville at that very hour; and we would meet it half-way in the night time; but unfortunately we would not be able to stop to get the missing goods on board. What then was to be done? Here our friend Mr. Maxwell came to our aid, promising that he would receive the goods when they returned to Cincinnati, would see them sent on to St. Louis by Adams's express, and that we would be sure to find them at the office of that company as we passed through that city on our way to the General Assembly in Missouri. We went on board trusting that all these promises would be realized, and having no property with us but the little portable hand-valises which we had carried down to the steamer. At length the vessel moves off; we wave adieu to the friends who have accompanied us to the ship; our perturbed minds settle down to tolerable equanimity; the shipping of Cincinnati recedes in the distance; and we find ourselves rapidly borne adown the broad bosom of the Ohio.

Perhaps my readers would like to understand at this point of my narrative what kind of things these great American river-boats are. They may have seen pictures of them; but possibly a few pen-and-ink sketches by one who sailed both on the Ohio and on the great northern lakes may give our readers a better idea of these peculiar structures than ever they had before.

In the first place, then, it may be observed that they are really three storeys in height. The first flat or lower storey is reserved for goods, and is always on a level with the wharf at which the steamer touches, so that people wishing to go on shore require to go down to this inferior region. As to the goods which a great steamer like the "Pat Rodger" carried, their

variety was so great as to be perfectly indescribable, involving, as it did, samples of the entire merchandise of the district of country through which we passed. And as to quantity, although the hold seemed to be full when we started, the supplies which we took in as we moved down the river, of such things as cement and hay, revealed a capacity and a receptivity on the part of the heavy-laden "Pat Rodger" that appeared to be altogether infinite and inexhaustible. I may observe that the shaft of the steam-engine worked away diligently in this lower hold, and was visible in no other part of the boat.

The second storey, which consisted of a long, unbroken, covered saloon, was used by the passengers either as dining-room, drawing-room, or parlour, as duty or inclination called. It was a fine sight to look from one end to the other of the great boat, some two hundred feet long, when meals were being served to companies or detachments of the passengers seated at separate tables. Not that any distinction as to rank was made among the passengers; for such a thing as a cabin-end or steerage-end is unknown in the steamers of the United States. Such a classification of her inhabitants would not suit the taste of the great Transatlantic Republic. But a dozen would be accommodated at a table near the vessel's bow; a second dozen near the middle, and a third dozen nearer the stern. Then, when the cloth would be removed, the long moving hall would look like a drawing-room again. Here a lady would be seated at the piano discoursing sweet music; and there children would be playing with their toys, and revealing the cheerfulness of their hearts by their merry innocent gambols. A small space both at the bow and the stern was left uncovered for those who wished to sit outside; while a narrow passage which ran from end to end of the ship, between the cabin and the outside of the vessel, with an awning overhead, permitted the passengers to walk, or sit and chat, or smoke, as their spirits moved them. I should, perhaps, have mentioned sooner that the sleeping rooms of the passengers all opened into this great cabin which I have just described, and were numbered one, two, three, four, &c., both on the right hand and on the left as you walked up or down the saloon.

I must end this description by giving a brief notice of the appearance presented by the upper storey, which was in reality the roof of this great moving river-palace. Ladies rarely ventured to it, for it could be reached only by steep climbing; but I need hardly say that it was the favourite promenade of Dr. Morison and myself during these ever memorable days, regardless of the smoke and soot which sometimes came upon us from the funnel. Many a time did we mount the ladder of brass

steps with its railing of rope which led, near the prow of the ship, from the second storey to this higher and comparatively unfrequented region. Generally only the captain was to be found there, gazing earnestly down the river to see what craft might be coming up, and either speaking or signalling his orders to the man at the wheel behind him, who, perched in a little house on the very top of this roof of the ship, was, locally at least, the supreme person on board.

It was on this roof, then, that Dr. Morison and I seated ourselves as the houses of Cincinnati began to recede in the distance, in order that we might drink in at once the full inspiration of the novel and exhilarating scene. The suburbs of Cincinnati did not extend to a very great distance along the banks of the river at this end of the city, so that we very soon found ourselves in the midst of unbroken silence, with the virgin forests of the State of Kentucky on the left hand, and of Ohio, and very soon of Indiana, on the right hand. The impressive silence, however, was broken in upon now and then in a very remarkable manner. Not long ago Congress, in order to prevent steamboat collisions, which had become very frequent, passed a law that on no occasion whatever, by night or day, should one steamboat observe that it was approaching another without emitting a loud whistle from its steam-valve to notify such approach. I have used the word "whistle," because I have no other expression in our old country vocabulary to denote the peculiar sound which American river-boats do emit in such peculiar circumstances. It certainly is not a whistle as we understand it, but rather a loud noise, something between a moan and a roar. We were very much interested, not to say amused, when we first heard the peculiar sound. We would see, for example, in the distance, coming round a wood-covered corner of the river, an upward bound steam vessel fully a mile away. Whenever its steersman would catch sight of the swift descending "Pat Rodger," forthwith this loud moan or bellow would break upon the almost awful stillness, and fill not only the river but the woods on both sides with the sudden shock of its intonation, repeated and reverberated by many far extending echoes. Then we would observe the steersman in our ship, from his lofty watch-tower, pull a string that was connected with the steam-engine, and forthwith there would fly out from our vessel a responding groan, which merely meant prosaically, "If you see us, we see you"; but which, to the ear of Dr. Morison's imagination, seemed to mean much more. The doctor could not get over the idea that the roar of the challenging steam vessels resembled the roar of two monsters rushing to meet one another in mortal encounter. The first time our

answer to the challenge was given, we were fairly startled from our seats by the sound, as we were sitting quite near the funnel at the time; but as challenge after challenge was given, we became accustomed to the roar; and Dr. Morison would say, as the tears of laughter and delight ran over his cheeks, "O Mr. Ferguson, is it not like a wild animal hurling defiance at its enemy?"

But there was another sound which, although neither so loud nor so peculiar as that which I have described, affected us as powerfully, and actually drew us down, about an hour after our departure, from our exalted seats of contemplation to the regions below. I refer to the musical tinkle of the tea or supper bell. We found that our company in the saloon was not very select; for we had some rather rough looking fellows for messmates; but the bracing air of the Ohio, as well as the vain race after our luggage before leaving, had given us a good appetite, and we enjoyed exceedingly the plain but abundant viands which the steamboat regulations allowed us. This necessary occupation over, we mounted our throne of observation again, and did not descend to seek rest in our little cabins till twilight had deepened into total darkness. The sunset was truly charming, and I think I never saw so red and fiery a glow as that which purpled the clouds, among which the orb of day descended. And earth sympathized with heaven; for the fiery glow was reflected from the bosom of the Ohio, and even the ancient trees on her banks seemed to be burnished with the crimson tinge.

For many miles no town or village appeared; but only here and there, a solitary cabin would announce the fact that the region through which we were so rapidly steaming was not altogether uninhabited.

Ah, me! I exclaimed to myself, as we passed one and another of these solitary log huts, these are samples of the "old Kentucky homes," concerning which the negroes used to sing so pathetically in the sad days of slavery, that there the "old folks dwelt," or that the old folks were gone and were to be found there "no more."

As the evening wore on, the steamboats we met began to be lighted up for the night. There were lights in the hold among the baggage, where the dusky negroes who did the work of sailors ate and slept; lights in the cabin; and lights in the pilot's box above. We could not see our own ship's illumination, for we were now lighted up too; but we could judge how beautiful we were from the fine appearance which passing ships presented, even as we can tell how we look when we are on fire with any soul-thrilling emotion, if we may chance to

see the incandescence of that very passion in the countenances of our neighbours.

I have said that we passed few towns or villages during this evening's voyage. I find the names of three, however, noted in my diary, namely, Laurenceberg, Madison, and Aurora. The two last, however, we passed after it was dark, so that we saw only the lights of their harbours and their habitations.

I recollect that when I reached my cabin, and was preparing to undress, I was half alarmed to read the following printed "Notice to Passengers," which is suspended in a frame in every sleeping room of the ship:—

"Life preservers will be found hanging in the room, or under the head of each bed. They are adjusted by slipping the head through the loop and tying the tapes across the breast. Life boats and floats are to be found on the hurricane and main decks. The doors and blinds can be lifted off the hinges and made good life preservers. Also, the cotton mattresses."

This announcement was perhaps more calculated to inspire the breast with terror than with courage; but I soon fell asleep, and did not awake till about eight o'clock next morning.

When I rose, I found that the "Pat Rodger" had been stationary for more than an hour, and that her moorings were lashed to the pier of Louisville, the capital of Kentucky. My excellent friend, Dr. Morison, had risen with the lark, and had walked up and down the main streets of the city. I was sorry that I had not shared in his morning walk, were it for nothing else than to have seen the place where a very excellent friend lived, whom we met the week after at the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in Missouri—Mr. Thomas L. Clark. This gentleman is a native of Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire, and travelled 500 miles for the express purpose of seeing Dr. Morison and myself. He has now a large business in the city of Louisville, his work being entitled, "The Kentucky Hub and Spoke Work." But although I did not get on shore to reconnoitre the city, I have a very distinct impression of its size and importance; for its frontage towards the Ohio seemed to be several miles in extent, and the tall chimneys of its factories, and the steeples of its churches were visible from afar. Louisville contains upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the mercantile centre of a vast tobacco growing district. The tobacco, which has been grown in the fields of Kentucky, is here prepared for exportation to other parts of the Union, and across the ocean. Travellers who wish to see the mammoth cave of Kentucky, leave the railroad or the steamboat here. But we had no time to make that detour; so

we clave to the "Pat Rodger" as she continued to pursue her watery way.

After breakfast, we moved off from the pier, and proceeded down the river again. I should perhaps say that we went up the river first to get into a deeper channel than that which was at the side; for the Ohio is spread out to a great breadth before Louisville, and runs in several distinct currents with islands between. I was informed afterwards that our captain ran some risk in venturing down the main stream as he did. The river had fallen too much to permit of such a course with safety; and he should have taken advantage of a canal which had been cut expressly to avoid this dangerous point of navigation. But it costs some money to pass through the canal; and so "Pat Rodger's" passengers suffered some little anxiety, that Pat's course might be cheap that day. The river here falls twenty-three feet in two miles; and the difficult passage is called the Falls of the Ohio. I remember distinctly seeing some concern depicted on the countenances of both the captain and the crew as we flew down the straits; and we all found out the reason when the keel of the vessel suddenly bumped heavily against the bottom of the shallow channel. Pat, however, seemed to be none the worse of his sore thump, and sailed onwards as if nothing had happened to him; and I could easily perceive that the concussion was not very dangerous; for the woolly headed negroes among the baggage and the goods laughed heartily at the occurrence, and seemed to enjoy the fun amazingly. The scene at this point was certainly impressive; and the works of men contributed to make it such—as well as the works of God—for an immense viaduct, built for the Louisville and Indianapolis railway, spanned the whole breadth of the Ohio; and the shallow channel into which we had entered actually passed below its widest arch. I remember distinctly thinking as we sailed under that arch, grating here and there on the shallows, that I would rather be on the railroad above than in the steamboat below. But we had no bumping afterwards so serious as the first blow, and we soon reached deeper water on the other side of the viaduct. Yet the danger even there was not quite past; for a boiling, whirling rapid was to be faced immediately after the shallows had been traversed, and I recollect noticing, as the ship flew down that rapid, swinging with it first close to the shore, and then out into mid stream again, that the calmness of the captain, and the strength and skill of the steersman were all needed for the occasion. Whenever this rapid was passed we stopped at a station called Jeffersonville, where we were detained for nearly two hours.

There was no town visible at the place, but only a great cement factory; and the cause of the detention was this: Scores of barrels filled with heavy cement were waiting for us on the top of a high embankment; and these had to be rolled, one by one, down a long narrow pathway of planks which had been improvised for the occasion. The owner of the cement was looking on at the operation with great anxiety; for several of the barrels, when they came to a certain point of the perilous plank-descent, wheeled over, and, instead of rolling into the hold of the "Pat Rodger," they rolled into the deep waters of the Ohio, and were lost. This was fine fun for the darkies of our boat, who were helping at the process. They pretended to be grieved if the proprietor was looking at them; but when his back was turned to them, or their backs to him, their white eye-balls rolled merrily in their sockets, and they danced with glee on the clayey shore. But it was no fun to the proprietor of the precious cement, who, when several barrels had been lost, called a halt in the process of ship loading, and demanded that the point at which the lost barrels had deflected in their course should be made broader, stronger, and less angular. Not satisfied with all this, he ascended to the top of the bank himself and remonstrated with the negroes who were letting the heavy barrels go on their dangerous course. He told them not to push them down the incline, but only let them down very gently by their own weight. All this care on the proprietor's part was so far successful, that few, if any, barrels afterwards rolled into the Ohio.

But one other danger remained. In several instances the end of the barrel was not firm enough, so that the valuable cement broke loose in its downward course and was lost. After this I noticed that the proprietor examined every barrel before it was let go, and would not allow it to be sent off, unless he thought it strong enough to bear the strain of the descent.

As I leaned over the side of the ship, gazing on this strange and curious spectacle, my mind took a meditative, moralizing turn, and I felt as if I could have preached a sermon off-hand upon the scene. These barrels, full of the valuable composite, were like human souls in frail and perishable bodies. The pathway of planks was like the perilous pilgrimage which human beings pursue, between the moment of birth, on the bank above, and the ship that waits below to bear them away to life eternal. But many a danger besets the pilgrims, not so much from the frailty of their bodies as from the frailty of their evil inclinations. The angular point, too, at which so many of

the barrels bounded off into the water resembled, methought, that point in a youth's career at which he is met by strong seductions to sin, and whence he is often hurled down to the cheerless chambers of the second death. The efforts made to strengthen and level the point of danger were like the exertions put forth by good men to remove the temptations to strong drink, and other evils that lie in the way of the heedless and the unwary. The mirth of the negroes, when the valuable goods were destroyed, reminded me of Satanic glee over the loss of souls; while the proprietor's grief resembled the tender and holy grief of the mourning Saviour. His eager care, too, that no single barrel should be let down the steep descent, unless the owner thought it strong enough, seemed to give a sacred warning to parents not to allow their children to run into evil communications and temptations, which their strong propensities might be unable to withstand. But see! how many barrels are now safe in the capacious hold of our good ship, which is at length ready to start again. These resemble the souls that have passed through probation safely, and are being borne on angel wings to the better land.

I see, by my note-book, that we left Jeffersonville at a quarter-past eleven, and soon afterwards passed a considerable town named Albany, also on the Ohio. After leaving this port, if I remember aright, we shot through the second and last rapid encountered by us on the river. This was caused by the narrowness of the channel between the shore and an island, which was densely covered with willows, cotton trees, and sycamores.

During the whole of that Thursday we steamed at a rapid rate down the Ohio, although now and then the stoppages were annoyingly tedious. Thus, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we were detained for other two hours, at another point on the river's bank, where there was no town, and not even a village, but only a large shed, into which great trusses of hay had been stowed to wait the arrival of the steamer. The scene of the forenoon, with the cement, was here reproduced with the hay, only that no planking was needed to roll the massive bundles down. Great was the delight of the darkies again, when, now and then, a bulkier truss than usual would acquire too great a momentum as it rolled, and rebounded, and jumped and span to the shore, landing at length in the water, before its headlong career could be arrested. But the destruction of hay was not so easily accomplished as the destruction of cement; and the little stacks only got a short sail on the river to themselves till they were pulled out, hardly the worse of their wetting.

It was thus that we sailed down the Ohio, on the 21st of May, 1874. As to our boat, we felt disposed to say with Goldsmith, amended by Topsy,

Still we gazed, and still the wonder *grew*,
Where hay, cement, and everything was stowed.

The "Pat Rodger" seemed to do all the trade of the comparatively retired districts through which we passed. This, of course, necessitated many delays, and we soon began to see that we would not be able to reach the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, and sail up the latter river to St. Louis, as we had anticipated. We had already written to Springfield, in Missouri, to the effect that we expected to reach that town on the Saturday evening, that we might spend the Sabbath day with our dear brethren of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. On communicating our fears to the captain that we would not be able to keep our appointment and continue in his ship to the junction of the rivers, he, in a very gentlemanly manner, offered to return to us the half of the fare which we had paid, and advised us to disembark at the city of Evansville, which we would reach, he said, on Friday, about mid-day. Thus we would be able to catch the railway cars for St. Louis, from which latter city again we would get a train for Springfield on the Saturday forenoon. In this arrangement we very gladly acquiesced.

I have little else to say about our voyage on the Ohio. We enjoyed another glorious sunset, on Thursday evening; and on Friday, May 22nd, passed the town of Rockport at 8 A.M., and Owensboro' at 9 A.M. These towns contained a few thousand inhabitants each. If I remember aright, our friend, Dr. Poindexter, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, told us, when we were dining with him at Lincoln, in the State of Illinois, that his first charge was at Owensboro', on the Ohio. Several large buildings, fronting the river, showed it to be a place of some importance.

At 10 A.M. we passed islands called the Two Sisters, round which the Ohio swept like an inland lake. At mid-day the smoke of Evansville appeared in the distance; and as we drew near to it we could see, from its numerous churches, and the shipping in the river, that it was a city of considerable size.

About 1 P.M. we went on shore, and bade the "Pat Rodger" good-bye. Unfortunately she has not fared well since we left her; for we have observed in the newspapers, since our return, that she was burned down to the water, and life lost in the burning. We are thankful to Providence that she did not take fire when we were in her, for with the wood and hay

that were on board, she would have made a fearful conflagration. From some things which I saw on board, I may even say, "wood, hay, and stubble"; and use that classification of goods in the apostolic, as well as in the agricultural sense.

In next article I hope to give an account of the reception of Dr. Morison and myself by the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, as delegates from the Evangelical Union of Scotland.

[The Editor of the *Evangelical Repository* begs leave to apologize for the length of these descriptive articles; but as the Magazine is issued only once a quarter, it is evident that, unless each communication were somewhat extended, it would be necessary to continue the series for too long a time.]

WHO IS THE HERETIC?

IN all ages of the Christian Church it has been customary for one section to regard another as heretical. Were it then to be asked, with reference to history, what heretics there have been within the church, the replies would be as numerous as the sections have been, and as varied as the doctrines they have held. In fine, we should be led to conclude that the whole church had, part by part, at various times been placed under the ban as heretical. We frame our question, then, rather with a view to determine what in the abstract this quality of heresy is. What unity was it, which, occurring and recurring, enabled opponents to call each other heretical? Or was the unity more in name than in fact?

In the middle ages, the process was short and swift by which the heretic came to be determined. The orthodox party had the quality of size. It was, if not in reality, at least professedly catholic. While the Greek Church, as if afraid that her authority and genuineness might be questioned, preferred to be called Orthodox, the Roman Church named herself Catholic, and quietly assumed that, as the greater must include the less, so must the Catholic Church be orthodox. As a matter of history, this has proved to be the best policy. The world has ever been ready to admit the claims of an immensely excessive majority. But this merely quantitative test will avail no longer. In these later days the common consciousness of men has been elevated. Common sense no longer decides moral or religious questions by a calculation as to the numbers which support each side. Protestants have claimed and won for us the right to think. With sword, with pen, and with printing-press, they have

hurled back, right lustily, the accusation of heresy upon those who have called them heretics. Like boys at play refuting the proposition that they themselves are liars, ecclesiastics accused of heresy have learnedly replied with an "*Et tu quoque.*" If this has not yet silenced the Catholic, it has bred in the Protestant mind an idea that the title of heretic is only a harsh expression for the relation existing between two parties contending over some point of doctrine. We have been bred to think that if you, reckoning yourself orthodox, call me a heretic, then I, believing that my doctrines are true, have as good right to proclaim you a heretic in return. The largeness or smallness of either party in the dispute no longer determines the heresy or orthodoxy of either.

We begin to lose sight of the true nature of heresy. Not only that, but the mode of treating heresy, which the New Testament prescribes, begins to seem to us barbarous, out-of-date, fit only for the rudeness of a half-heathenish Christendom, or the despotism and degradation of the dark ages. Perhaps it is in something like this spirit that newspapers, on the occasion of so-called cases of heresy, represent as well as stimulate public opinion by coolly hinting a doubt as to the inspiration of that epistle in which the writer says, "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed" (2 John 10). When Paul (Gal. v, 20) enumerates heresies among works of the flesh, modern opinion cannot see the fleshly element in what it fondles as heresy. When again he counsels Titus (iii, 10) to reject any heretic who withstands even a second admonition, liberal churchmen cannot see in difference of opinion a reasonable ground for separation. The inference is either that Paul must have been writing out of his own zeal, and not as guided by the Spirit, or else that his exact words are not given us in our authorized translation. When still further we hear (2 Peter ii, 1) that heresies are often "damnable," politeness is shocked at the harsh word, and modern opinion would never apply it to the heretic. It would clear up, to a great extent, this seeming cause for antagonism to Scripture, if we examined whether Scripture and popular opinion have the same object before them. It is called heresy in both cases. But what is heresy? Is it true that Scripture, in its denunciations of heresy, is dealing with that divergence in opinion, independence of thinking, righteous obedience to conscience, which the public loves to see maintained by its spiritual leaders?

Let us take in turn those who would give us some explanation of the nature of heresy. It is obvious that outside the

Christian Church the modern view of religious opinions is not yet thoroughly settled. But in the main, the modern estimate of heresy is inclined to be very lenient. Those who credit themselves with a larger than ordinary share of rationality, allege that it can matter but little, if at all, what opinions we hold so long as we regard them as true. Loyalty to the truth may be maintained, even when the supposed truth is, as a matter of fact, only error. To clinch this position, we may even hold that this abstract loyalty to truth is all we can have, since in these critical times the religious creed of each man must be a matter purely of his own selection. Few have come to this point yet. But it is easy to read the signs of our times. One need not be a prophet to tell the focus to which all liberal thought is converging. If this generation holds on, in its aversion from Rome, to the path it has chosen, it will likely land in the decision that there is no catholic standard of Christian faith, and hence no sinfulness in the thing once called heresy. Moderate men of all churches cannot help being influenced by this spirit. There is considerable hesitation as to whether the heretic should be treated as a wanderer, whose heart is right and who will himself come round right in time, or whether after a first and a second warning he should be ejected from the church.

It is true that in periods of criticism, and in dealing with criticized subjects, the highest type of thought is not that which contents itself without inquiry. In this case it ceases to form part of the actual living thought which searches all round for correction or confirmation. To hold to certain beliefs, and to exclude the possibility of either correction or confirmation, is surely an inferior sort of loyalty to the truth. But quite as surely there must be no disbelief that truth exists, or else all loyal feeling towards truth must cease. It is precisely in this direction that those are progressing who condone all heresy by exalting private opinion and removing every standard of catholic faith. There *may* be loyalty to truth even when the thought held as truth is actually error. Nay, there may be the deepest loyalty when criticism is in the ascendant. But the modern spirit, which sees no guilt in heresy, because it believes that truth on religious matters can never form a science, must in process of time destroy all its ambition to reach such truth. If theology be mere guess-work, the pursuit of it will be left to such minds as can be content with vague, thoughtless feelings, and baseless speculations. Loyalty to truth will, in these circumstances, not be expected within the sphere of religion. Elsewhere there may be exercise for loyalty, but in

religion each man must either smile at it all, or choose for himself the truths he wishes to believe. The Popedom is discarded, creeds are scouted at, the Bible is held to contradict itself, and the despisers of authority have no other cry but "To your tents, O Israel!"

Within the professedly Christian Church there are four schools which furnish us with as many standards of truth.

Firstly, There is the Priestly School. At the head and foremost of these stands the Roman Catholic. Little was once heard of the right of private judgment within this church. The whole priestly school, whether in this church or in the Greek, Anglican, and smaller sects, lays great stress upon the doctrine that the laity can get religious verity only from the priests, who are the proper channel for all such truth. Surely it was in deference to modern ways of thinking, that Dr. Manning, shortly before he was made cardinal, was led to claim for private judgment a place in the religion of his church. His theory is that there and there alone it has the fullest, because the only legitimate scope for exercise. Without an infallible guide there would be license, not liberty. Each man, in short, has perfect liberty to think and act for himself in all matters which the Pope does not determine for him. That one should, in matters of morals and religion, be required to give to another unquestioning obedience, might seem to us cramping and tyrannical, were it not that in actual life most of the details are left undecided by the Pope. Infallibility is brought to bear only on important issues. But it is easy to see how matters of religion and morals may be made to include all the important events in a man's life. When the Pope has the right to decide these, the loyal Catholic is left with a very paltry sphere for his own judgment. All are heretics who seek to transgress this sphere which the Pope has marked off. Only heretics will contend for a wider range of free thought. Obedience to the priestly father is the only spirit in which one can enter the true fold. He that climbs up another way is a thief and a robber. No wonder that heretics are to be driven out with excommunication and even with death! In commenting on the passage which we quoted from Titus iii, 10, Cardinal Cajetan, of ancient renown, remarks that a heretic is one who is persistent in choosing for himself the articles of his faith ("pertinax propriâ electione credendorum"). Cajetan hits the nail on the head. A believer believes the Pope when required: a heretic persistently exercises the right of privately (by himself and for himself) choosing what things he will believe.

Secondly, There is the Creed School. Men of this stamp hold that in the creeds and confessions of our forefathers, and especially in the creeds of the early church, we are to find the rule of faith. A notable instance was brought to light in the late disruption of the Roman Catholic Church. The large section which broke off under the name of Old Catholics, clung rather to the infallibility of creeds than to the infallibility of the Pope. The result has been that, whilst to us in Scotland it might seem that faith in creeds was yearly diminishing, the contrary has been the case in other lands. Several times conferences have been convoked in Germany under the auspices of Dr. Döllinger, the purport of which has been to discover on what basis the Catholic churches outside the Roman Church could unite, or at least co-operate. No other basis seemed possible but that of the creeds of the early Fathers. The English, Russian, and German clergymen who were gathered at Bonn last year, were all prepared to accept these creeds as the proper expression of the theology in which they severally believed. The main difficulty was to get at the pure, original edition of the creeds! In some cases the east, the west, and the centre of Europe have, for centuries, been reciting each its separate edition of the creed. One question, which created much discussion between the Greek and the English clergymen, and which may be taken as a fair sample of the others, was this: in one creed had a certain word, for the sake of its theology, been inserted by the English and deleted by the Greeks? Now suppose all such questions were settled—surreptitious words erased, and deleted words inserted—what would be gained? Would there not be the same stiffness, as in our Presbyterian churches, in distinguishing between heresy and a legitimate course of inquiry or free-thinking? If a mighty church, uniting the sects of Russia, Germany, and England, were reared on the basis of the creeds, the future members of this church would over and over again become heretics. A creed-bound church, untroubled with heresy, is only possible on the supposition that the human mind can step into a matured theology as into the inheritance of an estate. But many minds labour slowly towards orthodoxy. Impelled by native springs of goodness and truth, they pass through those contradictory notions in which for a time they are enveloped. Were they to be measured at each step by a fixed creed, they might be proclaimed and confirmed as heretics. Are the creeds then to be infallible? Will the Old Catholics depose the Pope, and consecrate a creed in his place?

Thirdly, The Bible is sometimes used as a test of heresy.

The principle of this method is that "the only rule of faith is the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." Rightly understood, there can be no safer test than this. To all who have used it aright, the Bible has proved a sure guide. But there is a danger in using the Bible, which has given rise to what we may call Bible-Christians, as opposed to Papal or Creed-Christians. Of these men, who are supposed to embody the genius of Protestantism, it has been rightly observed that they exchange an infallible man for an infallible book; and that what reason there is for preferring the one to the other, it is very hard for outsiders to determine. To the uninitiated it is always a matter of wonder, what higher grounds are taken by Bible-Protestants than by Roman Catholics in pushing their respective religions in a heathen land. Nay, in our land of Bibles, is there not always some mental flaw in the process by which the inspiration and canon of Scripture come to be preferred to the perpetual inspiration of the Church in its head—the Roman Bishop? Generally the flaw is, even in our most learned disputes, that if we accept Jesus as the Messiah, we must accept the New Testament as inspired, and likewise the Old; but that unless these Testaments give us a faithful portraiture of Christ, we cannot know him well enough to determine that he is the Messiah. Christ's Messiahship and the inspiration of the Bible are in turn used each to prove the other; and the result is not a settled conviction, but a heightened probability that both are facts. An aged, experienced man may cling to the Word of God, and may quite legitimately argue that, as it has cheered and nourished his soul through years, he need not lightly give it up for want of full historical evidence as to its nature. But what of those who want this experience? Is there a young man or a young woman in ten thousand fit to render a satisfactory reason for assuming the Bible to be the rule of faith? The mere presupposition that the Bible is the rule, must be replaced with a clear conviction. Otherwise, what with advancing thought, and the perpetual desire for license, there is danger in store for our youths, who are asked to believe in the only authoritative rule of faith. Once let them understand on what a weak footing the elaborate structure of apologetic argument is reared, and too many of them will be ready to condemn the whole. It is heresy, according to this school, to deny the presupposition either of the Messiahship of Christ or of the inspiration of the Bible. As presuppositions, let both dogmas be denied at once. Such heresy will prove very useful, if only the mind have enough of way on to keep the right course for ascertaining the truth of Scripture.

We now turn to a fourth method by which orthodoxy and heresy are distinguished. All the three classes of theologians with whom we have dealt agree in recommending something outside the individual as the rule of his religious thought. Another man, a creed, or a book, decides for one how he is to get to heaven. Suppose we change this method, and inquire, if God may not have furnished each man with something within himself to determine what is religious truth, and what is not. When doctrines professedly divine are presented for our acceptance, one prime question is, are these doctrines of God, or are they not? Granted that they are promulgated by Pope, creed, or Bible; the question beyond that is still, are these authorities of God, or are they not? We may frame our question in various fashions. Our key-word may be inspiration, or perhaps revelation; but, all the same, our question amounts to that which we have given above. To stir this question is, to some minds, to provoke to infidelity. They can see no way out of the difficulty. For this reason, they say, let us hush it. As well hope to stop the tide, ere it reaches its natural bound, as hope to repel a question without its answer, when the advancing thought of advancing men is pressing it forward. Happily, there is provision within the scheme of revelation for a method by which the authority of that part of revelation called the Bible may be established. Every God-fearing man has it within his reach to test the authority of Scripture. The promise of Christ is that, "If any man *will* do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John vii, 17). In other words, the divine origin of the Bible will become a settled conviction in the mind of the man who is willing the will of God. We must be careful to remember that the promise does not speak of the time which may elapse ere conviction may be the happy lot of the mind which already wills in all things the will of God. Disappointment might be the result, were we to assume that the conviction must instantaneously ensue. We can settle the question of time, when the promise will be fulfilled, only by experience. But it is obvious from this promise that the text lies within us, and not outside us, as to the inspiration of Scripture. It is not learning—for "doctors differ"—or greatness of any earthly kind, which makes a man fit to discern God's law. It is "the meek" whom He will guide in judgment. It is with the lowly in heart that He condescends to dwell. None but "babes and sucklings" have these things revealed to them. If one, then, would know what is truth, he must humble himself and be willing to do the will of the Lord. In this spirit, taking the Word before us for

study, and taking it to the Lord for light, was any one ever to the last sent away doubting? Never, if the Bible which proposes this plan is not self-condemnatory; and if the honest Christian men, who in all ages have either consciously or unconsciously adopted this plan, are to be believed.

Who, then, is the heretic? He is not the unbeliever, entirely disconnected with the church. Rather, he is the professed Christian who neglects the moral means for reaching a conviction of the truth, and who selects such doctrines to form the confession of his faith as will not disagree with his own evil plans and pursuits. If we remember that the immoral man does not take God into his counsel, that God is not in all his thoughts, we may say emphatically, with Cardinal Cajetan, that the heretic is one who is "pertinacious in his private choice of what he will believe." There is no fear of God before his eyes, and, therefore, he selects the doctrines of his faith, guided by his own evil will, and not by the mind of God. This identification of heresy with the fruit of vice may explain the derivation of the word from the Greek root *hairein*, which in one of its applications means to choose, to select. A catholic creed can only belong to the man who is guided by the Spirit; and he whose impurity excludes the action of the Spirit, must be a heretic, if he desires to be recognized as a Christian. It is no wonder that heresy of this sort was condemned and excommunicated by such men as Paul, and Peter, and John.

W. H.—D.

REMINISCENCES OF BY-GONE DAYS AND PRESENT DOINGS.

"I go a fishing." "We also go with thee." And so the disciples launched forth as if their spiritual work were done. It is indeed marvellous how these men returned so unostentatiously and quietly to their former employment, and "toiled all night" for nothing, until Jesus appeared on the shore, and made them thenceforth fishers of men. They were not only fishers, but pastors; and it is a remarkable fact that you can see on the shores of the east coast of the German Ocean the same sort of people leading the same kind of life,—the father with his sons, like Zebedee and his sons, with the hired men and all the appointments, as if they had been recently imported from off the Sea of Galilee. The pious fishermen of the North partake largely of the spirit of those apostolic fishermen, and carry it with them into their daily work as well as their nightly toil. They seem to claim kindred with Peter, and

James, and John; and from all we have seen of them, we think they are far more entitled to consider themselves the successors of the Apostles than the Anglican bishops who lay claim to that distinction. Before we take leave of these humble fishermen, I would like to give a night's experience with some of them on the deep. There were about two hundred large fishing boats ready to start, each with a crew of five men, and a complement of fifty nets. The nets were all "laid on," as the fishermen would say—that is, carefully spread on the flooring of the boat, ready to be thrown into the sea in such a way as would give a spread of half a mile in length of netting hanging in the water, supported by floats of sheepskin and buoys, kept straight by small stone weights at intervals of a dozen of feet along the bow edge, dyed brown by a solution of the oak bark so as to deceive the fish, and catch them with "guile." Starting in the evening, it was a fine sight to see these boats running out to sea until they got to the fishing ground, nearly a score of miles off; and then, as the sun went down, the sails were lowered, and every boat had its own berth. It was a pleasant evening, and the sea was smooth, with as much wind as served to keep the boat "leading," as the fishermen "payed out" the nets and "gearing" clear of the "bolt rope," as if at anchor. This done, the crew gathered around the captain for evening worship. A hymn was sung. Such melody! Sankey would have been delighted with it, for it rose into the vault of heaven serene, whose stars were just letting the glory through, and spread over the blue waves, mingling with other melodies from other little companies, who were having their evening worship that night. After prayer, three of the crew went to rest for three hours, while the others kept watch; and with the watchers we sat and told stories, some of them weird-like, our attention now and then being arrested by the blowing of a whale, which was a sure proof that the herrings were not far off. Towards morning, the nets were hauled, and they were well filled; for we had got into the shoal, and caught a good boat's load. It was a grand sight now to see the nets hauled over the gunwale of the boat, the fish shining like sheets of silver, and this sight to be seen right along the fleet, for few of the fishermen had toiled all that night and got nothing. As the sun rose the wind rose, and this helped the fleet greatly, for they were ready to land by break of day, and took the harbour with the tide. Then began the work of the crews, and of their helpers; but there would be no end to all that we could tell of the busy scenes among the people on the east coast, whose harvest comes, like the harvest of the field, only once a year. Suffice it to say that,

if you would see industry and thrift, go to the east coast in July and August; and although there is much room for improvement in the moral and social state of many of the people, and the boat's crew of our own adventure was an exception to the rule, yet the change which has taken place in the character of the fisherfolk generally during the last twenty years has been wonderful.

From maritime commerce and adventure to the quiet of the editor's room and the click-clack of the printer's office, was a most unlikely transformation, yet in one short week it was accomplished. How it was brought about has already been shown in these "reminiscences." Leaving the sea and ships, fishermen and boats, with all their associations and friendships, we enter on a new era, and find God in providence as well as in grace. But our introduction to this new world of life and character was not encouraging. The editor was a stern man, whose religious notions may be gathered from the fact that, when our good minister sent a letter of commendation in which he said, among other things, that we belonged to a church the fellowship of which consisted of *converted* men and women, he threw down the letter, saying that was a parcel of nonsense. And yet he showed us much kindness notwithstanding, we had to sub-edit, review books, report meetings, keep the accounts, see the papers issued, and make ourselves generally useful. He being a staunch supporter of the kirk by law established, it was not to be expected that I could sympathize with his views on church politics; but he did not expect this, and we must do him the justice to say that he never pressed us to write a line contrary to the dictates of conscience. Our first surprise in this new occupation was to find everything new. It was another world. We had to mingle with men of thought, and men of great learning and power; and, yet, when we got near to them, we found that we had all some things in common. This was the bond by which we were united; and although there were mysteries connected with the craft, such for example as the arrival of the London letter, dated "West End," and bearing only the Aberdeen post mark, the editorial "we" covered all, for it was like the Quaker's hat, of which it was said—

"So very broad the brim had grown
It capped the altar and covered the throne."

Foreign as well as domestic news was also of home manufacture; but we had not yet got into the *sanctum* where such ubiquitous inspiration was alone to be obtained, and long before our day of journalism had reached its zenith,

the manufacture of news was not of this description, but came from the royal mint of genuine intelligence.

The next thing that surprised us in this new line of life was the wonderful work of the compositor's office. With fear and trembling did we send in our first manuscript; for neither our orthography nor syntax was to be relied on,—yet, strange to say, it came out in proof with scarcely a mistake, the very capitals, colons, and semi-colons where they ought to be, and yet few of them had been at first hardly indicated. As some recompense for this unexpected and happy deliverance from the bondage of literary fear and dread, we have tried ever since to avoid runnings over, to save as much as possible the weary work of the bodkin, which has killed so many of these fine fellows, to whom the world is more indebted than it ever can know or repay.

But let us off to a meeting. We were just entering on what the late Dr. Buchanan has called the "Ten Years' Conflict," although the introductory work we had first to do only led up to it. Dr. Chalmers and his friends had petitioned Parliament for endowments to their chapels of ease, and accompanied their petitions with statistics, showing that there was a great lack of churches in Scotland. Meetings were being held all over the land; but the Voluntaries were not behindhand, so that whenever a meeting on the one side was held, it was followed by a gathering on the other, and counter petitions were forwarded in great numbers. A Royal Commission was appointed, and resulted in the offer of terms. They were these—"First, ascertain the amount of unappropriated tithes, or tiends; second, apply the money as far as it will go; and third, come to the Government for the balance." This was sufficient. There was more than a sufficiency of unappropriated tiends to endow all the chapels; but they were nearly all in the hands of landed proprietors, who had united churches in country parishes as populations went into towns, and had given the minister of what had been two or three parishes stipend only for one. The movement collapsed. These terms have never been before published: we had them in the handwriting of a leading member of the Cabinet of that day, now dead, and the tiends are yet unappropriated!

The speeches at these meetings we had to report, to collate, to write about; and it is a happy thing to know that during all the ten years' conflict that followed, and although we had to attend meetings in all parts of the north of Scotland, we never had a complaint from a speaker that he was unfairly treated; and in one memorable case which went into

court, both sides accepted our reports as evidence. This is mentioned, not as a piece of egotism, although it has that aspect, but to encourage young beginners in this difficult art to be faithful to their calling. Compared with this work, it is play to take your turn in the Houses of Parliament during the debate; but such a course of training will fit any young man of average talent and habits of application to take the highest posts in the profession. Nearly all our young contemporaries of these days, who have been spared, have risen to distinction, and some of them are editorially connected with the first journals of the day.

But to return to the conflict. The non-Intrusion controversy worked its way up into the higher latitude of "Spiritual Independence," and troublous times these were. But there was more honesty in the conflict than the combatants have yet got credit for. We had good opportunity of knowing this, when, after the Disruption, we had to examine letters, which were written to a leading statesman on whom both parties relied, and the burden of nearly all of them was a desire to promote the religious welfare of Scotland. Not a word is to be found about Presbyterianism, or politics, as motives to action, but complaint is made, and sorrow expressed on the side of the Evangelicals, that the Voluntaries were opposing a movement which was intended to extend evangelical life in the land. The late Dr. Muir, of Edinburgh, was pathetic on this topic, and never could see that the Voluntaries were the only consistent friends of Spiritual Independence, by contending for the great principle that the civil magistrate, as such, has no standing within the precincts of the Church of Christ, and that to buy its true freedom they must sever their connection with the state. Events followed which have had their outcome in the finest demonstration of the power and efficiency of the voluntary principle, which the history of the church affords. "I have lived to see the state church principle dead," said the late Doctor Guthrie ten years ago, "and I hope to live to see it buried." That happiness was not granted to him; but the time cannot be far distant when this ceremony may be performed.

It is a curious fact that, while the contest was bitter, and the Voluntaries were held to be the foes of freedom, there was but little personal hostility shown towards them on this score; but we can well remember that, when the "new view" controversy supervened, both parties were ready to combine and oppose it. In vain did we show them that the doctrines they were preaching were the doctrines of grace and human responsibility coming more to the front, and man's power to believe the

truth the same power which one exercised to believe a lie; in vain, in these latter days, have we sought to show that Mr. Moody, who has moved Scotland and England from their centre to their circumference, and whose theology they have adopted, had advocated, to all intents and purposes, the theology which is preached in all the pulpits of the Evangelical Union of which we have any knowledge. This can only be accounted for on the principle that the "case being altered, alters the case"; but let us hope that a new era has begun, that Limitarianism has got its death blow, and that the "whosoever" theology will soon take its place. We are yet too near the marvellous fact that for four months these unpretending Evangelists, preaching and singing a full and free salvation in the great metropolis of London, should have attracted not fewer than a *million of people* to listen to the simple Gospel, to be able to appreciate the value of the movement. It has liberalized, as well as Christianized clergy, ministers, deacons, and churches; and whatever may happen, this is certain, that the hard old doctrines of a rigid Calvinism will not trouble England. We have heard those men, and talked with them about this great work, and when the time comes to write our "reminiscences" we shall be able to show that it was based on the great principle, which we find set forth in the *London Congregational Year Book*, as the creed, if we may call it such, of the Evangelical Union, viz.—"The three great universalities of the love of God the Father in the gift and sacrifice of Jesus to all men, everywhere, without distinction, exception, or respect of persons; of God the Son in the gift and sacrifice of himself as true propitiation for the sins of the world; and of God the Holy Spirit in his present and continuous work of applying to the souls of all men the provisions of divine grace."

J. H. W.—L.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Henry S. King & Co., 65 Cornhill, London. Pp. 402.

ALTHOUGH this work is printed anonymously, for some unassigned reason, its authorship has been so universally, and without challenge, associated with the name of Dr. Joseph Parker of London, that we may, we suppose, without impropriety, speak of him as the author throughout the course of this brief notice.

The work consists so manifestly of two parts that we are not sure

but it would have been an advantage if the Doctor had published two works instead of one. Two-thirds of the volume are devoted to the consideration of the Work of the Holy Ghost, theologically and exegetically viewed; while the remaining third is occupied with the review of the opinions of Stuart Mill, Huxley, and Tyndall, with no real *nexus* between the two parts but this: that these gentlemen believe in no Holy Ghost, and profess to do without Him altogether. And although it is quite true, as our author says, that many young men are turned away from the study of the Bible by the speculations of these materialists, this fact hardly induces us to condone the fault of huddling together the work of the expositor and the critic so loosely. If we had been at Dr. Parker's elbow, moreover, when he was inditing a title for his work, we think we could have suggested one to him which would have brought out more clearly the twofold character of his book than that which he has chosen: "God's Spirit and No Spirit," would not have been bad; or even "The Holy Ghost and No Ghost,"—only the latter might have left the impression on the mind that the formidable pastor of the City Temple, who certainly is *no ghost*, was anxious to perpetuate a superstitious belief in the frequent visitations of the sheeted dead.

But this criticism apart, we must honestly confess that the Doctor's book is a most valuable one, and one which, we believe, will henceforth occupy an honoured place in many a minister's library; for only the clergy and the more intelligent Christian laity will be able to enjoy its truly thoughtful pages.

To begin with the latter part first, our author is manifestly thoroughly acquainted with the writings of all these anti-Bible, British Association men, and as able to give them doughty blows with his pen as he could give them with his fist in a hand-to-hand *material* encounter. And, really, if he had attacked the living, as he has attacked the dead, we are not certain that he would not have got a challenge some morning to fight a duel, or that "as he walked down Regent Street" some fine day, an aggravated pile of molecules, six feet high, would not have rushed after him and administered to him a most unspiritual horse-whipping. For the Doctor thinks it quite right to expose the characters of the antagonists of the Bible, that the hollowness of their system may be at the same time exposed. Therefore he declares Epicurus to have been a trimmer; Condillac, a time-server; Hobbes, all that, and a fop besides: David Hume, an apologist of lying and an advocate of adultery; and John Stuart Mill, like Bolingbroke, a scoundrel and a coward, because he had not courage to fire off a blunderbuss which he had loaded while he lived, but left it to be fired off after his death.

As to the first and principal part of the book, the essay on the work of the Holy Spirit, it is altogether worthy of Dr. Parker's reputation as a theologian and a thinker. The successive chapters on Inspiration and the Characteristics of the Bible, contain many truly original passages; and we would have liked to have quoted, if our space would have permitted, as a specimen of our author's exegetical

power, his exposition of John xvi, 8-11, "He will convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," &c.

Our readers, we are certain, will be glad to know that Dr. Parker is at one with the fathers and founders of the Evangelical Union, on the Extent and Resistibility of the Work of the Holy Spirit. Thus, he says, at p. 143 :—

"He never changes the condition upon which the blessings of his redemption and fellowship are to be secured—'Whosoever *believeth*,' 'he that *believeth*,' 'be it unto thee according to thy *faith*.' . . . But is not faith the gift of God? True: yet 'God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith' (Rom. xii, 3); that is, he has given to every one of his responsible creatures a germ, an initial power, call it what you please, on the right use of which depends the destiny of the soul. Every man has something with which to begin the world,—to begin eternity!"

Again, when commenting on the passage, "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," he says :—

"The Spirit dwells with every man, first as an individual illumination, and secondly as a public light—as an *individual* illumination (for in the Greek the emphasis is on *ἐκάστῳ*) and as a public light, that others may be guided and blessed. The passage has been variously rendered by critics, yet every rendering proceeds on the doctrine that each man has his own individual gift of God."

And, finally, our author has the following startling passage, when commenting on "Quench not the Spirit" :—

"You cannot touch one of his stars, nor can you silence one of his winds, but you can cruelly wound his heart, and utterly exclude him from your thought. And what can equal the emptiness and desolation of a life from which God has been expelled! 'The last end of that man shall be worse than the first.'"

And yet Dr. Parker, in a way which we can neither call straight-forward or just, claims to be a Calvinist, and to hold the ordinary Westminster idea of election and sovereignty. Thus, at page 139, he sets before his readers two apparently conflicting theories: According to the

"1. Regeneration belongs wholly to the region of divine sovereignty; it leaves the will of man without choice, election, concurrence, or movement of any kind; in this matter man is simply as clay in the hands of the potter; whether born again or not, he is wholly without responsibility. And,

"2. The act of regeneration transpires with the consent of the human will, that will having first been moved by the Holy Ghost, or had brought to bear upon it all the motives which are accessible to the most cogent and persuasive appeals, and the man having affirmatively answered the inquiry, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

"Now are these theories as mutually hostile as they appear to be? Or are they identical in the sense of the one being the doctrine, and the other its application? Most decidedly, in our opinion, the latter. We view the subject in this way: The *idea* of regeneration is essentially and absolutely God's, without the slightest admixture of human thought: it never came—it never could have come—within the range of man's intellectual province, &c."

And then follow three or four pages which are devoted to the further elucidation of this thought (which Adam Clarke, or John Wesley, or James Morison, or John Kirk might have written), that man never could have discovered the *idea* of the new birth—that God declared its necessity—and that since man could not regenerate himself, God provided regenerating truth in the sacrifice of Christ, by which every Gospel hearer who believes, from Nicodemus downwards, is regenerated. And it is thus that Dr. Parker fancies that these two contradictory theories are reconciled! Surely an astute and learned theologian like our author must know that the explanation which he has attempted of “the great difficulty” has been written wholly from an Arminian standpoint. He must know that they who speak of “sovereign grace that leaves the will of man without choice,” mean a grace that is given to some and withheld from others, making an unconditional distinction between those who may hear the same sermon, or attend the same prayer meeting. At least that is the view of which we have heard north here in Scotland, and heard to our cost, and which is defended in all the Calvinistic books of theology which we ever read or heard of.

Dr. Parker says, at p. 400 :—

“Calvinism and Arminianism are both in the Bible, as also are Adam and Eve, the strong and the gentle, the ruling and the loving. Calvinism and Arminianism are not only in the Bible, but in every great-natured man—there are times when he hardens into law, and there are times when he softens into pity.”

Now, Dr. Parker must surely know that this is a most unsatisfactory way of stating the distinguishing characteristics of Calvinism and Arminianism. Ever since the Synod of Dort was held, in which these two systems were fairly pitted against one another (as the merest tyro in theology knows), Calvinism's banner is not “God's justice prominent”; and Arminianism's, “God's mercy prominent”; but on the former dark flag there is inscribed, “Eternal and unconditional grace only for some”; while on the latter there smiles the motto, “Mercy to all for the taking.” But Arminianism has its stern as well as its smiling watchword. Its banner, like the shield of the fable, has two sides. On the other side is written, “He that believeth not shall not see life.”

Is it really the case that Dr. Parker, unwilling to be thought a Wesleyan or Arminian in theology, takes advantage of the common-sense view of that large theological school, when battling with the infidel, and then tries to dress himself out in the more fashionable garb of Geneva?

Sunday Mornings with my Flock, on St. Paul's Letter to the Colossians : A Series of Discourses, forming an exposition of that Epistle.

By JAMES SPENCE, M.A., D.D., University of Aberdeen. London : Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 438. 1875.

We recollect that, a few years ago, when a new Independent Church was being formed in the West End of Glasgow, Dr. Spence

of the Poultry Church in London, was by far the most popular preacher among all the distinguished men, who came from both the north and the south to supply that pulpit. It must, therefore, have been a great grief to him when, in the providence of God, he was suddenly laid aside by severe illness from his much loved labours. And we do not wonder that, during the progress of a convalescence, which we hope may yet be perfected, he has found it to be a pleasure to revise these Sunday morning lectures on the Epistle to the Colossians, and issue them from the press. The book must be very dear to his attached people, as a memorial of a most profitable ministry; and we believe that it will live and be prized for many a year by students and private Christians, who value what may be called the Scotch system of lecturing, of which these forty-four discourses constitute so felicitous a specimen.

Mr. Spurgeon tells us, in the racy book which he issued the other day about Preachers and Preaching, of a congregation who got so heartily tired of their minister's lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews, that they wished before he was done that the Hebrews had kept the Epistle to themselves! We are certain that none of Dr. Spence's hearers had ever the faintest wish that the Colossians had been so selfish and close-fisted, while this admirable course of lectures was being delivered. Dr. Spence is quite a scholar, and is fully furnished as a hermeneutical critic, besides knowing well, by the happy intuition of the sacred orator, when to pass from the expository to the practical part of his address. In the difficult portion, for example, of the first chapter of this epistle, touching the pre-existence and divinity of Christ—a high battlefield in the controversies between Arius and Athanasius—our author carries himself with easy dignity, being equally removed from the pedantic display of authorities and poverty of information. On the passage, again, near the end of the chapter, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom," he pleads, as an ambassador for Christ, with the sinner, with an earnestness which would have made the heart of Mr. Moody glad.

The House of God. Sermons by the Rev. GEORGE MORRISON, A.M., late minister of Maisondieu Lane United Presbyterian Congregation, Brechin; with a biographical and critical sketch. By the Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON, Dalkeith. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street. 1875. Pp. 340.

THE compilation of this memorial volume of discourses, with a pre-fatory tribute of admiration, is to be regarded in the light of a labour of love on the part of Mr. Ferguson for his late and like-minded friend. Mr. Morrison's career was a short one, and was overshadowed with grief—although doubtless he must have had his seasons of gladness too. Our readers in the West of Scotland will recollect that, when he was minister at Gourrock, Mr. Morrison was brought before the Greenock Presbytery on a charge of heresy touching the salvability of the heathen and the state of departed souls—quite like

the libel that was served upon Mr. Ferguson himself in the Edinburgh Presbytery. His friend and biographer hints that Mr. Morrison's health received a shock at that time of persecution from which he never wholly recovered. He was, for a year or two after leaving Gourrock, the much loved minister of a church in Brechin, but was found dead in his bed, in the thirty-second year of his age, in the manse of Dr. Marshall of Coupar-Angus, on the 13th of last November, where he was paying a visit as a friend.

The discourses which are preserved in this volume reveal a pensive, pious, and cultivated mind. Like his biographer, Mr. Morrison evidently took pleasure in digging to the roots of things. Yet he did not carry his philosophy into the pulpit obtrusively. He strove to give his people the benefit of his thoughtfulness in simple earnest discourses, in which anecdote and illustration happily abound.

It is sometimes said that the best part of a young lady's letter is found in the postscript; but there is no doubt that the most stirring and striking part of this book is to be found in Mr. Ferguson's critical preface, extending to seventy-nine elaborate pages. As might be expected, the Dalkeith pastor, who has himself smelt the brunt of battle, sympathizes with his wounded fellow-soldier when he comes to refer in the biographical sketch to his ecclesiastical troubles. This leads him to say that it is a great shame to keep honest minds pent up in the strait-jacket of the Westminster Confession of Faith; and here he actually has the boldness to adduce twenty-one reasons why the Confession of Faith should be revised! Let us give our readers a sample of these—

"8. Mr. J. T. Goodsir has indicated some serious objections to the article on Justification."

"9. The late Dr. Wm. Anderson advocated the idea that all infants were saved, and also made strictures on the intermediate state, incompatible with the Standards."

"10. Dr. Marshall of Coupar-Angus has shown most conclusively that the Standards inculcate persecuting and intolerant principles, and that they ought to be revised on that account alone."

"12. Mr. Gilfillan of Dundee has also raised his voice on the side of a more liberal theology."

"14. It is the belief of many good men within the Church that the Gospel of the grace of God is not exhibited in the Standards with that freedom and fulness which the Scriptures warrant. Could there be a louder call than that?"

We would not be at all surprised to hear of the Rev. Fergus Ferguson of Dalkeith being again brought before his ecclesiastical superiors for the publication of this bold preface. If they should persecute him and push him as hard as they did before, we would advise our distinguished namesake, like ourselves, to bid these cramped courts of church law a final farewell, and seek free scope to his large heart in some communion of broader sympathies, or even in the glorious isolation of solitary independence. With God on his side he would not be alone.

Emblems of Nature. By MRS. MARGARET WALLACE. Coupar-Angus: W. Culross. Blairgowrie: Mrs. Saunders. And from the Author, E. U. Manse, Coupar-Angus. 1875.

OUR readers do not need to be informed that this enlivening, thought-kindling, and heart-stirring production is from the pen of the accomplished wife of a much esteemed and energetic minister of the Evangelical Union—the Rev. Robert Wallace, of Coupar-Angus. They have long since made her acquaintance in the columns of the *Christian News*, and learned to prize, at their true value, the pure and thoughtful effusions that there appeared, and which ministered to them, as they read, so large a measure both of pleasure and profit. That acquaintance they will now be glad to renew, no longer on those passing terms, but in the more permanent form of a household companion.

The author takes the right ground in her prefatory remarks. These remarks are few, but just, straightforward, and pertinent. She lays no claim to “lofty genius.” Her pieces are simple, she says, “the versification of my own thoughts”; and they are thrown out in the noble confidence that they will evoke similar thoughts and feelings from her kind, many of whom are “unable to express them in rhyme.” She adds, “As a friend lately remarked, I have ‘sung for the same reason that the blackbird sings — because I cannot help it.’ So came these verses. Certain I am that ample reward has already been reaped in the mere composition of them; and whatever be their fate, I will go on singing still—thus lightening my daily labours, and rising in contemplation above the worry and the cares of a transient life.” This is the right ring. And it is the best guarantee that the publication will not be in vain.

The pieces, as might be expected, are of unequal merit. There are some weak lines, and some defective rhymes. But there is a genuine vein notwithstanding, and one of no ordinary merit. There is unmistakable poetry, and no lack either of the imagery or of the diction appropriate thereto. Were we called on to specify the variety of poetry to which they are mainly to be assigned, we should designate them poems of the fancy, the flower, and the bird. Any natural object, any passing incident, touches some latency of fancy, and forth the stream flows, often beautiful, always clear and pure. Yet more prominent, as a characteristic of these effusions, is the power of thought they evince. They have in them a strength and a fertility of illustration everywhere apparent, and generally well sustained. When to all this we add that there are in the book the thoughts, suggestions, and delineations, not only of an able and gifted mind and exuberant fancy, but of an eminently Christian woman, tender, loving, and experienced in all truest relations of high Christian womanhood, we need say no more to assure those who will but surrender themselves to her currents of thought and feeling, that they will not only be pleased, but “blessed in their deed.”

J. G.—G.

THE
EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.
SIXTH SERIES.

No. VI.—DECEMBER, 1875.

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK. No. 6.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM EVANSVILLE TO SPRINGFIELD.

WHEN we landed on the pier at Evansville at half-past twelve P.M., on Friday, May 22nd, 1874, we met with a great disappointment. The captain of the "Pat Rodger" had assured us that we would be in time for the mid-day train for St. Louis, for which city we were now pushing on in anxious haste; but we were annoyed to find that said train had started just about twenty minutes before our arrival, and that the next locomotive did not leave till the inconvenient hour of one o'clock in the morning. There was no help for it, however; so we had just to make up our minds to spend about twelve hours as best we might in the second city of the State of Indiana, with the not very comfortable prospect of a midnight journey before us.

On looking around us, we found that Evansville was beautifully situated, and likely to prove an agreeable resting-place for the remainder of the day. It faced the broad Ohio, just as Largs or Helensburgh faces the Clyde, with its principal street built along the margin of the river—the other streets running up the gentle eminence behind, or parallel to that front street. There was quite a fleet of steam-boats and sailing-vessels in the harbour; for Evansville is the chief shipping point for the grain and pork of south-western Indiana, and has large and important manufactories. It contains about 25,000 inhabitants, and has as many as thirty places of worship.

Our friend, the Rev. Dr. Squier of Pittsburg, had not only given us the name of a good inn and a good innkeeper at Cincinnati, but he had added, with commendable forethought, "If you should require to take the train at Evansville, and should be detained there, I would recommend you to seek out General Shackelford, one of our elders, and a warm friend of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. I would give you the name of the minister, Rev. Mr. Darby; but he will, in all likelihood, have started for the General Assembly by the time you reach the city."

It was certainly very fortunate that we had been furnished with this message of verbal introduction to the General; for it secured for us, instead of the tedium of delay in a strange place, edifying Christian intercourse, and kind, Christian hospitality.

We did not call at once on the General, but proceeded, in the first place, to dine in what seemed to be the best hotel of the place, situated at no great distance from the wharf. It was a very spacious building indeed, and its dining-saloon one of the most handsome we had as yet seen in the United States.

When we looked up a directory we found that General Shackelford was a member of a legal firm in Evansville. We were fortunate enough to find him at his chambers, where he introduced us to his partner, and entered pleasantly into conversation with us. He had read in the columns of the *Cumberland Presbyterian* of our expected arrival at Springfield, Missouri. He did not happen to be a delegate to the Assembly that year, and counted himself fortunate to have seen Dr. Morison and myself when on our way thither. I was gratified to find that, besides having heard of Dr. Morison's exegetical works, he was familiar with my own name from having read my articles in the columns of the denominational newspaper just mentioned. He kindly invited us to take tea at his own house about five P.M.; and as we observed that he had business to attend to, we soon left, promising to call at the office a few minutes before the time fixed, that he might conduct us to his residence.

After leaving the General, we tried to take a walk along the shore of the River Ohio; but the heat was so intense that we soon desisted from the attempt, and were glad to take shelter in the hotel in which we had dined. Men were busy watering the streets as we walked along; and even although we were besprinkled with the cooling showers, we did not object to the unexpected baptism.

When we got back to the hotel, we found that the large

dining-saloon where we had taken our post-meridian repast was answering all the purposes of a town-hall or assembly-room. A public dinner was being given in it, as we were informed, to the principal representatives of the press in the States of Indiana and Kentucky. Taking our seats in the drawing-room, we could not fail to get all the advantages of the beautiful music which was being discoursed by a skilful instrumental band, and even of seeing the successive speakers who addressed the gathering after the cloth had been removed; for the entertainment was being held just across the lobby from the room into which we had been shown, and the doors of both apartments had been left wide open. We could not hear what the speakers said, but we could observe, from the delighted expression of each orator's countenance, how highly gratified he was with the bursts of rapturous applause with which, from time to time, his fluent outpourings were interrupted.

I must here confess that a feeling of salutary humility stole over me as I looked upon this interesting scene, similar to that which I had experienced when I entered populous Cincinnati at the dead hour of night, as described in a previous chapter. Here, thought I, are men who move on happily in their own spheres, enjoying their social entertainments and their little local popularities; and, if I have hitherto known nothing of them, it must as frankly be confessed that they know nothing of me. Lamartine lamented at Damascus that nobody knew him there. But let us not mourn (for thus my soliloquy continued) because our popularity is not world-wide. World-wide popularity is a very heavy burden to bear. Queens, Presidents, and Premiers, whom every one knows, would like to escape from the public stare to happy obscurity and privacy on which no one intrudes. And although some people are widely known throughout this planet, nobody knows about them in Venus, Jupiter, and Georgium Sidus, so that the great thing in this world is not to seek that shifting and very comparative thing called popularity with men, but to labour for the approbation of one's own conscience and of God. But why should I say that nobody knows me here, when General Shackelford has just told me that he had seen my signature so frequently, and had enjoyed reading my articles so much in the columns of the *Cumberland Presbyterian*! And by-the-by, although the popularity of these men has got them a late dinner, mine has got me an early tea; and as the hour fixed for our entertainment is near at hand, we must be off immediately, and not keep our admirers waiting.

As the General conducted us from his office to his elegant residence in the outskirts of the city, he made two brief stop-

pages by the way—the first, for the sake of showing us a handsome new Presbyterian Church, which was just approaching completion, and which was, without doubt, creditable to Evansville's enterprise and Christian liberality; and the second, to call at the house of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Darby, to apprise him of our arrival, and ask him to look up in the course of the evening, for the sake of enjoying a little social intercourse. We did not wonder that Mr. Darby had not gone to the Assembly, when we learned that he had been married only the night before! And certainly we thought it rather a hard thing that he should be invited to leave his own dwelling in such circumstances, and a very unlikely thing that he would accept of the invitation.

Mrs. Shackelford received us with lady-like grace and courtesy; and we assuredly spent a very agreeable half-hour at her tea table. We had become quite accustomed to the attendance of negro waiters in hotels; but we had never before been served by maids of colour in a private house. We were now as far south as the thirty-seventh degree of latitude, and quite in the region where the old system of slavery had prevailed. We could have believed, as we enjoyed the hospitality of the General and his lady, if it had been possible to forget the fact of Abraham Lincoln's proclamation, that we were just in such a home-circle as that which Mrs. Stowe has so felicitously described, in which the slaves loved the master and mistress with almost filial affection, and in which they regarded the prosperity of the establishment as their own. Then our sable friends were evidently splendid cooks; for there seemed to be no end of the rolls and muffins and pastry, which they brought in from their invisible manufactory behind—so tempting and varied indeed, that we almost regretted having dined at the hotel, and half wished that we had starved ourselves for the occasion!

When we repaired to the drawing-room, conversation having turned upon the war, General Shackelford, without any ostentation, but rather at our request, recounted some interesting particulars of his military experience. He had fought on the side of the North, and had, in truth, seen hard and difficult service. For when General Morgan, one of the Confederate leaders, had made a sudden and unexpected raid into Ohio, General Shackelford had been sent after him, and had actually been for six weeks in the saddle. When the sorely harassed Morgan at length surrendered, he had paid our host the compliment of saying, "I would not have yielded to your troops, but I yield to yourself; for I respect your bravery and your determination." The General showed us the splendid sword, with

ornamental hilt, which he had received from the State of Kentucky as a reward for his gallantry on the occasion; and when we asked if he had not been wounded at all during his dangerous campaign, he replied, "Only once, in the foot"; and with that he pointed to the part of his boot which covered the spot that had been wounded, and which had caused him great and protracted pain. He stood before us a handsome and energetic man, still in middle life; and while some people affect to smile at American generals and colonels, who have returned to professional and commercial pursuits in time of peace, I do not hesitate to say that I regard this hero, whom I have now the pleasure of introducing to my readers, as being much more worthy of the honourable title which he wears, than generals and colonels in our own country, who draw large pensions, but never stood fire on a field of battle, nor received the sword of a defeated foe. When we turned to Mrs. Shackelford, and asked if she had not been very anxious during her husband's absence at the camp, she remarked, that of course she was; but that American ladies had just to make up their minds in the circumstances of the country at the time, to suffer from anxiety at home, as their husbands suffered from exposure abroad. Doubtless many records of feminine, as well as of manly endurance, exhibited on both sides of the great contest, that have never been published on earth, are registered on high, and will meet with divine recognition and reward at last.

When Mr. Darby arrived he received our congratulations as to his recent marriage quite gravely and gratefully. He remarked that he had good reason to think himself a highly fortunate man, inasmuch as, on the evening before, a large party of his elders and chief people had accompanied him to the residence of his bride, about ten miles out of the city, and had shared in the social festivity of the occasion, testifying by their words, as well as their presence, their respect for him, and their approbation of the step which he had taken. Mr. Darby is quite a young man, and was educated at Andover University, as well as at the college of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He reads regularly both the *Christian News* and the *Evangelical Repository*, and seemed to be in thorough sympathy with our Scotch movement, and much delighted with the amicable correspondence which had sprung up between his own denomination and the Evangelical Union. We were both much pleased with him; for he is truly a scholarly young man, and an earnest student of theological science. I have observed since coming home, from the columns of the *Cumberland Presbyterian* newspaper, that he had

presided at the annual examination of Lincoln College, Illinois. For such work I would consider him to be thoroughly competent.

As we did not think it prudent to remain with General Shackelford's household beyond their usual time of retiring to rest, we insisted on returning to our own hotel, between nine and ten o'clock, P.M., that we might wait there till the cars would be ready to start at one o'clock in the morning. The General and Mr. Darby accompanied us to the hotel door, and there bade us an affectionate Christian farewell. After they had left us, we thought it proper to take a walk to the railway depot from which we were to start, both that there might be no mistake as to the hour, and also that we might learn the road for ourselves, inasmuch as no guides would be available at the unseasonable time of departure. We were very glad that we had done so; for said depot stood at a considerable distance down the Ohio, and was by no means easy to find. I must confess that after our return to the hotel the two hours that yet remained hung heavily on our hands; and although we tried to sleep upon sofas, coy Morpheus shunned pursuit, refusing to be caught by his Caledonian hunters. At length the time for departure arrived, and we stumbled to the depot through the darkness, very glad that we had learned our lesson in the topography of Evansville with the fading light of the gloaming.

We were surprised to find that the cars were very full at that early hour; and, instead of emptying, they became quite crowded before we reached St. Louis, at eight A.M. The distance between the two places is about 160 miles; and we could hardly say that our midnight journey was a very pleasant one. I daresay that we committed a great mistake in not paying a little extra fare for a Pullman's sleeping car (the only opportunity, by the way, which we had during our journey of enjoying that newly discovered American luxury); but we had heard so much of the great prairies of the State of Illinois, through which we were to pass, that we were anxious to get such glimpses of them as the ordinary cars might afford. But this hope, unfortunately, was not realized; for so long as it was dark we, of course, could not see; and then when day broke, revealing the prairies to view, sleep sealed up the organ of vision in us both. If the train had not been crowded we might have rested pretty comfortable, with a seat each for a couch; but, as it was, we required to go through all the amusing performances of people who fall asleep in a crowded church, and have not even a bookboard on which to lean the weary or restless head. Indeed, even although Moody and

Sankey had been in the train, and had begun a religious service in the large railway carriage, they would have been grieved to find that the Doctor and I were "nid, nid, noddin'," just as some drowsy hearers do in "oor hooses at hame."

When we woke up we found that it was full daylight, and that we were fast approaching the shores of the broad Mississippi.

Our first view of St. Louis was certainly very imposing. The Mississippi, about a mile wide, was at our feet, and on the other side of it a great city was spread out to view, built on a rising ground, which ascends from the river gradually to the height of 200 feet. St. Louis extends for twelve miles from north to south along the shore of the river, and four miles from east to west. Its population is now numbered at upwards of 400,000 individuals; and some idea of its rapid growth may be formed from the fact that in the year 1840 it contained only 16,000 inhabitants, and in the year 1860, 160,000 inhabitants. But it need not be matter of surprise that such a central city, with a constant tide of emigration sweeping rapidly through it to the far west, should make such rapid strides of progress; for when wide-spreading lands are opened up, they always need a metropolitan mart and emporium.

There is a small town called East St. Louis on the Illinois shore of the river, at which we had now arrived. This place is important only as being the terminus of the numerous railways from the west which there converge as into a focus. All the passengers required to get into omnibuses, which were forthwith driven right into a large steam ferry-boat that was lying at the margin of the river ready to carry us across. Some delay was experienced from the fact that a great body of German emigrants, who had probably arrived by the main line from Indianapolis, required to be accommodated with an extra omnibus. I was quite impressed with the spectacle which these people presented—fathers and mothers, with their children, and, if my memory serves me right, grandparents too. They had come a greater distance than we had come, for they hailed from the banks of the Elbe, the Rhine, or the Oder; but whereas we were only passing through the country as travellers, they intended to make it their home, and never return. A specimen they presented to us of that ever-increasing tide of emigrants from the Old World to the New, in quest of greater room and more numerous comforts, who have already so largely filled the country which Columbus discovered;—and see! the cry is still, They come, they come!

As we were crossing over the river our attention was

directed to a great bridge which spanned the Mississippi, and which had been opened only the day before. It is one of the wonders of the world, and cost about a million pounds sterling. I must reserve my description of it, however, to a subsequent chapter; for it was not till after my return from the General Assembly at Springfield, Missouri, that I had the privilege of walking across it, and admiring its magnificent proportions. I must defer, also, any further account of the City of St. Louis to that part of my narrative; since on the day of which I am writing, we only passed through it, arriving at eight A.M., and leaving in the cars for Springfield at half-past ten the same forenoon.

There are few steam-boats at the eastern shore of the Mississippi; but the wharf or levee, as it is called, was quite crowded with them at the western shore, so that our ferry-boat had no more than room left her to effect a landing. The omnibus in which we were seated was rapidly driven ashore, and then up the narrow steep streets, by which we found our way to the main thoroughfares of the city above. We were not particularly anxious on the present occasion about finding out a hotel, as all we needed was a little breakfast; but our great source of solicitude was *the baggage which had gone amissing at Cincinnati*, and as to which we had been assured that we would find it at the office of Adams' Express in St. Louis. When we had, with no small difficulty, found out the office, we were at first appalled on being informed that they knew nothing about our lost goods; but proportionately great was our delight, on following the clerk into another apartment, to find our well known trunks all duly stored up against our arrival.

And here, talking of baggage, it occurs to me that I have as yet forgotten to refer to that truly wonderful system of *checks*, which every traveller in America admires, and of which he feels the comfort. The disappointment at Cincinnati was the first with which we had met as to our baggage; and that was the fault neither of railway nor steamboat officials, but of the clerk at the hotel.

In this country the traveller is constantly kept in anxiety about his trunks; and not only so, but the trouble he has to encounter is considerable. Look at the crowd of ladies and gentlemen around the luggage van at the end of a long journey at some railway depot, jostling one another, and each struggling to get at his or her particular goods; and it is plain that some improvement is needed in this respect. No such inconvenience is experienced in the United States. Whenever a traveller resigns his goods to a railway official, he receives a

brass ticket for each trunk or box, with a number stamped upon it. This metallic plate is called a check. The guard or luggage inspector who accompanies the train keeps a duplicate of this check. As the journey draws near its end, a man enters the carriage to ask the traveller if he has made up his mind as to the hotel at which he will stay. If such a conclusion has not been arrived at, the interrogator can generally help the traveller to make up his mind; for he will get a certain gratuity by way of commission from the hotel-keeper to whose house he may lead the uncertain tourist. This point settled, the next question is, "Have you any baggage?" and if so, the civil demand follows, "Show me your *checks*." All the traveller has to do is to hand this official or porter his little metal plate, take his seat in the omnibus, drive to the hotel, with the assured conviction either that his trunks will be there before him, or that they will very soon follow after. We travelled upwards of two thousand miles on the American continent, and we never found this admirable system to fail, or disappoint us even on one occasion. It is a pity that some similar arrangement is not adopted in Europe. It has this advantage also, that baggage may be sent on without anxiety to great distances, if not immediately required. Thus, as we travelled at first by short stages to Washington, stopping by the way, as already described, at Philadelphia and Baltimore, before reaching the political metropolis, we sent on our heavy trunks to Washington direct, received our checks for them, and found them safely deposited at the depot on the banks of the Potomac when we arrived there. Indeed the railway company, having issued these checks, considers itself to be responsible for the safe delivery of the goods.

We had the pleasure of getting ourselves thoroughly washed after our midnight journey, and then of breakfasting at an immense hotel in St. Louis, called "The Planters' Hotel." The name was suggestive of the old days, when the rich southern planters would come north to this flourishing city to spend the money which they had made far south among the cotton fields of Alabama and Louisiana. We were surprised to find the waiters at this hotel all white men. It would appear that neither a prophet nor a negro has honour in his own country. Far east among the free states the black waiter was quite the fashionable thing; but here, near the old slave states, the white man seemed to be preferred.

We took the train on Saturday, May 23rd, at half-past ten A.M., for Springfield, Missouri, a journey of 241 miles, and at the end of which we were to find the goal of our long expedition of nearly 6,000 miles. Our course lay due south-west, and

it proved to be one of the most peculiar trips that we had made during our whole excursion. Hitherto, if there were barren patches here and there, cultivation prevailed, or at least held its own with the barrenness; but throughout this entire Saturday we saw nothing but the wild bush stretching away in apparently endless sweeps in the direction of the Rocky Mountains. At rare intervals, indeed, we would descry a clearing, and the smoke curling lazily amid the intense heat of the summer day from the chimney of a solitary farm; but such an exception only made the general desolation the more remarkable. In explanation of this peculiarity, I have to observe that we had now come farther west than ever, and that this was the newest State which we had yet traversed. Besides, this Pacific railway (for we were really journeying on one of the high roads to California) was constructed on what may be called the back-bone ridge of the State of Missouri, so that we saw the least cultivated portions of the territory. I was impressed all day, as we rode through the unmeasured wilderness, with the thought that every recess of the deep forest glades was familiar to the eye of God, and had been familiar to him during the ages which had rolled away, even before the footsteps of the Red Indian had trodden the wastes. The words of the 50th Psalm came repeatedly into my mind, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains, and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof."

The State of Missouri is remarkably rich in iron ore, lead, copper, and coal mines, and promises to be one of the richest and most productive States in the whole Union. Its population is small for its size, being not yet two millions. Much attention was turned towards it during the late war; for the population being almost equally divided between the North and the South, quite a little contest of its own raged, from 1861 till 1865, within the borders of "wild Missouri." Missouri was nominally a slave-holding State, but with a large portion of its inhabitants opposed to that "peculiar institution."

We crossed two considerable streams during the day, one near St. Louis, called the Maramec, which flows into the Mississippi, and the other more than half way to Springfield, called the Gasconade, which flows northward, and falls into the Missouri. This latter river is navigable for sixty miles; and, as its course lies through immense pine forests, great supplies of timber are floated from it down to St. Louis. Towards evening, and especially after passing a place of some importance

called Lebanon, the appearance of the country changed. The fact was, we had gained the elevated tableland of the Ozark Mountains, and henceforth the country began to look not unlike an agricultural or pastoral district in old Scotland. We had evidently reached a less desolate part of the State than that through which we had travelled all day; for the stoppages became more frequent, and greater numbers of people came in at the wayside depots. As we drew near Springfield a respectable man came into the cars, who told us that he lived in the city. When we asked him if the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was being held there, he replied that it was, and that all the churches of the city had been thrown open to the principal ministers of the Assembly, that they might conduct the services on the morrow. We now lifted up our hearts in gratitude to God that we were so near our journey's end.

It was exactly eleven o'clock at night when the train slowed and drew up at the depot for the city of Springfield. We found the Rev. Mr. Pendergrass, the respected minister of the C. P. Church of Springfield; Mr. Frizell of Nashville, clerk of the General Assembly; and General Holland, a leading citizen of Springfield, on the platform ready to receive us; for I had written to Mr. Frizell, from Cincinnati, on the previous Tuesday, that we hoped to reach our destination on Saturday night, and I had also telegraphed to him from Evansville on the day before, to the effect that we saw our way to reach Springfield by that train. It can easily be understood that our greetings were very cordial, since the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart had been the magnetic power that had drawn the two travellers over thousands of miles of ocean and land to see brethren in Christ. But we were not quite at our journey's end, for Springfield was two miles distant, and we must needs hurry to get a seat in the coach which was the only means of conveyance hither. Saturday night at Springfield was very much what Saturday night in Scotland is: consequently the coach was very crowded with people returning home, and the deputation and the strangers were extra passengers besides. There was very great difficulty in getting seats; and as I generally come off second best at all such scrambles, I found myself perched on a seat behind the driver, on the very pinnacle of the coach, with boxes and trunks piled up behind me and threatening to topple over on my devoted head. Nay more, as all the passengers could not get seats, what did the unprovided residuaries do but climb up among the boxes? The driver and the guard would certainly have been fined in this country for overloading the coach; but instead of being afraid of a fine, they

seemed only to think it fine fun. I am extremely nervous; and I shall never forget the purgatory I passed through during that half hour's midnight ride between the depot and the town of Springfield. The road was hilly, and the driver seemed not to hesitate a bit to dash down one steep descent and up another; while the too heavily laden coach swung from side to side, threatening at each terrible oscillation to lose its balance and land us on the highway. I held on to the seat with tenacious clutch, as if my poor grip of the vehicle could have kept it from falling; and I distinctly recollect thinking how ignominious a close it would be to such a journey by sea and land to be buried beneath the overturned trunks of commercial travellers (for I could hear from their conversation that several of that very useful fraternity were sitting near me) within sight of the lights of Springfield.

In truth there were not many lights in Springfield at that midnight hour, but only a few in a large hotel, which we had seen glimmering in the distance as we ascended the hill on which their city is built. I confess that I breathed more freely when the commercial travellers and their heavy boxes left us at the hotel. The coach now did not swing so fearfully, and soon afterwards it stopped at the gate of General Holland's house, whose guest I was to be.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT SPRINGFIELD.

I HAD not been separated from Dr. Morison since we had left Glasgow, a full month before; but the friends at Springfield had assigned to us different quarters. So putting my hand into the inside of the coach, I bade the Doctor good-night, and followed my military leader into his spacious but darkened dwelling.

The entire household, the very servants included, had retired to rest; but General Holland himself was equal to the occasion, for not in vain had he served in the great civil war, and held the city of Springfield for three days against the Confederate army. So he struck a match himself, lighted a candle that stood on the lobby table, and told me to follow him.

I had often corresponded with the Rev. E. B. Crisman, of Memphis, now the missionary secretary of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It was a published sermon of his,

preached on an anniversary occasion, which first showed me the remarkable similarity, both as to history and theological belief, which obtained between the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the Evangelical Union. After Dr. Milton Bird's death he officiated as clerk to the General Assembly, and was most liberal in his gifts of books, as well as mindful in the transmission of documents to us in Scotland. He had also sent me an admirable photograph of himself, so that his expressive features were quite familiar to me. But I was not expecting to see him when I was ushered into my bedroom.

The General's house was quite full of ministers and members of the Assembly. And it need not be matter of surprise that in a comparatively small place like Springfield, some difficulty should have been felt in accommodating 200 strangers. General Holland apologized for the necessity of a little overcrowding, as he led me into a commodious apartment, where I found Mr. Crisman and Dr. M'Donnold, one of the foremost metaphysicians in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in one bed, while another, in every way comfortable, stood ready for my use. I am not sure that my speeches at the Assembly *roused up* the brethren afterwards; but I believe that my entrance at that midnight hour produced some effect of that kind. After exchanging brief greetings with my excellent friends, I retired to rest, and slept soundly, having been fatigued with my journey.

I was very glad to learn from my room-mates when I awoke on Sabbath morning that the Assembly, with delicate consideration, taking into account the fact that Dr. Morison and myself had been travelling the whole of Saturday, had agreed to absolve us from all preaching duty on the Lord's Day, so that I had the prospect once more of a complete rest, and of a silent Sabbath.

Descending to the parlour, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Holland, and then of joining in family prayers with the assembled company. I was glad to find my old railroad companion, the Rev. Mr. Norris, among my fellow-lodgers at General Holland's house. There was also a lay gentleman, who was engaged in commercial pursuits in the party, whose father had been a minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and who therefore had pleasure in attending the meetings of the Assembly. The General's only son, a fine-looking young gentleman, with another minister from a distance, completed the party. We were waited upon at breakfast by a tall and handsome female attendant, who would have been a slave in the days before the war, but whom that sanguinary struggle had set free.

As I was determined to hear all that I could hear on this memorable Sabbath day, I went out with Mr. Norris, at 9 A.M., to attend a special service in connection with the Sunday-school of Mr. Pendergrass' church. As a considerable number of the delegates, both clerical and lay, were present, I found that I became the object of a great deal of attention, both before and after the service. Dr. Morison had not ventured out so early from his lodgings; and when it was rumoured in the meeting that I was there, quite a *furor* seemed to possess the people to get a shake of my hand. I do not mean to say that I was borne down upon at all in a rude manner; for the brethren were gentlemanly in the extreme; but judges of the land, doctors of divinity, scores of ministers, and earnest Christian laymen, came forward to Mr. Norris, who stood at my side, with the request, "Will you introduce me to Mr. Ferguson?" I was deeply impressed with the conviction, from my experience at that first meeting which I attended at Springfield, that the bonds of sympathy between the two denominations on the two sides of the water were in truth strong, and difficult to be broken.

The children of the church filled the area of the building, the adult spectators being ranged round the sides. The young people were addressed in a very telling and effective manner by several speakers, and, among the rest, by the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, who, if my memory serves me right, came from the State of Arkansas.

One or two remarks which he made still hold a place in my recollection. He said that he did not care for a Sabbath-school teacher who would lazily take a seat while he was teaching, or whose pulse did not beat 120 all the time he was addressing his youthful audience! Referring also to the objection that more indirect than direct good is done by Sabbath-school teaching, he made the quaint remark that "to do good unintentionally was far better than to commit sin intentionally." Mr. De Witt, who is the editor of the *Theological Medium*, the quarterly journal of the C. P. Church, led the singing of the children with fine effect. He also made some forcible remarks on the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," thereby proving that he was as good a preacher as a precentor, which is certainly saying a great deal!

At half-past ten, I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Crisman preach in one of the Methodist Churches of the town; for it was quite true that the regular clergymen, with hardly an exception, had given place to the strangers who were present from all parts of the country. His text was, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I forget almost the

whole of his forcible discourse at this distance of time, with the exception of this one very appropriate remark, that in the many mansions in the better world, there would be room for all denominations, and that all the distinctions of sect and party would be forgotten, for there would be but one fold and one shepherd.

At two P.M., after dinner, our whole party repaired to a very interesting service in Mr. Pendergrass' church, where the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed at that hour to the members of the General Assembly. The church was very crowded,—both the lower part and the gallery, which was above the door of entrance. I had the pleasure of sitting near Dr. Morison on this occasion, whom I had not seen since the night before, and who had heard the venerable Dr. Beard, of Lebanon University, preach in the forenoon in one of the Presbyterian churches of the town. An elderly minister had been appointed to preside on the occasion, whose evangelical and spiritual remarks, immediately before dispensing the sacred elements, were very profitable to my mind. Among those who carried round the bread and wine were two very dignified gentlemen, Judge Carruthers and Judge Ewing, elders of the C. P. Church, and who had both filled an office somewhat similar to that of sheriff-substitute among us. When the communion service was ended, the presiding minister (whose name I am sorry that I forget) in his closing address took occasion to refer to the early struggles and sufferings of the fathers and founders of the church. This reference touched a chord of sympathy in each heart; and as the veteran speaker warmed with his subject, and called upon those who were present to uphold the banner to the death which their departed fathers had uplifted and carried, loud responses came from all parts of the crowded church. The excitement reached its height, when the speaker turned round to a yet more venerable minister and member of the Assembly than himself, who was seated on the platform beside him, and said, "You too, Brother Lowry, I am sure you are not weary of your Master's service, although you are struggling on under all the infirmities of your eighty-fifth year?" The arch-veteran appealed to immediately exclaimed, "No, I am not!" but, determined not to be cheated out of the honour of his full age, he promptly added, "Brother, I am eighty-six." There certainly was a dash of the humorous in this interpolation; but the solemn feeling immediately prevailed, and the service closed with a general feeling that God had been among us of a truth.

The number of delegates present at this service was much greater than that which had attended in the morning, and consequently Dr. Morison and myself were quite overwhelmed

with salutations as the meeting broke up. If our hands were made weary, our hearts were made glad. We were also delighted to meet the Rev. Henry Melville and Mrs. Melville, of the C. P. Church, Uniontown, Western Pennsylvania, both old friends of Dr. Morison and of the Evangelical Union in Scotland. They had travelled 800 miles to greet us at the Assembly, as Mr. Thomas Clark, of Louisville, formerly of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, had travelled 500 miles.

In the evening I attended my fourth service for that day, in another Methodist Church in the town, where I heard my fellow-guest Dr. M'Donnold preach from the words, "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." The main idea of his earnest and thoughtful discourse was to this effect, that revivals need not come by fits and starts, because God was willing every day so to bless the word preached that souls would be saved; a sentiment assuredly which an Evangelical Unionist might be expected to greet with a hearty amen. And thus ended my Sabbath day at Springfield, Missouri, in the bosom of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

It had been arranged that we should be publicly introduced to the General Assembly at their forenoon sederunt on Monday in Mr. Pendergrass' church. Consequently Dr. Morison and myself attended punctually at the hour, and had the pleasure, in the first place, of hearing how each meeting of the Assembly was constituted. After the devotional exercises were concluded, Mr. Frizell, of Nashville, the clerk of the Assembly, a gentleman evidently well qualified for the post by his business habits, called the roll of the Assembly, putting a mark at the name of each member who did not answer to his name. As there were nearly two hundred members the calling of the roll occupied a considerable time; but it impressed us favourably with the numbers and the importance of this representative Assembly of the Christian brethren whom we had come so far to visit. Very few were absent; and I suppose that in every instance either indisposition or simple lateness of arrival was the cause of silence in the rare instances in which no answer was given.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read the venerable Rev. Dr. Beard, the leading theologian of the Cumberland Presbyterian body, rose and formally announced to the Assembly that the Rev. Dr. Morison and the Rev. Fergus Ferguson of Glasgow were present as a deputation from the Evangelical Union of Scotland. Reserving remarks of congratulation as to the visit till a future occasion, he moved that "Meanwhile these gentlemen be asked to take their seats on

the platform beside the Moderator, and that the whole Assembly should rise up and receive them standing." The occasion to us was a thrilling as well as an impressive one; and although not a word was spoken at that time, nor a cheer given, there was to us in that very speechless uprising a welcome more cordial than words or hurrahs could have conveyed. Every man seemed to stand as high in his shoes as possible, since, according to the custom of the Assembly he had no means by which to manifest the heartiness of his greeting, save the height of his stature. But, indeed, I am wrong, as there were other expressions of cordiality made manifest; for the glowing countenance and the tear-bedewed eye indicated clearly enough that we had found brethren. The place thenceforth might have been called *Appii Forum*; and, like the Apostle in his day, we felt disposed to "thank God and take courage."

Dr. Blake, the Moderator, addressed a few words of welcome to us, intimating, like Dr. Beard, that at a future and special diet we would have the opportunity of addressing the Assembly. He kindly accommodated us with seats on his right and left hand, and at the same time he gave us fans with which to fan ourselves! This little circumstance will give my readers perhaps a better idea of the temperature at Springfield, Missouri, at the time of our visit, than any elaborate description which my pen might indite. I may be allowed here to make the somewhat personal remark, that Dr. Blake is a remarkably tall gentleman. His stature, I should say, from the impression I have carried away with me, must have been about six feet six inches; and Mr. Pendergrass, the pastor of the church in which the Assembly met (a gentleman who either has, or ought to have, a medical diploma), was apparently as high. Indeed, there were several of the sons of Anak at the convention, in whose presence even Dr. Morison felt himself a little man; and how humbled, therefore, must have been the writer! It was plain, even from a glance, that powerful giants were among the brethren, who had descended from those mighty backwoods-men who had been the first to clear away the western forests; and who themselves would have been ugly customers to meet on the field of battle during the recent civil war—men who, if they had gained diplomas in the walks of theology and science, might also have gained diplomas according to the standard of the olden time, when "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees,"—whose D.D. might either mean that they were skilled doctors in dividing and distributing the tree of life, or in dividing and distributing the branches of the trees of the wilderness. We admired not a little the way in which Dr.

Blake conducted the business of the Assembly. He was dignified and commanding in manner, as well as tall in stature, and expressed himself both with fluency and felicity of speech when he required to utter his thoughts. It would appear, moreover, that the moderator either has or takes more power in a Presbyterian Assembly, than our president assumes in our Conference. In several instances, when there was a difference of opinion as to the order of procedure, the moderator simply ruled that it was to be so; and his decision was immediately deferred to without a vote. In other cases in which a vote was taken, Dr. Blake had a short and easy method of finding out which party was in the majority; and perhaps we might take a leaf out of his book with advantage. Instead of counting the brethren, he simply exclaimed, "All who are for the motion say 'Ay!'" at which scores of throats would shout "Ay!" Then followed the alternative, "All who are for the amendment say 'No!'" when a weaker or a stronger shout of negation would ring through the building. If either cry was manifestly louder than the other, Dr. Blake would simply say, "The ayes have it," or "the noes," as the case might be; but if the two shouts were just about a par for loudness, a show of hands would be demanded, and a show of hands would be given.

The debate which Dr. Morison and I had the pleasure of hearing at this forenoon sederunt was certainly not on a very dry or abstruse subject. The railway directors had offered to give the whole Assembly an excursion to the Indian Territory "free, gratis, and for nothing," as our redundant phrase has it, on the Thursday of that week—a journey of about 140 miles. Accordingly it was moved and seconded that the kind offer be accepted; but it was also moved and seconded that the offer be not accepted, inasmuch as the brethren had come together from great distances, not to go to picnics, but to do business. I remember that one elderly gentleman became very warm on the subject, the Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Texas. That he might adequately support the amendment, he mounted the Moderator's platform, and declaimed vehemently against the waste of time with which the Assembly was threatened. Dr. Johnson evidently had a reputation for wit and humour, as well as for declamatory power; for the audience evidently expected to be amused as well as edified, when he ascended the rostrum. However, the leading brethren in the Assembly evidently regarded the proposal of the railway directors in the light of a compliment to the denomination, and felt unwilling to hurt their feelings by refusing to accept their kind offer. And yet it was only by a small majority that the vote was carried, that

the General Assembly should, on the Thursday following, resolve itself into a committee of pleasant excursion, and accept return tickets for a trip to the Indian Territory.

The words "Indian Territory" suggest a wide and romantic subject, which, however, we can only touch upon. It thrilled us to think that we were so near the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States—the lineal descendants of the men whom Columbus had found possessing the land, and whose origin is shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They had been driven back from the eastern coast before the advance of the white man—and yet further and further back; till now we found that they were cooped up within a comparatively limited district of their own, called Indian Territory, guaranteed to them by the government, and surrounded by the States of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas—the as yet unoccupied plains of the latter State stretching to the very base of the Rocky Mountains. Without doubt it was a great temptation which had been presented to the busy General Assembly, to go to see those rude people, who still preserved their old savage customs—who wear their paint, and dance their war dance, and fight with their antiquated bows and arrows.

As it was not expected that Dr. Morison and myself should attend all the business meetings of the Assembly, I went in the afternoon to visit the doctor at the house in which he was lodged. Mr. Shepherd, his host, belonged to one of the leading families in Springfield; and, although not a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, he nevertheless warmly sympathized with its ministers, and was very happy to entertain both Dr. Beard, of Lebanon University, and Dr. Morison, of Glasgow, in his elegant house during the sittings of the General Assembly. Mr. and Mrs. Melville, of Uniontown, had arrived before me, and had been walking through the beautiful garden surrounding Mr. Shepherd's mansion, and talking with Dr. Morison of old days in old Kilmarnock, and of all they had witnessed and suffered together during that wonderful controversial revival, when so many high Calvinists were scandalized, and so many souls were born again. I am here reminded of a Wesleyan preacher who was once asked if he attacked Calvinists much. His reply was, "That if ever a Calvinistic interpretation or doctrine seemed to stand, while he was delivering his message, between the sinner and the Saviour, he just gave it a rap on the side of the head, knocked it out of the way, and passed on." Now, that simple statement contains the whole philosophy of Dr. Morison's struggle at Kilmarnock, and of the origin of the Evangelical Union. It was exactly and only in so far as limitarian dogmas stood as a barrier between the sinner and the Saviour, that

young James Morison, in the zeal of his devoted soul, unceremoniously knocked them over; and when his ecclesiastical superiors found fault, he preferred to stand alone in freedom, rather than to be fettered in company. Mr. and Mrs. Melville, I repeat, were able in that far-off land to talk of the events of thirty-three years ago; and "distance lent enchantment to the view." Presently Dr. Beard arrived from the afternoon meeting of the Assembly, and we had not a little pleasant intercourse together at Mrs. Shepherd's tea-table. That lady, in the course of conversation, very graphically described to me the fearful state of matters at Springfield during the war. My host, General Holland, as appeared from her representation, like General Shackelford at Evansville, had been by no means a mere carpet commander. The Southern General had held one part of the city while he had held another; and it was only by superior strategy and courage that the issue had been determined on the side of the Government at Washington. Nor had the ladies an enviable time of it, who, amidst bursting shells and roaring cannon, ventured out now and then to see to which side victory leaned, and whether their fathers and brothers and husbands were living or dead.

At eight o'clock we all set out to hear Dr. Morison preach before the ministers of the General Assembly in the Campbellite Baptist Church of Springfield. It may perhaps seem strange that the chapel occupied by this denomination was the largest in the city, and therefore the one selected for the service; but we had been a good deal surprised, ever since we had come as far west as Pittsburg, to find that in every town we passed through the Campbellite Baptists were not only represented in the place, but generally occupied the largest building. Its ministers were considered orthodox, and were accepted as brother ministers by the other clergymen in the town; so that, although we had been accustomed on this side of the water to suppose that they laid too much stress on the ordinance of baptism, it appears that they really cling to Christ and to faith in his name.

The church was densely crowded to hear Dr. Morison—quite a thousand hearers, I should suppose, being within the reach of his voice, counting those who were hanging round the outside of the window, as well as those who were within the building itself. His text was John xvi, 26, 27, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me; and ye shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning." I was glad that the Dr. took that text, because he had a fine opportunity of doing three

things at once: First, of exalting the work of Jesus; Secondly, of exalting the work of the Holy Spirit; and, Thirdly, of showing that he was both a reverent and original exegete of Holy Scripture. A prominent idea in his discourse was the double testimony of the Holy Ghost and of Christ's disciples, and the diversity which yet obtained between their several witness-bearings. Thus, for example, the testimony which Peter and James and John could give as to the mere fact of the Resurrection and the miracles of Christ's public ministry, was their own special and peculiar witness-bearing. They did not need any supernatural illumination from on high to qualify them for that work. As honest men, who told nothing but the truth, they could draw upon their own memories for the facts which they maintained to be true. But as to the philosophy of the plan of salvation, of which they had at first only a few faint glimmering conceptions, it was by the direct illumination of the Comforter that they were enabled to understand the mystery of the Atonement, and to see how the Old Testament was fulfilled in him who was the Omega as well as the Alpha of it all—a doctrine which after Pentecost was so plain to their minds, but which before Pentecost had been so obscure. Thus the Holy Ghost testified through their illuminated understandings, through the miracles which they wrought, through the fervour which filled their souls, through the hearts which were opened to attend to them and receive the Saviour whom they preached, and through the volume of the Book which they were honoured to bring to a conclusion. I was glad, also, that the Doctor's voice stood him in good stead, so that he could be distinctly heard by the large audience from the beginning to the end of his address.

I find I have, as yet, neglected to give my readers an account of the appearance of the city of Springfield. I have already described my somewhat uncomfortable approach to it, in the darkness of midnight; and before reaching this point of my narrative, I should have taken an opportunity to state that the place really looked beautiful, when seen by daylight. At its principal centre, a large square or market-place, there is a considerable population and considerable stir. The shops here are spacious, reminding one of the great cities of the Transatlantic continent. The houses of the inhabitants, however, that branch out in diverse directions from this central square are very widely and sparsely built; so that, although, Springfield contains only about 6,000 inhabitants, it really seemed to cover two or three square miles in extent. One peculiarity of it, which I remarked, was this, that not only were many of the houses wooden or frame-houses, but the

pavement on the side of the streets was of wood. The heat was very great and overwhelming; nor was this to be wondered at, for we had now come farther south than ever, and the year had advanced farther than ever into the summer solstice. We had come, moreover, so far west that we could hardly entertain the idea of emigrants toiling in pilgrim fashion to and beyond Springfield; but having in the course of one of my walks asked an inhabitant of the place who the occupants of a great waggon might be, not altogether unlike one of the caravans which our strolling players use, he informed me that they were journeying German emigrants, whose cry was "Westward Ho." The father of the family was walking at the horse's head, on the dusty sun-baked highway; and his wife and children and little all of worldly gear, were hidden within the circular canvas-covering of the cart. And so, Abraham-like, they were going in quest of a home, not knowing whether they went—as my informant assured me in all probability was the case. But He who has numbered all the hairs of our heads, and without whom a sparrow falls not to the ground, has doubtless long ere this directed these nameless travellers to a home, whence streams of unspeakable blessing may flow forth to generations yet unborn.

Tuesday, the 26th of May, was a great day in the calendar of our journey; because the General Assembly had fixed a special diet at two P.M., to hear Dr. Morison and myself address their venerable court. I had noticed during our journey, and especially as we steamed down the Ohio, that Dr. Morison was committing to writing the observations which he thought appropriate for such an occasion, inasmuch as owing to his throat affection, he could not trust himself to extemporary utterance. Unfortunately I had not been diligent enough to have made such ample preparation; and consequently I stayed within doors to arrange my thoughts a little, that I might be able to speak more calmly and collectedly, since I had never before, in the whole course of my life, addressed an ecclesiastical assembly. My studies were somewhat interrupted by a visit which I received, in the course of the forenoon, from Mr. Clarke, of Louisville, a warm and attached friend of the Evangelical Union. But I was very glad to see him, and glad to learn that one who had come out from Dumfriesshire to push his way on the shores of the Ohio had risen to have so flourishing a business, and so comfortable a home. How fervently do the hearts of Scotchmen revert to their native land when far away, and especially to the churches of Christ in which they found the Lord! Mr. Clarke's heart yearned much towards a dear sister in Cumnock, Ayrshire, and with

little less affection to the brethren of the church in Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, who had helped, along with himself, first to raise the E.U. standard on that corner of the princely estate of Buccleuch. One remark which Mr. Clarke made concerning American life still lingers in my recollection. He had come through two severe attacks of rheumatism, and appeared to dread a recurrence of the malady. He could not say that Britons who emigrated to the United States died sooner than those who remained at home; but he had observed that their deaths were more sudden, as a general rule,—less intimation being given of approaching mortality.

On repairing to the General Assembly, I found that, owing to the expected crowd, they had removed from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church to the Methodist Church which I had attended on the previous Sabbath evening. The former building would hold about 500 individuals, the latter a hundred or two more. Yet all the room was needed, as the report had spread through the city that the Scotch delegates were to speak; and evidently our addresses were looked forward to with some degree of interest. I should perhaps have mentioned sooner that delegates from the great Presbyterian body in the United States, as well as from some of its minor branches, had addressed the Assembly during the previous week, and before our arrival. That is the reason why a special meeting had to be summoned to hear us alone.

As our addresses, and also Dr. Blake's official reply to us, were published at the time both in the United States and in this country, I need not give any digest of them, nor even characterize them at length. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Morison's speech was worthy of his fame as a Christian theologian, a Christian minister, and, I may add, a Christian martyr. He gave prominence to this idea that it was only because we could not be allowed to preach the free and untrammelled Gospel in the communions to which we severally belonged, that we had been compelled, like those whom we addressed, to form a separate communion of our own. We had not sought ecclesiastical martyrdom, but had been deeply grieved when it had been visited upon us. Hence the close bond of sympathy which bound us to our Transatlantic friends, and made us happy to be in their midst.

The effect produced by Dr. Morison's address was so great that I felt no small difficulty in coming after him—for what can he do that comes after the king? However, I told my hearers some anecdotes, attempted some jocular hits, and soon got them into good humour. There was one statement which I made near the exordium of my address that seemed to tickle

them all immensely. The day was very hot; the windows were all open; fans were being plied busily over the whole house; and the thinly dressed reporters could hardly write at their table for the extreme heat. I observed that I had often been asked what I thought of America since coming into the country, and that I had been answering all along my journey that it had filled me with amazement, admiration, and perspiration! This unexpected rhyme produced a great amount of cachinnation, so that a good time elapsed before anything else could be heard. I owe a grudge to this day to one of these reporters; for in the telegram which he sent that afternoon to the leading St. Louis daily newspaper, in the first place, he spelled my name "Furgus Furgeson"; and in the next place, he represented me as saying that "America had filled me with admiration, inspiration, and perspiration." I would certainly not have been so egotistical as to claim inspiration for myself; and therefore I take this opportunity of disclaiming the word. In the main body of my address, I referred, like Dr. Morison, to the delight with which I had recognized, on perusing the C. P. publications which first fell into my hands, the remarkable similarity which obtained between their views and ours, calling attention especially to the saying of their founders, that "they could accept the whole of the Confession of Faith, *barring fatality*," that is, with the exception of the doctrine of rigid and universal predestination. These theological references, I was happy to observe, were as loudly cheered as any other parts of my address.

I may also quote here a few impromptu verses which I repeated on the origin of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, and which seemed to interest the audience not a little:—

Which river do I prize
The most of all that flow,
Eastward towards the morning skies,
Or south to Mexico?

Is it the Hudson sweet,
Or Susquehanna great,
Or the two mighty streams that meet
In this old Missouri State?

No! 'tis the Cumberland—
An unpretending tide—
Upon her banks methinks I stand,
And see her waters glide.

'Twas there McGready prayed,
And thousands caught the flame;
'Twas there the covenant was made
Of everlasting fame.

America ! the free ;
Home of the bold and brave,
What blessings were prepared for thee
Beside that humble wave !

'Twas there the chains were burst
By which God's grace was bound ;
And there, for all whom sin had cursed,
Salvation free was found.

Therefore of all the streams
That journey to the sea,
The storied Cumberland—it seems
The loveliest to me.

When the Doctor and I had finished our speeches, the Moderator tendered to us the thanks of the Assembly for our visit, as well as an expression of their warm sympathetic regards. These ideas were expressed in a few easy and elegantly worded sentences ; and with them it was expected that the special diet would end, and that the Assembly would immediately proceed to its programme of ordinary business.

The joy and delight, however, of the brethren were too great to admit of so rapid and commonplace a transition as that, from the special to the general—from Scotland to the United States again. In fact the excitement produced by our reception had been so extreme, that there was a universal desire in the meeting that some extraordinary vent might be found for it. This desire gained utterance at length in the proposal of a brother that half an hour's recess should be given that the friends might, in a free and easy manner, express their satisfaction with the addresses of the Scotch brethren, and congratulate one another mutually over the visit which they had received. When this resolution had been carried by acclamation, an indescribable scene ensued. It would not be too much to say that the whole General Assembly took Dr. Morison and myself to their arms. Surely there never was such a hand-shaking or rather arm-shaking in the world. Those who had saluted us before, when we arrived, saluted us over again on account of our speeches ; and those who had not yet saluted us, without asking the formality of an introduction, bore down upon us that we might feel the grasp of their fraternal hands.

I have as yet failed to notice that there were several lady visitors in the Assembly, some of them married, and others who evidently were destined to feel the silken pressure of hymeneal bonds. I would have forgotten the fair sex altogether, had it not been for the demonstrations of a somewhat elderly lady, whose religious delight and excitement on the occasion evidently assumed the shape of a hysterical cry. Such a cry, I was told

afterwards, is not uncommon in the Western and Southern States, and calls forth no more comment than a loud Wesleyan "Amen." I had never heard it before, however, and I must confess that I was startled when it first arose on the left side of the building. It struck me that some one had taken a fit of epilepsy; but as nobody seemed to be the least concerned about the matter, and as the old lady kept shaking hands all round, and every now and then uttering her strange piercing shout, I concluded that there could not be much wrong with her, although certainly to a stranger the exclamation was alarming. At length she began to draw near to me, crying every now and then, and laughing for joy all the time; and when she seized my hand and congratulated me on what she was pleased to call the humour and point of my address, yet throwing in every now and then a startling hysterical parenthesis, I did not know whether most to feel flattered or afraid.

It had been arranged that I should preach before the Assembly in the Baptist Church that night, as Dr. Morison had done the night before. The crowd was as dense and overflowing which faced me as I entered the building, as that which the Doctor had been favoured to address. The subject which I selected was 2 Peter i, 5-7; for the apostolic representation of faith and her seven attendant graces has long been a favourite one with me, inasmuch as it affords an opportunity of exhibiting in an interesting manner the all-important connection between justifying faith and a holy life. I think that the audience felt interested and profited, if I might judge from the numerous acknowledgments of thanks which I received at the close; and also from two rather remarkable scenes which were enacted before I left the building. One dear old man threw his arms around my neck, and kissed me in true Christian affection—a salutation to which in the circumstances I did not at all object. The second greeting was hardly less remarkable. The minister of the church in which I had preached and his wife, the latter an interesting lady of a refined and truly spiritual countenance, were standing near the door as I came out. Putting a hand on each shoulder, she gently turned me round till the light of a lamp, which was burning in the lobby, fell full upon my face. After having intently contemplated my countenance for some seconds, she added apologetically, "You must excuse me, dear sir, for the liberty which I have taken; but I have received so great a blessing from your sermon, that I wish to have the features of your face imprinted upon my memory as long as I live." This certainly was one of the most graceful compliments, and one of the most heartfelt testimonies of gratitude I ever received. Let me be pardoned for the apparent egotism of

recording it; since my desire is simply to give my readers a full and particular account of all that befell us on our journey of delegation.

I should possibly have noticed sooner that the American guests at General Holland's house were about equally divided as to Northern and Southern sympathies. Yet they all agreed very well, for the love of Christ seemed to submerge all minor differences. Almost every day, when dinner or supper would be over, I heard exciting tales of hairbreadth escapes and woeful sufferings during the war; and I observed that if any thing strong was said on one side or the other, no angry retaliation was made; but some humorous or kindly saying acted like oil on the slightly troubled waters.

I am sorry to have to add that Dr. McDonnold became very ill after the excitement of his Sabbath evening sermon, and was unable to attend any subsequent meetings of the General Assembly, at least while we remained at Springfield. He had quite a sharp attack of fever and ague; and the alternations of the invalid afforded me an opportunity of observing the peculiarities of that disease, of which we know nothing in Britain. Dr. Morison called to see my suffering fellow-guest, and enjoyed a conversation much with him on some knotty metaphysical point. Evidently the two Doctors had a profound respect for each other's intellectual acumen. I learned from their conversation, what I had not known before, that there is a psychological society at St. Louis, whose masterly publications are celebrated over the European as well as the American continent.

Perhaps I might here appropriately record the impression produced upon our minds by our intercourse with our dear Cumberland Presbyterian friends at this General Assembly. Their piety and their zeal seemed to be truly fervent, reminding us not a little of the Wesleyan type of religion. Now and then responses might be heard during a religious service; but it was their singing especially that struck us as peculiar. There was a wildness and almost a melancholy about some of their tunes, with occasional inflections or grace notes unlike anything which I had ever heard in this country. I have referred eulogistically to the admirable manner in which the Moderator presided over the General Assembly; and I may here add that the speeches which were made by the brethren who occupied the floor of the house, when the motion was under debate to concentrate their mission operations at St. Louis, and their publishing operations at Nashville, were highly respectable. Speakers such as Drs. Logan, Brown, McGlumphy, and Stainback, with Messrs. Crisman and Templeton, would have done credit to any convocation;

and I must not forget to add that when the venerable Dr. Beard addressed the Assembly, he was listened to with a reverence similar to that with which the Free Church Assembly listened to Dr. Candlish or Dr. Guthrie when they were full of years. I have other prominent members before my mind's eye as I write; but as I have forgotten their names, I am sorry that I cannot indite them on my page. It is evident that the missionary operations of the church extend over a vast territory, and that hitherto they have been a good deal crippled for want of funds. Their numerical strength, however, is considerable; for they have upwards of a thousand churches, with a proportionate number of ministers and students of divinity. And it is to be hoped that, as the tide of wealth and population flows steadily westwards, their money power will increase, and they will occupy a still more influential position in the America of the future than they have yet been able to do in the America of the past.

Wednesday, the 27th, was to be our last day in Springfield. The heat of the place was so great that Dr. Morison and myself, now that the work was over to which we had been appointed, were most anxious to set our faces northward and homeward again. Not even the attractions of a trip to the Indian territory could induce us to remain; and in all probability we would have returned to St. Louis on Wednesday, but for an unexpected cause of detention. In about an hour after my address to the Assembly was delivered, I was waited upon at my lodgings by the Rev. Mr. Pendergrass, who presented to me an address, of which the following is a copy:—

“SPRINGFIELD, MO., *May 26th, 1874.*

“REV. FERGUS FERGUSON,

“Dear Sir—The undersigned citizens of Springfield would most respectfully ask that you consent to deliver a lecture on ‘Scotland and the Scotch,’ or such other subject as you may select, at some time to be designated by yourself during your stay in our city; and we hereby tender you the use of our City Hall for that purpose. Hoping your early reply and consent, we are yours, with great respect, &c., &c.”

This address was signed by twenty-one of the leading citizens of Springfield, including the principal lawyers, judges, bankers, and military dignitaries of the place. I have all along had a difficulty in saying “No”; and as the proceeds of the lecture were to be devoted to a very laudable object, my natural inability to give a negative reply was increased. The object was this: The Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Springfield, having invited the Assembly to meet in their little city,

were responsible for the accommodation of all the strangers. But as private lodgings could not be provided for all the brethren, many had been put up at the public hotels. It was to meet these daily increasing expenses that the proceeds of my lecture were to be devoted. Thus Scotland and the Scots were to help America and the Americans.

The lecture was to be given on Wednesday night; and as I never had spoken on the subject assigned me before, I had to walk to and fro in a room in General Holland's house, "shaking a speech down my sleeve"; for I would have been an unworthy son of old Caledonia if I had not been able, even without the help of books or atlases, to say a word in her favour. There were, however, four things that rather interrupted my studies, or, perhaps I should say, relieved the tedium of my mental application. The first was a terrific, though short-lived, thunder-storm that blackened the sky, and ended in a very refreshing fall of rain. The second was that I could not help witnessing the odd and comical pranks performed by Mrs. Holland's black servants in a court-yard behind the house, when they ought to have been attending to their work. The third was that Dr. Morison called to say that we ought, in his opinion, to pay a farewell visit to the General Assembly, and take a formal good-bye of the Moderator—which accordingly we did. Then, fourthly, it had been suggested that the Doctor and I should call at a photographer's and get our likenesses taken, for the members of the Assembly were anxious to carry our *cartes* away with them to their far distant homes. We do not know whether we were caricatured or not; for the Springfield partner of the *Sun* had time to take only one impression of each of us; and we again had no time to wait to see what we were like. I would, therefore, exhort all whom these lines may reach in the far west, that if we look hideous, the hurried and uncorrected photographs should not be believed.

A captain of the army took the chair at my lecture; and I had before me the beauty and the *élite* of Springfield. I had also Dr. Morison on my left hand on the platform; and a better specimen of a Scotchman, by way of diagram, the audience could not have had. For an hour and a half I descanted on the history of my native land, its scenery, its Doric dialect, its religious denominations, its union with England, and the authors, discoverers, and men of science, who had made it famous. John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Sir James Simpson, Sir William Thomson, and Dr. Livingstone, were the heroes, with a notice of each of whom I brought my discourse to a close.

An unexpected, and to me unprecedented, demonstration took place when I had resumed my seat. Bouquets of flowers were flung to me from all parts of the hall. Some lighted on my knees, and others lay around me on the platform. And as the flowery shower descends, I once more subside into silence, and bid Springfield good-bye, I fear for ever, and my readers (D.V.) for another quarter of a year.

THE NATURE OF CHRIST'S WORK.

AN ESSAY FOR YOUNG MEN.—CONCLUSION.

HAVING in two previous papers given a rough outline or exposition of what we have termed the *legal* and *moral* theories of our Saviour's redemptive work, and briefly indicated that, in our opinion, both are, at least in their main features and general principles, in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, we come now, in this our concluding paper, to show that these theories are not only not necessarily opposed to each other, but that they are complementary of each other, and are both necessary to a true and beneficial apprehension of the scheme of salvation. Let us in a sentence or two rehearse the principles of both theories.

By the legal doctrine or theory of the nature of Christ's work, we are taught that our blessed Saviour laid down his life, and became a true sacrifice for sin, as a substitute in the sinner's room and stead, thus making an atonement or propitiation to offended justice, and affording to the moral governor a righteous, and therefore a wise, safe, and salutary ground or reason on account of which he could meet the sinner and extend to him the blessing of forgiveness for all his past sins; while the perfect and spotless righteousness of Christ imputed to, or placed to the account of, the unrighteous man who believes in Jesus, becomes a righteous and safe ground whereby God may receive the believer into his friendship and favour, and make him an heir of his kingdom and glory; it being a corollary or natural consequent of this doctrine that the influence of this forgiveness and legal adoption upon the believer will infallibly be that he will receive the spirit of adoption, and become consecrated to the service and glory of God.

By the moral theory or doctrine we are taught that Jesus Christ, by his life and death as "Immanuel, God with us," revealed to mankind God's hatred of sin, and at the same time his inextinguishable love of the sinner; revealing God's hatred

of sin by means of his own voluntary submission to the righteous judgments of God, and by his own holy and blameless life; and revealing God's love and mercy to the sinner, by means of his own life of love and mercy, by his direct teachings, and by becoming through his own resurrection from the dead and ascension to heaven the first fruits and pledge of the ultimate redemption of all who believe in him and walk in his footsteps. But far from his crucifixion and death being the ground or reason of man's exemption from these and other penalties of sin, they were intended to be a representation or example of the manner in which sinners were required to endure their own penalties, and bear the condemnation of their own sins. And far from Christ's righteousness being put in the room of man's own righteousness, as a vicarious ground of his acceptance with God, it was set forth as a representation of what was required of the sinner as an essential condition of his acceptance with God, and of his hope of eternal life; it being, however, explained that this righteousness in its main elements is not the product of man's own efforts, but is the result of the operation of God's Spirit received into the sinner's heart by faith in Jesus Christ.

Now, the question that presents itself for solution in regard to these two representations of the Saviour's work is, How can the apparent antagonism between them be harmonized? That there is an apparent antagonism between them is evident. The one theory teaches deliverance through the sufferings of Christ as our substitute, the other through our own voluntary submission to the punishment due to our sins. The one teaches that men receive eternal life through the imputed righteousness of Christ; the other through the life of Christ imparted to, and wrought into the heart and life of, men. There is an apparent antagonism here; and were we to regard each view in its bare and literal sense, without explanation or attempt at reconciliation, we could find many passages in the Word of God to support each of these theories. In support of the latter view the following might be taken as a specimen of many others: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." (Ezek. xviii, 20.) "Every man shall bear his own burden." (Gal. vi, 5.) "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that *obey not* the gospel of God? For if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" "Ye shall be hated of all men for

my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. . . . The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." (Matt. x, 22, 24, 38, 39.) The whole of this class of passages go to show that both personal submission to the judgments of God, fellowship with the sufferings of Christ, and personal consecration to Christ's service, are essential to human salvation.

In support of the other view, the following may be taken: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." (Gal. iii, 13.) "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." (2 Cor. v, 19.) "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv, 5.) All this class of passages go to show that men are delivered from the curse of the law through the sufferings or sin-bearing of Jesus Christ, and are justified through faith, and not by works. What, then, is the explanation of the seeming antagonism, which appears not only to exist between the rival theories of Atonement, but also between certain passages of the Word of God? (By the way, should not this latter fact teach theologians that, instead of flying at each others' throats, and denouncing each other as heresiarchs and deniers of the faith, they should enlarge their views, and in a spirit of humble discipleship seek to know the truth of God in all its bearings?)

Before proceeding to our task of trying, in probably a crude and unskilled fashion, to harmonize both views of the doctrine of Christ's work, it seems necessary that we should point out what seems to be a fatal flaw in the *moral* theory, taken as a full and complete representation of the scheme of salvation apart from the legal or vicarious theory. The moral theory, as we have seen, in its intense recoil from the theory of substitution, represents Christ as enabling men to bear the punishment of their sins, and not as delivering them from that punishment. But if this doctrine were true in the strict and absolute sense, then, we hold it would be a mockery to speak of men as being forgiven by God, or as justified by his grace. What is there to forgive if the sinner has fully expiated his sins by his self-sacrifice, and has borne their penalty to its dregs? It matters not that the advocates of this theory affirm that no man could offer up an acceptable sacrifice to God, or bear the punishment of his sins, except through the example

and power of the Lord Jesus. This does not alter the fact that what has been fully expiated and punished cannot be forgiven. The advocates of the legal doctrine of atonement are charged with teaching that Christ may bear the penalty of the world's sins, and yet those who do not believe are made to suffer for their sins as if they had never been atoned for. This charge we endeavoured to meet in a former paper; but here, in this theory of every man bearing the punishment of his own sin, we have a far more inconsistent and unjust doctrine implied—viz., that a man may bear the full penalty of his own sins, and yet require to sue for forgiveness, or be finally lost after all.

This one doctrine of Forgiveness through the mercy or undeserved favour of God not only stamps with condemnation the theory that man must bear the full penalty of his own sins, but it also opens the door for the introduction of a legal or compensatory doctrine of Atonement of some sort. Forgiveness implies the removal of God's wrath from sinful man which might righteously have been visited upon him; and as this wrath of God upon sin is not only righteous but beneficial to the entire moral universe, it seems most reasonable and proper that something having a similar effect and influence to that which the punishment of sinners would undoubtedly exert, should be introduced to take its place, and so preserve the dignity and righteousness of God's moral administration.

It is evident, therefore, that in attempting to reconcile the two theories of Atonement, we must take a somewhat modified view of the moral theory, and divest it of that rigid and unbending aspect which some, at least, of the advocates of that theory attach to it. And in doing so we feel that we are not taking any unwarrantable liberties, but returning to the sweet loving simplicity of Scripture, which throughout its entire pages breathes the spirit of the following verses, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." (Psalm cxxx. 3, 4.) "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin. Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger." (Psalm lxxxv. 2, 3.) "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." (Psalm ciii. 10.)

But to our view it is equally evident that some modification must be made upon the views which some persons attach to the legal theory. While it is true that Christ has taken away our sins by the sacrifice of himself, it is not true that believers are entirely exempted from judgment, or entirely freed from the

displeasure of the Righteous One. We are convinced that the doctrine of Substitution or Imputation is carried to an extreme by some Christians, in reference to this matter. In their complete recoil from what they deem the self-righteous doctrine of salvation by works or personal righteousness, they run to the opposite extreme of understanding and explaining such Scripture terms as "being crucified with Christ," "crucifying the old man with his affections and lusts," "dead with Christ," "fellowship of his sufferings," and others in an almost exclusively legal or vicarious sense, as if to Christ belonged all the sufferings, and to the believer only the blessings or beneficial results. No wonder that with such exceedingly comfortable views of their relationship to God and his moral law the yoke of some Christians should be exceedingly light, and their growth in personal holiness so fitful, uncertain, and unsatisfactory. It almost appears as if their own personal holiness were rather to be repressed and held in the back ground, lest it should in any way detract from the merit of the Saviour's work.

Surely it is unnecessary for us to show that such an idea of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, whether held explicitly or only implicitly, is a most imperfect and unworthy representation of the true Scripture doctrine. The whole Word of God, in its histories, its doctrines, and its commandments, has for its grand and supreme end or purpose, the glory of God in the sanctification and moral reformation of fallen humanity, and that, too, in every age of the world's history through self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. The life, death, and resurrection of Christ were devised, decreed, and carried out expressly for this end; and, so far as man is concerned, they would prove utterly futile were this end not realized. And hence, as formerly stated, we regard the true moral theory or doctrine of the Atonement as being by far the more vitally important of the two.

Having made these preliminary modifications of the two theories regarding the nature of Christ's work, we now proceed to say that the reconciliation or harmonization of these theories is to be found in viewing the Saviour's work as essentially *a representative work*. That is, Christ did not come to exempt man from any obligation either in the shape of suffering or doing, which it was in his power, and which was becoming in him, to suffer or to do. Sinful man could not make a perfect atonement to offended justice for his past, present, or future sins, so as to justify God in blotting them out of the book of his remembrance, and casting them for ever behind his back. The perfect and spotless sacrifice of the Lamb of God was

alone sufficient to do this. But it *was* sufficient; and on the sole ground of that sacrifice God is now reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto men. For the purposes of expiation and atonement no suffering of man for his own sins, whether that suffering come directly from the hand of God, or is the result of man's self-conviction, self-condemnation, or self-sacrifice, will ever be of the slightest avail. It would be the very essence of Pharisaism and self-righteousness in any man to imagine that he could merit forgiveness by means of these sufferings. But with this exception, we are of opinion that the sufferings of Christ are intended for our imitation rather than for our avoidance. We are to be "partakers of his sufferings and of his death," or we cannot be made in the "likeness of his resurrection." We must bear the righteous and fatherly judgments of God, in order that our sin may be condemned in our flesh, as well as in Christ's, and that thereby we may be purged from all our unrighteousness. We must bring our evil deeds to the light of God's eye that they may be reprov'd; to the light of the eye of our own consciences; and, above all, to the light of the cross of Calvary, so that we may feel self-convicted and self-condemned, and so constrained to confess our sins to God with humble and contrite hearts. Such bearing of our sins as is here indicated, while not required for our legal justification before God—that is, as a meritorious ground of that justification—it is becoming and dutiful, and therefore obligatory upon us to endure. It forms part of the process of our sanctification, and is the natural precursor of active deeds of service and love.

And as it is in reference to the sufferings of Christ, so is it also in reference to the righteousness of Christ. The righteousness of God in Christ Jesus, which is termed by orthodox theologians, "The evangelical righteousness of God," and is referred to by Paul in the first chapters of his Epistle to the Romans, is the sole meritorious ground of the sinner's acceptance with God, and is the only "heaven-meriting righteousness." "It were the essence of self-righteousness in any man to dream of being justified through his own personal righteousness, even though that were received by faith in Jesus Christ, for it would not be the man's own unless his own will and action were combined with the working of the Spirit of God, and hence it would be partly human and imperfect at the best; but with this exception the righteousness of Christ is set before us for our imitation, as well as our justification. We must become partakers of his righteousness in our own heart and lives, or we can never be partakers of his heavenly glory. "Without holiness"—personal as well as imputed holiness—"no man

shall see the Lord"; and that holiness is not merely the moral or natural result of our contemplation of the moral meaning involved in a legal atonement or propitiation for sin, but is the result of faith in a perfect man—a God-man, in whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily; who is at once a true representative of what God is in relation to man, and a perfect representative of what man should be in relation to God; and who, moreover, through the Eternal Spirit, enters into the believing soul, to work in it to will and to do of his good pleasure.

And here we come with deference to indicate wherein we think that considerable looseness and even deficiency of comprehension is entertained regarding the complete idea of the object of saving faith. It is, we humbly conceive, too much the habit of some theologians to set forth as the object of saving faith the substitutionary work of Christ, which when believed brings justification to the sinner and gives him the hope of eternal life; and the enjoyment of these blessings naturally and with moral certainty, in their opinion, produces in him all the fruits of righteousness. We are convinced that this is a faulty, because one-sided, view of the object of saving faith. Christ's work must not thus be divided. "He is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption"; and our faith must embrace him in all these relationships, or we cannot be saved in the true and Christian sense of that word. He came to redeem us "from our vain conversation," from the "power" as well as from the "penalty" of sin; and it is in vain to think that we can enjoy the one blessing and yet neglect, or ignore, or leave to mere implication or passive result, the other. The Scriptures inform us that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and that "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And to our view nothing can be plainer than that this means, that unless we believe in Christ as our Saviour from sin, and receive by faith his sanctifying and purifying Spirit, we are as much unsaved as if we did not believe in Him as our propitiation at all. We are still "in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity." We are aware it is taught that we must be justified by faith in the propitiation before we can be sanctified, and indeed in order that we may be sanctified. This we do not deny, but rejoice to believe in as a most precious and comforting doctrine to the sin-burdened, convicted, and condemned soul. But what we desire to state is, that we do believe that this justification cannot be really enjoyed, or sealed upon our consciousness, until we accept Jesus as "all our salvation and all our desire," as our "all and in all."

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not contradicting ourselves; and while admitting the doctrine that the sinner must be justified before he can be sanctified, yet in effect denying that this can be the case. We do not say we can love or serve Christ before we are justified; but we do say that we must believe in Christ as our example, and our life, as well as our substitute, or we cannot even be justified in the true sense of the word. If this be denied, and if it be contended that our justification is made complete solely and exclusively through our faith in the propitiation, in its strictly legal or forensic sense, then we must confess that it seems to us a very poor and worthless thing to be justified, and yet to be without the "Spirit of Christ," and to be "none of his."

This, some will say, is an impossible supposition, for no man who really believes in the propitiation can remain without the Spirit of Christ: for the Spirit is given to all who believe. But, we would ask, can the Spirit of Christ, as our life and our sanctification, be received into our Spirit unless we believe in Christ as such? Is it not a first principle in our theology, that the agency of the sinner must be concurrent with that of the Saviour, both in the matter of justification and of sanctification; and, if possible, more so in the latter case than in the former? In short, we conceive that the object of saving faith must, to be effective in the least degree, include the representative character of the Saviour's work, must include the exemplary as well as the substitutionary aspect of that work, and embrace Christ as the author of our sanctification as well as of our justification. In other words, saving faith is that faith which accepts Christ as he is, and as he was designed by the Father to be, the Saviour of the soul of man, in the full and complete sense the Lord and Ruler of the heart, who "works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure." We know it is a common expression that the work of Christ "for us" is all that is needed for our justification in this life, and that the work of Christ "in us" is needed to make us meet for the kingdom of heaven, and for our final justification at the day of judgment. We do not see that anything that is true in this doctrine interferes in any way with the views we have been expressing. It refers to the moral character or holiness of life, which have been added to the sinner's faith in Jesus: and that faith, we have seen, embraces Christ as the author and source of that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," and which holiness could never be acquired were the sinner's faith not to receive Jesus as its author and source. But while the doctrine just referred to may contain an element of precious truth in a popular sense, we do not think it brings out the exact truth in

this matter. We believe that the essence of that holiness which is needed for the final justification or meetness for heaven, is equally needed for the first justification and for present acceptance with God. A truly justified man in this life is one who has already become a member of the kingdom of God, and nothing that wilfully defileth can enter therein, any more than in the kingdom above. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, *he is none of his.*" Sanctification is as much an element in human salvation as justification is; and, if so, we cannot see how any sinner can be said to be saved even in this life, unless he accepts Jesus as his Saviour from sin as well as from the penalty of sin. Indeed it is inconceivable for any real honest man to feel justified in his own soul, and as in the sight of God, who yet harbours wickedness in his heart, and refuses to submit to the reign of Christ within him. And "if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

Now, in all this we believe that we are not only keeping within the bounds of Scripture teaching, but also within the bounds of sound orthodox theology, as held in substance by our orthodox teachers. It may differ a little from some mere modes of representation. Some say, for example, that faith in Christ as our substitute, or ground of our legal justification, brings with it, of moral necessity, gratitude and love in our hearts towards Christ and his moral law; that if a man does not show his faith by his works, it is because his faith is not real, but spurious; and that therefore true faith in the propitiation secures the sanctification of the believer as completely as any other or additional faith can do. Here it is implied that the essence of sanctification is received by faith, and this is exactly what we have been contending for. But we humbly submit it does not follow of moral necessity that if a man receive the favour of a legal, as distinguished from a moral, justification through faith in Christ, he must thereby be animated with love and gratitude to his Redeemer. As a general rule, this may be in accordance with the laws of human nature; and we have not the slightest wish to detract from the influence of love upon the human heart. But we have known of persons who have been the recipients of great favours from their fellow-men, whose lives, indeed, have been saved through the self-sacrificing efforts of devoted friends; but who have repaid these favours and efforts by the basest ingratitude, and that, too, while they were perfectly conscious that they were indebted to these friends for the benefits they enjoyed. No; God's salvation must not be liable to failure in such a way as this. Sinful man requires a moral as well as a legal justifica-

tion; and the one without the other is of very small account. Sinful man, when believing in Christ must realize his need of holiness, as well as of safety from punishment. And he must be as fully prepared to take Christ as his sanctification, as he is to depend upon Christ's finished work for his deliverance from wrath, or he can neither be justified in his own heart, nor in the mind and will of God.

Other theologians may say, that no man who really understands the propitiation in its true character and relation to God's moral government, can fail to see that it requires the believer to forsake his sins and yield himself to God, and henceforth "to walk in newness of life." In other words, that the propitiation of Christ from its very nature, revealing as it does at once the love and justice of God, his compassionate mercy for poor fallen sinners, and, at the same time, his regard for the upholding of his moral law in its strictest integrity, must impress the moral nature of man in such a way that he could not dream of accepting safety through Christ, and yet refuse to yield up the obedience of his heart to him who purchased that safety with his own blood.

In this view there is, no doubt, a considerable amount of truth. No reasonable man can understand the true nature of the propitiation, without reading in it God's demand for personal holiness in all for whom that propitiation was made. The atonement of Christ is the grandest revelation of God's moral character that has ever been, or that probably ever will be, vouchsafed to mankind. And if faith in that atonement does not work out in man a reformation of his character, nothing else will. This is gloriously true, and we accept it as containing the philosophy of God's plan of salvation. But this full-orbed and comprehensive view of the atonement must embrace the very element for which we have been contending, viz, the *representative* as distinguished from the merely *substitutionary* aspect of Christ's work. And, as we have already stated, it is possible for some theologians to confine themselves almost exclusively to the latter, to the neglect of the former. Jesus Christ is a true propitiation for man, not simply because, being an infinite and perfect being, he bore in himself the consequences or penalties of our sin, that we might be delivered from these. This is a most imperfect, although a common, representation of that propitiation; for it lacks the most vital and important element of the true propitiation. It was because Christ, as a divine man, and as a perfectly sinless member of the human family, acknowledged the justice of God by enduring his wrath for his brethren's sins, and yielded up his whole soul and life to the service and glory of God, as an

expression of what is due to God by humanity, that God was well pleased, and said, "Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." And, consequently, faith in this propitiation cannot be true and real, unless it recognizes that it was as our representative that Christ lived and died; and that we must be partakers of his death and life, not vicariously merely, but really in very fact also, before we can be partakers of his salvation and glory.

We know that this view of the nature of Christ's work is objected to on the ground that it is impossible for us to imitate Christ in that element of his work which made atonement or expiation for sin. Christ, it is said, died to save us from death. "He redeemed us from the curse, by being made a curse for us." Are we then to bear the curse after him also?

In reply to this, we would remark, that it is quite true that we cannot imitate Christ as regards the *end* of his work. That is, we cannot atone for our past sins by any amount of sufferings which we may endure. Neither can we obtain justification unto life by any amount of good works we may perform. But as regards the character or nature of Christ's sufferings we may, and indeed are called upon, to follow his example. We must "take up our cross and follow him," through good and through bad report, not in order that we may expiate our sins, but because it is our duty as believing and justified sinners to submit ourselves, after the manner of our Lord, to the righteous judgments of our heavenly Father, that we may be purged from all our dross, and made like unto him who came to renew us into the likeness of his own image. It is admitted, on all hands, that Christ's righteousness is an essential element in his work of propitiation; and also, that we are to follow him in putting on that righteousness, not merely by its imputation, but really, and by becoming righteous like him. We cannot see, therefore, that there is any more inconsistency in our following the example of Christ in his sufferings, than doing so in his righteousness. Indeed, his righteousness or obedience is manifested in his sufferings as much as in the other acts of his life. "He was *obedient* unto death."

It is quite possible that a good deal of vague superstitious thought may linger in our minds regarding the nature of our Saviour's expiatory sufferings. These have been exhibited to us so frequently after a dramatic, arbitrary, and supernatural fashion, that we are perhaps apt to form erroneous and misleading notions of their true nature. We cannot allow ourselves to believe to the full extent in those views which regard Christ as suffering directly from overt—or rather covert

—acts of wrath and judgment on the part of God. As if God drew some actual sword of justice and pierced his soul unto death. We do not deny that such language as this is used occasionally in the Scriptures to illustrate the Saviour's sufferings. But it is only employed by way of illustration; and it would be wrong in us to form our essential views of Christ's sufferings from such passages. It might be as reasonable to say that the curse which Christ bore was inflicted directly by the hands of men, because we are told in Gal. iii, 13, that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, as it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"—the truth being that it was not so much in the kind of sufferings he endured, as in the spirit of self-sacrifice and submission to the will of the Righteous Father in which he endured them, that the true propitiation and atonement consisted. It was this that was well pleasing to God; and on the ground of this submission and obedience to the holy, just, and good law of God, God was well pleased. He smelled a sweet-smelling savour. All righteousness was fulfilled, and God's law was magnified and made honourable in the sight of all the universe. But far from this being a reason why we should be exempted from submitting to all the chastisements and righteous judgments which God, in his wisdom, may see fit to visit us with for our good, it is rather a reason or motive why we should follow his example, that, being baptized with the likeness of his sufferings and death, we may also be raised into the likeness of his resurrection and glory.

To sum up, in a sentence, our views regarding the nature of Christ's work, we would say that our blessed Redeemer, being at once the true God and the only true man, made an atonement or propitiation well pleasing to God for the sins of all mankind, by his life of perfect submission and obedience to the holy, just, and good law of God, at once as man's substitute and as man's representative, affording to the sinner a sure and perfect ground of assurance, peace, and sense of forgiveness, through faith alone, and not by works; but, inasmuch as that faith which can be properly called "saving faith" must embrace the representative or exemplary character of the Saviour's life and work, as well as his personal presence and power as a living Saviour in the soul, it brings sanctification simultaneously with and on the same principle as justification. In enunciating these views we make no pretensions to originality, or to scholarly or logical exactitude. On the contrary, we are conscious that there are many defects both in the matter and in the method of our essay. But we have, nevertheless, a pretty firm convic-

tion that in the main our views are in harmony with sound reason and Scripture, and that, moreover, they tend in a direction which has been somewhat overlooked by many Christians. We trust, moreover, that the subject of the nature of Christ's work will ere long receive more elaborate treatment at the hands of one or other of our denominational masters in theology, so that our young men may be guided still more deeply into the knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and learn somewhat more distinctly the meaning—legal, moral, and spiritual—of that great work, which we delight so much to proclaim as having been wrought out and intended for "every soul of man."

Had space permitted we might have quoted largely from Scripture in support of our view that true saving faith joins the believer to the heart and character and life of Christ, in direct spiritual recognition, and participation—as distinguished from a mere apprehension of legal propitiation made in man's room and stead—for it is the former idea which we regard as so vital and essential: but we must content ourselves by stating that in the Scriptures men are far more frequently called upon to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ himself than in his work. And, further, that in those passages where Christ is represented as the true vine, and believers the branches; and where we are told that, "except we eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man," we "have no life" in us; and where we are told that, "if a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" it is manifest that something far more spiritual and vitalizing is meant, than merely that believers recognize that Christ has made a legal atonement for sin, and turned away the penalties of God's broken law, however precious and indispensable this latter blessing may be.

Not only do these and other passages indicate that sanctification is of faith in the representative nature of Christ's work and life, but they also reveal that most precious doctrine that sanctification does not consist chiefly in our efforts to imitate the character and life of Christ, but that by simple faith in the living Saviour, we receive a new spirit into our spirits which goes beyond the efforts—though doubtless with the concurrence—of our own weak spirits, and works in them, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure." So that we may each say with the apostle, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet, not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii, 20.) And in this doctrine, we conceive, lie the hopes of the church and of the world. We are persuaded that the church is not yet fully alive to the idea that its members must in

very deed and truth be crucified, and emptied of self, and that not merely by a deputy or substitute; and that they must also be filled with the very spirit and fulness of Jesus Christ, before they can be truly and completely justified, or be powerful in turning sinners from the evil of their ways. The church's theology is too much a thing of the head, and too little a thing of the heart, to be pleasing to God. Christ is yet straitened in us. We have not yet admitted him into our spirit, in all his mighty power, as the Saviour of the world. When we thus admit him, and when it is indeed no longer we who live, but Christ who liveth in us, then the Pentecostal days will return, and the world will see the salvation of our God.

A. W.—G.

[We hope that our esteemed contributor who has supplied us with these three lucid and elegantly expressed articles on the Atonement of Christ will not suppose that we have taken any unfair advantage of him by appending a foot note to this his closing paper. The fact is, that it so happens that a lengthened review of *Dale on the Atonement*, from our own pen, appears in another part of this Number; and our readers may naturally expect us to say something concerning our contributor's views, lest the one paper should appear to contradict the other. We need hardly say that we sympathize deeply with him in his desire that the Gospel should be so stated that they who accept Christ should be sanctified as well as justified. Yet we cannot go the length, with him, of asserting that justification includes sanctification. Such an expression as that in Rom. iii, 24, "being justified freely by his grace," seems to refer principally and prominently to the sinner's being made free and declared free in law by a gracious God through faith in the atonement. That doctrine is the sheet anchor of Protestantism. Yet such has been the wisdom of our God in the scheme of salvation, that even when a sinner is declared just, sanctification is there already in embryo; for no man who has truly been awakened to feel himself to be a sinner, and has gladly accepted the pardon of his sins through Jesus, can be in an un sanctified state. The Holy Spirit slides or glides into the heart whenever the door is opened by faith, and begins his work of sanctification in the soul. The inward work progresses afterwards, as the sixth chapter of Romans describes. We remember hearing the late Dr. Anderson of this city remark, at the close of a powerful sermon on the simple Gospel of the grace of God, that it was wonderful to see how men were immediately led to holy lives whenever they received the gift of eternal life. We could not always see the philosophy of it, he added, but the real explanation of the matter was just this, that God himself gained access to the soul when the Gospel was believed, and began to do his own purifying work. We are not sure that we fully understand our esteemed correspondent in his reference to the sufferings of Christ, near the close of his article; but we certainly cannot subscribe to the statement that the patience or submissiveness of the Lamb of God was the main element of the propitiation. The awful cry of the cross, we believe, was evoked by a sense of desertion and abandonment, the mysterious depth of which we cannot fathom. As "A. W." seems to be piously desirous to see to it that provision is always made for the sanctification of every professed convert, we will mention to him a view of the Gospel which we have often found to be valuable in that direction—namely, the representation of Christ's blood as a ransom which has not only so paid the price that the captive may go free, but *has made the cap-*

tive the lawful property of the Redeemer, so that he "should live no more to himself, but to him that died for him, and rose again." Now, suppose that such a statement as the following be made to a deeply awakened sinner, "The holy and loving Jesus died for all thy sins, and paid a complete ransom for thy soul, so that it is thy duty, as well as thy privilege, to trust him and reckon thyself his," what happens when that trust is exercised? First of all, an act of free justification is immediately passed, as the admirably expressed answer in the *Shorter Catechism* has it; and at the same hour that process of sanctification is commenced which runs on progressively until the perfect day. Such we conceive to be something like the conclusion on this important point to which the teaching of Holy Scripture leads us.—Ed. E. It.]

THE POSITION AND THEOLOGY OF THE EVANGELICAL UNION.*

"Buy the truth and sell it not."—PROVERBS xxiii, 23.

THE duty enjoined by our text is universal, always and everywhere incumbent on all men. Every man ought to buy the truth, no man to sell it. The truth cannot become ours till purchased by sweat of brain, or suffering of heart, or sacrifice of passion, sin, or self; and only on the same terms can it be a permanent possession. Certain old teachers loved to describe truth as a coy maiden man must woo assiduously to win. The Christian teacher can say, the figure signifying much more than the former fact, that man is a merchant, who must always sell much of what he possesses, often all he has, to buy the truth. To refuse for its sake to part with our doubt is to be an intellectual insolvent, excluded by voluntary incapacity from the mart where "gems of purest ray serene" can be bought "without money and without price." To be too clever a man of business to allow conscience to be lord of the conduct, and God the Lord of the conscience, is to be without the wisdom which is "better than rubies," the sovereign principle which can alone keep in the paths where honourable commerce leads to honourable wealth, and keep out of the bubble speculations, which may bring riches and luxury, but can only impoverish the spirit and deteriorate the manhood. To be without the truth is to derationalize the reason, to be bankrupt in heart and hope. To buy it is to win, to sell it is to lose, peace of mind. What you part with in purchasing it you are better without; what you gain in gaining it is "the wisdom of God," the light that makes glad, and the love that makes holy our poor and burdened lives.

* A discourse delivered in the E.U. Church, St. Paul Street, Aberdeen, on Sunday morning, September 19, being the third Anniversary of the Induction of the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, to the Pastorate. A few sentences of the above discourse were embodied in a speech delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow, September 29.

And "the truth" once obtained is to be retained—neither sold nor betrayed. Abraham sold it when he tempted his wife to lie, placed greater confidence in a cunning falsehood than in the truth, whose strength is its divine simplicity. Peter sold it twice—once in the court of the high priest, when, cowed by the sneer of a silly maiden, conquered by the contempt of violent and blustering men, "he denied with an oath" that he knew the Christ; and again at Antioch, when, terrified into cowardice and inconsistency by some ignorant fanatics, more zealous for the law than the Gospel, he deserted Paul and Christianity for James and Judaism. Judas sold the truth, when for miserable thirty pieces of silver he betrayed the Christ. So did Erasmus, when, in an age of fierce conflicts, he trimmed and temporized; Cranmer, when he recanted the faith in which he had lived; Strafford, when he forsook a noble and national for a mean and selfish cause. The truth has been often sold—is sold every day. The man who tells a lie to gain a penny or a pound, or who stamps himself with a faith he does not hold that he may win currency in a society called respectable, or who, in any way, sacrifices the right to the expedient, the true to the profitable, the good to the mean and bad, is a man who sells the truth. Yet he sells not so much the truth as himself. The Christ who was denied went to Calvary and the cross no worse for the denial, the sweetness and calm of his soul unembittered and undisturbed; his great love waxing the greater that it did not turn away from the friend who had proved false in the hour of need; but the Peter who denied him fled from the eyes that had looked him into penitence, weeping bitter yet blessed tears, full of a regret that ceased to chide only when the Master returned from the grave, and created by his victorious love peace in the soul of his disciple. The betrayer, too, was the self-betrayed. His kiss left no stain on the cheek of Jesus, but burned on his own lips like a living fire. The crucified died in holy calm, held in the hands of the Father, filling the rent and clamorous air about his cross with prayers that were as soothing and softening music out of paradise; but the traitor died remorseful, horror-haunted, anxious to do for his own being what the men who hired him tried to do for the Son of God. Erasmus trimmed himself into the dislike of all parties, the confidence of none. Cranmer gained by his recantation nothing but the right hand he had to make a burnt offering to his conscience. Strafford, by his apostasy, won only desertion to death by the king he had sinned to serve. The gain that comes from the sale of the truth is ill-gain as well as ill-gotten. If a man attempts to offer it in sacrifice to any deified interest, he himself is certain to be the victim. You need the truth to

become men, but the truth does not need you to become true. Without you it remains eternal, the glorious shadow of God; but without it you cannot realize manhood, be the image of himself God meant you to become. The truth has, indeed, led forth a noble army, the soldiers of righteousness, who in every land and age have fought its battles and achieved its victories. But the glory they have won for it they won by it. It gave the strength, the inspirations, and the aims which qualified them for their splendid work. They received that they might give, lived divinely because full of the divine. Sell not the truth, then, for by it God abides in man, ennobles him with the virtues, adorns him with the graces, that make common day beautiful, and common life sublime.

But the duty enforced by our text binds communities as well as individuals. Society, the nation, and the church, ought to "buy the truth, and sell it not." Peoples, like persons, are everywhere and always bound to do the right and speak the true, to be honourable and generous. And here, as elsewhere, righteous action may involve the sacrifice of loved interests and cherished aims; but a sacrifice can never cancel an obligation. The Hebrew people had a truth it dared not sell, however strongly tempted. It was the prophet for all time, and for all men, of the unity and spirituality of God; and it could do its sublime work only by living alone, unabsorbed by neighbouring nations—unassimilated to sister peoples. It had to live surrounded, often conquered, by the wisdom the great age and great achievements of Egypt, by the martial might of Assyria, by the wealth and wanton luxury of Phœnicia; but had any or all of these finally prevailed, the loss had been incalculable. The people were the vehicle of a noble truth, and the truth was greater than its vehicle. No sacrifice was too large to preserve it from premature extinction and for the victorious strength of the future. The primitive church, too, had to buy its truth. The men and women who, in the cities of Greece and Italy, Asia and Africa, formed themselves into churches, felt the fascination of familiar pastimes, of the gay, beautiful, and indulgent worship their fathers had loved and practised—the might of ancient habits, of hardly slumbering evil associations; but against these they had to do valiant battle, that the truth they had welcomed might live and triumph. The churches of the Reformation had to buy their truth by sufferings and sacrifices manifold. The splendid struggle in the cities and swamps of Holland, which achieved the independence of the Dutch Republic and the freedom of the Dutch churches, was a noble and successful struggle not to sell truth which had been already bought.

The history of every church or nation that has done battle for truth, freedom, and righteousness, is a history of our principle in action. Man has been made to know the truth, and to live by it; and he is never so conscious of his manhood, of its divine ideal, purpose, and mission, as when he does his feeble best to live for the truth and what it promises to himself and his kind.

Now, brethren, the principle which I have been thus trying to explain and illustrate, I wish to apply to ourselves. The application is meant in no ostentatious or exaggerative spirit. It does not become us to use large words. We are but a feeble people, little among the thousands of Judah. We are imperfect enough as men and as a church, have our own sins to confess, our own errors to renounce, our own failings to rebuke. We have much to learn, and, perhaps, little to teach; yet whatever we have, there are truths we have bought, and that we dare not sell. What these truths are, and what our duties to them, has struck me as no inappropriate theme for an anniversary discourse.

Let us then, at the outset, attempt distinctly to understand our historical position and relations. They will help to define our proper significance and work. In Scotland, dissent has been ecclesiastical rather than theological. Our religious struggles have turned mainly on the polity of the church, its constitution, government, rights; hardly ever on the doctrines it has professed and taught. Knox struck the key-note of our controversies when he met the haughty question of Mary, "What are you within the commonwealth?" with the proud answer, "A subject born within the same,"—therefore, one gifted with rights the queen dare not invade—rights which imply that the queen owes duties to every, even the meanest, subject of her realm. The same note was sounded by Andrew Melville at Falkland, when he seized King James by the sleeve, "bore him down, and uttered his commission as from the mighty God." "There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is Christ Jesus the King, and his kingdom the Kirk, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom no king, or head, or lord, but a member"—a very "sillie vassal" indeed.* The splendid work done by Alexander Henderson and his noble associates was work inspired by the same ideas, directed to the same ends. The principle expressed in the motto that gleamed on the blue banner of the covenant, upheld by the men who fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and died so heroically on the moors of the West, or in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, was ecclesiastical.

* James Melville's *Diary*, p. 370.

For ecclesiastical freedom and right the Erskines contended, and in vindication of the same the Secession and Relief Churches were formed. The Free Church is built on a political principle, had and has no testimony to bear which transcends the sphere of ecclesiastical theory and action. In Protestant Scotland there has always been intenser passion, more glowing enthusiasm for polity, than for doctrine. In no other land has there been the same strange coexistence of theological uniformity with ecclesiastical difference and dissent, sects and churches multiplying while adhering to the same creed and teaching the same doctrines. Discussion and experiment have with us done for polity almost everything they could do; but for doctrine little to what they might have accomplished.

Now, a uniformity in theology so general and severe as we have had, and even yet have, is good neither for the theology, nor the church, nor the nation. Our ecclesiastical nonconformity has been to us a signal good. We owe to it our political progress and freedom, the tolerant attitude, the quickened life of our churches, the keen interest in politics, the almost scientific grasp of their problems which distinguishes our people. And theological nonconformity had done as much for our religious as ecclesiastical has done for our political life and thought. Our nonconformity has tended to identify theology with religion, to make it inflexible and stationary, the enemy of reverent, progressive, and scientific thought in other spheres. Denial of its distinctive doctrines became equal to the denial of the most sacred and living realities of faith. The religious thought of the nation stood frozen, as it were, in cold and rigid forms, while its secular thought, fluent and sun-lit, rippled and ran, seeking new channels, and bearing new wealth from age to age. Here and there, indeed, the frozen forms seemed to liquefy—to grow warm in the sunshine of intense evangelical enthusiasm. The Marrow Men, the Seceder Fathers, the Congregational Missionaries, made certain universal and conditional principles articulate in our religious thought. But the recognized and acknowledged national theology did not cease, and has not ceased, to be represented by a "Confession" that embodies the severest Calvinism. It teaches that "God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass," has "elected some men to everlasting life," predestinated other men to everlasting death, and has made the number in each case "so certain and definite" that increase and decrease are alike impossible. Man is born with his destiny fixed from eternity. Those for whom Christ died must be saved, those for whom he did not die must be lost. The redeemed are effectually called by the Spirit; the rest of mankind, denied his effectual operations, are left to

perish in their sins. The decree of God is absolute and unconditional; and though an attempt is made to save the free-will of man and the action of secondary causes, the attempt is but verbal, and as such, while signifying little in the speculative construction of the system, can be made at will to signify more or less in its practical working.

Now, brethren, I am aware, as you are aware, that a scientific theology may be one thing, a popular and practical theology another. The theology taught in our pulpits has often been better and freer than the theology taught in the national creed, and never was the former more decisively and honourably distinct from the latter than it is to-day. But if we are to judge the theology of our churches, it must be by their authoritative symbol, not by the exposition of the more or less individual and deviating pulpit. And so judged, we are warranted, as we have seen, to name it a severe and severely consistent Calvinism. Now, few systems have been so successful in presenting God in a character offensive to sensitive and reflective minds. In an age of stern action, a stoical faith may give stern strength; but in an age of critical and speculative thought, a stoical deity, fixing the final destiny of every creature by an eternal and absolute decree, may be a victorious enemy to faith. Men think, and think rightly, that God should possess only godlike attributes. They can respect none but an honest and generous man; can worship none but a just and gracious God. If God's noblest work be an honourable man, man's noblest thought is an honourable God. And many in our own, as in other ages, have come to think that Calvinism makes the character of God undivine, to feel that they must either change their theology or apostatize from religion, deny the faith of Calvin or be sceptical of God. Were Calvinism so interwoven with Christianity as to be inseparable from it, then, alas for our faith! the theology would, in many minds, tend to annihilate the religion. Geneva helped to create the criticism of Bayle, who, first its nursling, then its convert, became finally, as was natural in one who had tried but failed to find a religious escape from its perplexities, a critical spirit, without any definite faith, sceptical of all religious truth;* and reaction from it gave force and

* The seventeenth century has no more instructive mental history than Bayle's. The father of the modern critical spirit, he remains also its most perfect embodiment. His admiration for the historical and political achievements of Calvinism was great, as also for the moral heroism of Calvin and his most distinctive sons; but in spite of valiant and repeated efforts to believe, in spite of the influences of birth (his father was a Huguenot pastor), and of education, he found belief impossible. He tried to find peace in the Church of Rome; failed; returned to the faith of his

direction to tendencies that incarnated in the last century in thinkers like Rousseau, sent men sick of artificial thoughts and systems to praise the state and religion of nature.* The theology of Calvin contributed to the subtle scepticism of Hume, supplying him with inconsistencies to dissect, with subjects and seasoning for his ironical humour;† to the cynical

father, but unable to continue there, he ended by becoming an inveterate sceptic. In many respects the best civil apologist the French Calvinists had in their darkest and most distressful hour, his later life was spent in conflict with Jurieu, its greatest scholar, and after his death an oration by Saurin, its greatest preacher, summed up his demerits and disservices to the faith.

* Rousseau is, in some respects, anything but a religious phenomenon; in other respects he is a very pre-eminent one. Bayle's recoil from Calvinism is critical and speculative, and Rousseau's emotional or sentimental. The Geneva, too, from which the men recoiled was different. Bayle's was still speculative, positive, and constructive; Rousseau's had become, in things religious, the Geneva which d'Alembert sketched and praised in the *Encyclopédie*, the picture being none the less true that the painted protested and disowned it. But, with all its changes, it remained in its real character the Geneva of Calvin, modified by the influences of the eighteenth century. The doctrine of natural depravity never met with so sharp and decisive a contradiction as in Rousseau's theory as to the innocence and excellence of a state of nature, and the *Catechismus Ecclesiae Genevensis* could hardly meet a finer antithesis than the *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*. Yet much that was distinctively Genevan continued to live in Rousseau, and, as his latest and best biographer shows, explains certain of the eccentricities in conduct and opinion that made him at once so violent a contrast and so great an enigma to his Parisian contemporaries. But even Mr. Morley's extraordinary critical faculty has missed some of the influences and qualities most distinctively Genevan. It was the search after evidences of election—familiar enough to every student of evangelical Calvinism—which, appearing under a curious form, and in strange circumstances, tempted him to try what he terms "*expediens les plus risibles*," that he might obtain a "sign of salvation," or a "sign of condemnation."—*Confessions, Œuvres*, vol. VI, p. 186, ed. 1817.

† See, for example, his *Natural History of Religion*, sect. XIII,— "Impious conceptions of the divine nature in most popular religions of both kinds," i.e., both traditional or mythological, and systematic or scholastic. He says, "Lucian observes that a young man who reads the history of the gods in Homer or Hesiod, and finds their factions, wars, injustice, incest, adultery, and other immoralities, so highly celebrated, is much surprised afterwards, when he comes into the world, to observe that punishments are by law inflicted on the same actions which he had been taught to ascribe to superior beings. The contradiction is still, perhaps, stronger between the representations given us by some later religions and our natural ideas of generosity, lenity, impartiality, and justice; and in proportion to the multiplied terrors of these religions, the barbarous conceptions of the divinity are multiplied upon us." And he at once illustrates and emphasizes his meaning in a note, in which, though by a quotation from the Chevalier Ramsay, "the barbarous partial decree of predestination and reprobation" is very freely, not to say fiercely, handled. With this should be compared the celebrated chapter in the late J. S. Mill's *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, on "the

scepticism of Gibbon, whose Calvinist tutor led him from Rome but not to Christ; * and to the atheism of Shelley, as, were we without other and sadder evidence, may be seen from the awful lines in "Queen Mab," where he sketches the only God his childhood had known. The merciless theology of Edwards made Channing, and with him much of New England, Unitarian; † the severe and relentless logic with which the immortal Jonathan built up his theories of Necessity and the Will, confirmed Kames and his circle in their Deism, and has supplied a groundwork and a text-book to the socialism so rampant in the America and even in the England of to-day. ‡ The Calvinism of Newton and the English Evan-

Philosophy of the Conditioned as applied by Mr. Mansel to the limits of religious thought," where he declares that the propositions, "that we cannot understand God, that his ways are not our ways, that we cannot scrutinize or judge his counsels," "have often before been tendered as reasons why we may assert any absurdities and any moral monstrosities concerning God, and miscall them goodness and wisdom" (p. 89). Other allusions in the chapter, especially his passionate declaration of readiness to go to hell rather than worship a God not good (p. 103), show what representation of God he had in his mind. He says, indeed, that "predestination in its coarsest form"—the belief that all our actions are divinely preordained—is, in his view, "inconsistent with ascribing any moral attribute whatever to the Deity" (p. 519).

* *Autobiography, Miscellaneous Works*, vol. I., p. 82, ed. 1814. The Autobiography tells, in the cold and sarcastic manner, so significant to those who understand it, the story of his second great religious change. How he judged as to the reasonableness of Roman Catholicism and Calvinism respectively, a sentence from his *Decline and Fall* will show: "Hitherto the weight of supernatural belief inclines against the Protestants, and many a sober Christian would rather admit that a wafer is God, than that God is a cruel and capricious tyrant" (ch. liv).

† Channing's Unitarianism was the result of moral and spiritual rather than intellectual causes. His system, like his character, was one of peculiar moral beauty. Calvinism repelled him by the immoral character of its God and its doctrines. As to its influence on him in boyhood, see his "Memoir," vol. I, pp. 28-34. He says (p. 356) to a correspondent: "Your ears are familiarized to sentiments which I cannot hear without shuddering, and which appear to me more dishonourable to the Universal Father than any error born in the darkness of Popery." And, again, (p. 357), "I know Calvinism is embraced by many excellent people; but I know that on some minds it has the most mournful effects, that it spreads over them an impenetrable gloom, that it generates a spirit of bondage and fear, that it chills the best affections, that it represses virtuous effort, that it sometimes shakes the throne of reason. On susceptible minds the influence of the system is always to be dreaded. If it be believed, I think there is ground for a despondence bordering on insanity." But the best revelation of the ground and reason of his recoil and dissent from it is his celebrated essay, "The Moral Argument against Calvinism."

‡ Lord Kames' essay on *The Principles of Morality and Natural Religion* was a book that made a considerable noise in ecclesiastical circles in its day, though little heard of now. The author was an elder of the Kirk, but the book was by the orthodox declared infidel, inimical to

gelicals contributed to the later and sadder depression of Cowper, which made him live in despondency, and die in "unutterable despair"; * drove the sensitive soul of Charlotte

both morality and religion, its theory of necessity being peculiarly offensive. The controversy had just got well under weigh when the *Treatise on the Will* arrived in Edinburgh. The coincidence was awkward for the Evangelicals. Here was a treatise by their most eminent thinker, a man of unimpeachable orthodoxy, advocating a theory of necessity akin to the one condemned in Kames', and building it into a basis and bulwark for the old theology. Of course, the joy of Kames and his friends was great. Jonathan was duly informed of the trouble his treatise had caused, and he did his best in a letter now affixed to his treatise, though his best was not too successful, to show that his was a most religious and evangelical necessity, but that Kames' was irreligious and his book "corrupt." Had he lived to our day he had found abundant work of the same kind to do. Robert Owen's celebrated formula, "Man is the Creature of Circumstances," was but a peculiar and hardly exaggerated translation of Edwards' famous axiom, "The Will always is as the Strongest Motive is," and J. S. Mill's "Doctrine of the Causation of our Volitions by Motives, and of Motives by the Desirable Objects offered to us," (Logic II, 429), was essentially the doctrine of the treatise. But such harmonies are old things. Thomas Hobbes, discussing with Bishop Bramhall "The Question concerning Liberty, Necessity, and Chance," is peculiarly pleased that he, for his part, can stand alongside of Calvin. Indeed, had opportunity offered, it might have been shown that Calvinism has along two distinct lines exercised a pernicious influence on English religious thought, has made religion offensive to sensitive and spiritual minds, of whom the oldest English deist, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, may stand as a type, and has furnished, as may be seen from what has just been said, both material and formal principles, I will not say to anti- but to un-Christian thought.

* It would, of course, be in the highest degree unjust to make Newton and his theology responsible for miseries that were in great measure the results of physical disease; but it is no more than just to say that they made religion, instead of alleviating, aggravate the disease, and determined the peculiar character of Cowper's misery. Instead of being filled with the sunny sense of the all-sufficient and universal love of the Divine Father, he was made to believe in a particular and unconditional grace, and sent to find in his own morbid spirit the evidence of his election to everlasting life. Simply because his spirit was morbid, evidences of his election were precisely what he could not discover, evidences of reprobation what he could. He said, "the voice of the Almighty can in one moment cure me of this mental infirmity," but as it did not speak his cure, he thought it had pronounced his doom. And so his friend's theology, while it left no doubt in his mind as to whether God could, left the deepest doubts as to whether he would save him, and these doubts, finally victorious, created the "unutterable despair" in which the poor poet died. Here is one extract from a letter written in 1790, ten years before his death:—"I would live and live always, and am become such another wretch as Mæcenas was, who wished for long life, he cared not at what expense of suffering. . . . That God can (save me from my misery) I know by experience, and there are reasons for which I ought to believe that he will. But from hope to despair is a transition that I have made so often, that I can only consider the hope that may come, and that sometimes I believe will, as a short prelude of joy to a miserable conclusion of sorrow that shall never end. Thus are my brightest prospects clouded, and thus, to me, is hope itself

Brontë almost to madness,* and paved the way in the Church of England for the recoil from Evangelicalism to Ritualism on the one hand, and so-called Rationalism on the other, as is confessed by two representative men—sons of the Evangelicals, the John Henry Newman, who fled for refuge to the Church of Rome, and the Francis William Newman, who wandered into the bleak upland of naked Theism.† And so, brethren, the theology which ruled our land has been no final and adequate science of the gracious and beneficent God, making him manifest as truth, winsome as love, glorious as righteousness. It is possible to believe that we can, by dissent from it, serve the living present and the future it contains, be loyal to

become like a withered flower, that has lost both its hue and its fragrance."

* One sentence from a letter in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* (pp. 119, 120) will be enough to show that Charlotte Brontë narrowly escaped the fate of William Cowper:—"My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state, brightened by hopes of the future, with the melancholy state I now live in, uncertain that I ever felt true contrition, wandering in thought and deed, longing for holiness, which I shall *never, never* obtain, smitten at times to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true—darkened, in short, by the very shadows of spiritual death."

† J. H. Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, pp. 58-65. F. W. Newman, *Phases of Faith*, chaps. i-iii. Father Newman speaks with remarkable caution and reserve in his *Apologia*. Time has there softened his spirit, and polemical purposes moderate his pen. But the fact stands, his first theology and his first teachers—the chief of these being Isaac Milner and Thomas Scott—were Calvinistic. But every one familiar with the history of the Oxford movement knows to what an extent it was a reaction against the arid Evangelicalism that then tried to maintain the Calvinistic tradition. The Wilberforces, the two sons of the ever memorable William, became the one an early convert to Rome, the other a leading High Churchman. The two brothers Froude went, like the brothers Newman, from dislike to Evangelicalism as a common centre, to the most dissimilar ends,—Hurrell's antipathies and sympathies being embalmed in his *Remains* (edited by Keble and Newman), and John Anthony's in *The Nemesis of Faith*, a book of singular autobiographic interest, full of very fierce things against the traditional views of the English Evangelicals. Father Newman's position, so early as 1835, is well indicated in a sermon on "Human Responsibility," where he criticizes "the Predestinarian Hypothesis," (*Plain and Parochial Sermons*, vol. II, 320). An eloquent sketch of the relation of the Anglo-Catholic movement to the Evangelical, may be found in Sir James Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, (vol II, pp. 65-204), though the writer never forgets that the new movement is directed against a party of which his father was a distinguished ornament. On the other and more rational side, men like Coplestone, Whately, and Arnold cordially disliked both the policy and the doctrine of the Evangelicals, the latter for reasons that make him the true father of the wiser Broad Churchmen, aversion to a party, "with their infinitely little minds, disputing about anise and cummin, when heaven and earth are coming together around them." (*Life*, vol. I, p. 286, 3rd ed.)

the greatest of human interests, the highest divine truths, to man's faith in Christ, to man's faith in God. It is possible to believe that, in developing another and opposed theology, we are attempting so to exhibit truth as to draw noble minds from the misery of unbelief, or the madness of despair, and to make the reconciliation of universal man to absolute God no fantastic dream, but a rational hope that comes with every new year nearer fulfilment.

Our historical position and relation will now be apparent to you. We are theological Nonconformists. We have formulated no new ecclesiastical principle, have no peculiar and distinctive church polity to expound or defend. We dissent from the dominant, in a sense, national, theology; but we dissent from it as Calvinistic, not as Christian. Our points of difference may be exhibited under two aspects—(1) as regards God, (2) as regards man; or, otherwise phrased, (1) as regards the divine purpose in redemption, and (2) as regards the mutual action and relations of the divine truth and the human will. In other words, we affirm that the truths of the Gospel are universal in purpose and provision, designed to secure the salvation of all men everywhere, and conditional in action, becoming effectual only through faith. But we must speak of these positions a little more in detail.

I. *The Evangelical Universalities.*—Our theology affirms (1) the universal and real Fatherhood of God, and, as a consequence, His love of all men, and His desire to save all, in opposition to the limited sovereign grace of old Calvinism, which by an absolute decree gave salvation to the elect alone, passing by the rest of mankind, and ordaining them to wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice. (2) The universal atonement of Christ, or his death as a death for every man, making the salvation of every man possible, in opposition to a limited propitiation, so made for those predestinated to everlasting life as to render their salvation a legal necessity, while not made in any real sense for others. (3) The universal work of the Holy Spirit, or its desire to reach and teach all men, and the sufficiency in every case of its operations to secure their conversion, in opposition to the limitation of its work, as a work really and adequately aiming at converting men, to those whom God had predestinated to faith.

These, then, are the distinctive principles of our theology on what may be termed its Godward side. We live to proclaim the absolute, eternal, all-embracing graciousness of God. He is never partial, has in his purposes and decrees no respect of persons. He is love to the individual man, to the collective

race. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but will have all men to be saved. Men, though they seem but bubbles floating on the stream whose channel is time, whose banks are immensity, whose waters the countless hosts of the creatures that live and die, are yet godlike spirits, born of eternal love, nursed, guarded, guided by it, designed, though not predestined, to the happiness it delights to see and to bestow. We cannot believe that God means ill to any man, that his glorious justice can be praised by any act or event that insults his glorious love. "What is man," we are asked, "that he should be so magnified? Is not God both Creator and Sovereign? and can he not do with his own as he pleases. 'Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?'" The question here is not what man is, but what God; not what man has done in relation to God, but what God has done for man. Whatever man may be, he is a being God did not think it beneath him to make, and having made and seen fall, to redeem. God is not first Creator and Sovereign, and then, and only to a limited extent, and in an adoptive sense, Father; but first and last and always Father, his sovereignty being of the grand and paternal, not of the artificial regal, sort. And his universal fatherhood implies man's universal sonship, the desires on his side that seek our good, the aspirations on ours that seek his face, the home whence we came, and to which, even in our worst estate, we now and then yearn to return. Though he does what he pleases, he pleases to do only what is good. It is certain he has more than the potter's power, but has he less than the potter's heart? Are men to God only what his vessels are to the potter? Will eternal love handle living and sensitive souls as man handles cold and insensitive clay? Does the potter care for his vessels, use his best wisdom and skill in their making, and will God neglect men? The potter never intends, unless he is a fool, to make a vessel only to mar or destroy it, and God never creates a soul predestined to everlasting destruction. The potter has power over the clay—no man questions it; but he will use it so as to obtain the greatest possible number of honourable vessels, every one doomed to dishonour being a loss to the potter, not the clay. God has power over men, no man questions it; but he will use his power for ends prescribed by his universal benevolence, and, therefore, so as to lead the greatest possible number to the greatest possible happiness, loss being loss to God as well as to man. The divine purpose, then, is worthy of the purposer, is broad and generous as his love, deep and exalted as his righteousness. "The Lord is good to all,

and his tender mercies are over all his works." "In him we live, move, and have our being." "We also are his offspring." "Can a woman forget her suckling child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

This, then, is our basal and fontal principle. On it our system is built, from it our several distinctive doctrines flow. Where Calvinism placed the Absolute Sovereignty we place the Universal Fatherhood. As Calvinism reasoned from its premiss to a salvation determined and destined to a definite number by a divine decree, we reason from ours to an atonement determined in extent and intention by the divine paternal benevolence. The will of God can never attempt less than his heart desires. To be a universal father is to be universal love, and to be universal love is to seek the happiness of the universe. Hence the atonement made by the Son, but designed by the Father, cannot aim at less than universal ends. The love that sent the Son to be the propitiation for our sins was love of the world, and so he is "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." The brotherhood of Christ is as broad as the fatherhood of God. The sons of a common father are brothers. The blood that flows in our veins may lead back to Adam; but the thoughts, the aspirations, the capabilities that live in our spirits lead up to Christ. With Christ we have the double kinship of blood and mind, with him are sons of Adam, with him are sons of God. And as he is as holy and perfect as man as God is holy and perfect as God, his brotherhood is ideally and really, in quality and extent, in act and intention, equal to God's fatherhood. So, though absent, he is not unmindful of his kin, is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," has "compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." He observed his own golden law, loved the world, and loved it unto the death. The universality implied in his brotherhood comes out in every other aspect of his work. He is the world's prophet—speaks to every man for God, speaks that every man may know and obey the truth, and be by it made free. He is the world's priest—who stands before man in the name of God, before God in the name of man; becomes by tasting death for every man the maker of a sacrifice by which all men may be saved. He is the world's king—reigning that he may subdue his enemies by converting them into friends, glorying in no victory but the victory which righteousness achieves over iniquity, or love over hate. He aims at reconciling the world unto God. He is a redeemer universally available, in idea, purpose, and fact, the Saviour of the world. He could

be no less alike by his relation to God and his relation to man. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all."

But the universal love of the Father, and the universal atonement of the Son, are incomplete and inefficient without the universal work of the Spirit. We are but consistent in affirming its absolute universality. The work of the Spirit is as necessary to man's salvation as the work of the Son. If any man is denied its converting influences, his salvation is as impossible as if he had been destined from eternity by the Father to everlasting wrath, and left by the Son outside his propitiation. If, then, the other universalities are to be consistent in logic, efficient in action and result, they must be crowned, completed, and actualized by the universal presence and persuasion of the Spirit, who teaches man the thoughts of God, and guides him into all truth. He speaks in every speech, lives in every land, seeks to dwell in every man. Men say, and rightly enough, God is immanent in the race, and in so saying they but affirm in philosophic speech what we now maintain as to the universal presence and action of the Holy Ghost. Truth is everywhere God's, and from God. The truth discovered by heathen philosophers in India and Greece was God's, given unto them by his Spirit. The truths that live in the imperfect religions of the world, the salt that preserves them, makes them infinitely better than no religions would be, are God's seed planted by the Spirit which dwelleth in man, and which laboureth every day to develop the seed into a tree which shall either transform or expel falsehood and error. And the life of God in the soul is possible wherever his truth exists, but eminently so where it exists in fullest vigour and most perfect forms. And, therefore, in Christian lands and in the Christian churches the Spirit is conspicuously present, present, too, for the double purpose of making men more Christlike in character, and the church more faithful to its divine mission of going into all the world, and preaching the Gospel to every creature. What seems limitation is in truth universality. No living man is forsaken of God's Spirit, and the men in whom he lives in greatest fulness are vehicles of this truth for the world, are preachers of righteousness on the earth. He lives everywhere, and everywhere testifies of Christ. He was and

still is sent "to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." God has poured out his spirit upon all flesh, that all lands may see the salvation of our God. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

So, then, our evangelical universalities involve and necessitate each other. They are logical and complementary correlates, one while three. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost together constitute the one God, "who will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth."

II. *The Evangelical Conditionalities.* Our theology here affirms, (1) That the will of man must be in the matter of his salvation free and active, in opposition to the doctrine that he, "by his fall into a state of sin, hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation." (2) That a man is regenerated through faith, not in order to it. (3) That a man is elected or "chosen to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," and not, as the Westminster Confession affirms, predestinated by God unto life, "without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him thereunto."

These are the distinctive positions of our theology on its manward side. It is throughout consistently and essentially conditional. Man is even as fallen free, and God respects his freedom. The human will is not "altogether averse from good," has not "wholly lost all ability to will" it. The virtues of the heathen are not splendid vices, are virtues as genuine and virtuous as those of the best Christian. Right acts are as acts possible before as after conversion, though more habitual and natural after than before it. In salvation the human will is as free as the divine, and its action as necessary. God is the cause of life, made and made manifest the creative truth, but man must supply the realizing condition. Salvation is of our God, but only where man believes is it experienced, does the eternal righteousness become ours.

These conditionalities are the necessary counterpart and completion of the universalities. If the latter show that every man may, the former declare every man ought to be, saved. If the one set of truths exhibits God as the only source and cause of life, the other set exhibits man as the sufficient, and, therefore, responsible cause of death. Only so can the truth be placed in a right relation to man, man in a right relation to it. An unconditional salvation, dependent on the decree of God alone, makes God the only

real actor, man a mere mask for the divine energy. Human action, whether as preaching the Gospel or as believing it, is but apparent, the efficient and active force being divine. Man is thus made to stand in the midst of endless contradictions. He is commanded to believe, but cannot till regenerated by supernatural agency. He is entreated to come to Christ, but cannot till quickened by almighty grace. He is told that faith is necessary to salvation, yet that the elect were predestinated unto life without any foreseen faith. Now, let a man face these contradictions, and what is he to think? It is the first law of logic that, of two contradictions, both cannot be true; but what reason repudiates, faith is here requested to accept. The almost certain result is either intellectual paralysis, or doubt. Either the man remains loyal to what is imagined to be Christian truth, holding it mysterious, incomprehensible; or he stands fast by reason, balanced in enlightened suspense, or firm set in the most positive negations. Either alternative is bad. That Christian man is to be pitied who cannot think of the highest and deepest and holiest truths of his faith without uneasy bewilderment. That thoughtful man has been wronged who cannot believe Christian truth because it once came to him clothed in contradictions, which theologians strove to conceal by invoking the fine indefinite haze of mystery. I have the utmost respect for a mystery—if of God's making, but the smallest possible respect for it—if of man's. And the mysteries in which Calvinism is so rich are man made, with no more claim on our faith and reverence than is possessed by other well meant but imperfect human creations. Truth is everywhere clear, and in all its parts harmonious, never demands the sacrifice of reason, even where it most decisively claims acceptance by faith.

These, then, are the distinctive and cardinal principles of our theology. The universalities vindicate and exalt the character of God; the conditionalities assert the freedom and the responsibility of man. Scripture, when it speaks of the first, seems to look at us with loving eyes and smiling face; when it speaks of the second, warns, entreats, and commands. These truths were worth buying; because, to borrow the fine thought of John Goodwin, they redeem redemption from the bondage of a false system. It were weak and foolish to notice, far less exaggerate, the price paid, theological suspicion, ecclesiastical isolation, social prejudice, and so forth. Enough, the truths are ours, to live for, to live by; are God's, too, given us to love and loyally obey. Let our obedience be dearer to us than life, dear as our manhood, true and invincible as the fealty of heroes of the chivalry of God.

Our truths, brethren, ought to have for us both a personal and a national use and worth. Truth is meant to shape character, to save by sanctifying souls. Stoicism was a stern faith, and made stern men, without a weakness and without a tear. But ours, being a generous faith, ought to make us generous men. The Spirit of our God ought to live in us. We but mock and condemn his universal philanthropy by our narrowness of heart and selfishness of aim. Yet when we are most individual, we are broadest. We best serve the race by loving the men we know, and ministering to the cause we see. And as the love of our God binds us to the most active benevolence, the person and work of our Christ binds us to be meek and holy in temper, to be strong and righteous and transparent in character, to be wise in speech, patient under reproach, resigned in suffering. We can hardly speak of our sacrifices beside his. Yet his does not quench ours, like the sun which quenches the stars in its own light; but like the light which unveils earth, while veiling heaven, makes life where without it only death would reign. Our love rises responsive to his, and since he for us sacrificed himself, we for him should sacrifice our sins and passions, our meanness and pride, our envy and hate, doing our anxious though feeble utmost to follow in his holy and blessed steps. We dare not forget the word, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his," dare only attempt the splendid but possible achievement of being "followers of God, walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet smelling savour."

And if our truths do their work in us, they will not fail to do their work in the nation. Much has been already done. The old Calvinism has been modified along the very lines which led us to our dissent. Our existence has no better or more perfect vindication than the change it has helped to effect in Scotch theology. And if we are faithful to our truths, the change that has been is as nothing to the change that will be. We live outside the church of our fathers for its own sake, hopeful that our thought may so leaven as to transform its old theology. We feel, as so many others feel, that our modern conscience recoils, and cannot but recoil from the God of Calvin. If there is no other God round whom the reverence and love of the modern heart can crystallize, then the recoil unarrested will be spent only when faith is lost in the abyss of speculative or physical atheism. And we, feeble though we are, must do our best to reconcile the intellect of to-day to the God of eternity, building up a truly rational theology, a reasonable faith in a reasonable God. Only a God who is

infinite love and infinite righteousness can charm the world back to faith, and, like the glittering eye of the ancient mariner, hold it listening "like a three years' child" to a tale it "cannot choose but hear." True to our truths let us live, let us die, our prayer the prayer of Moses, "the man of God," "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!"

THE ATONEMENT.*

WE remember reading in the memoirs of John Angell James, of Birmingham, that it was not only with his consent, but in accordance with his own desire, that the author of the volume before us was chosen to be his colleague and successor. The result has justified the selection; for the star of Dale is now shining as brightly and pre-eminently in the ecclesiastical firmament as the star of James ever shone. True, indeed, it is that even among glorious luminaries "one star differeth from another star in glory"; and certainly the celebrity of the still young successor is not exactly of the same kind as that of the patriarchal predecessor. The fame of the evangelic and evangelistic James any contemporary might well have envied, and yet "sinned not." His precious practical treatises were translated into almost every language that was spoken under the sun, and circulated by millions of copies from one end of the earth to the other. He was well named; for he resembled the *angel* who was seen to "fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Mr. Dale's fame is somewhat different. If not so wide spread, it is loftier, in so far as the eminence of intellectual superiority is concerned. This book shows that he is as orthodox and conservative on the doctrine of the Atonement as his predecessor was; and if his works will not save as many souls as the "Anxious Inquirer," and its numerous companions, if we may judge by the effect which the perusal of this large and learned volume has had on our own minds, they will so confirm in the faith the public teachers of Christianity, that they, in turn, will be qualified by lip and pen to resolve the doubts of many anxious inquirers, and "guide their feet into the way of peace."

Mr. Dale in his prefatory note pays a graceful compliment to the lectures of the late Rev. Joseph Gilbert, of Nottingham, which were delivered under the same foundation forty years ago. New phases of thought, however, he argues, or rather the great prominence of late given to phases of thought which were then but little known,

* *The Atonement*: The Congregational Union Lecture for 1875, by R. W. Dale, M.A., Birmingham. London, Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. 503.

justify, in his opinion, a fresh treatise on the all-important theme of the Christian atonement.

The programme which our author mapped out for himself when he sat down to compose these ten elaborate lectures, was first to prove from the Bible, and especially from the New Testament, the fact of the atonement, and, secondly, to construct a theory of that august offering; or more fully, first, to prove that, according to Christ himself and his apostles, the forgiveness and remission of human sin was always connected with the death on the cross as its ground or objective basis, and then, secondly, to attempt to show what is the *rationale* of that connection, or why it is that God forgives sin on the ground of Christ's death.

But we think that there is a prior question, namely, Is there such a thing as the forgiveness of sin at all? And therefore we would have preferred that Mr. Dale had given his exceedingly able eighth lecture on the Remission of Sin first; because, as we judge, it comes first in strict logical order. In it he refutes the position of Dr. Young, of London, that remission is the moral removal and not the judicial pardoning of offences, criticising especially his remark that spiritual laws are self-acting, and "exact and continue without fail to exact, as long as the evil remains, the amount of penalty, visible and invisible, to the veriest jot and tittle which the deed of violation deserves." This assertion Mr. Dale denies, and instances the numerous cases which are to be found in every land of some forgers, and swindlers, and debauchees, who have prospered and never been detected; while others who manage to deceive the bank, or could sail in their yachts to Norway after a winter's rioting, never seem to suffer for their sins. He appeals not only to the ordinary use of the word "forgive" among men, but to the sense in which it is manifestly employed in the Old Testament, where sometimes God is represented as delaying to punish, and at other times as forgiving for the sake of the intercession of a Moses or a Daniel, and in the New Testament where we find the Pharisees indignantly exclaiming, "Who can forgive sin, but God only?"

"We are told by the advocates of this theory," exclaims our author, "that 'God has no unsettled accounts, no outstanding claims.' What, then, is meant by *treasuring up* 'wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God'? What is meant by the 'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish,' which are to come at last upon every soul of man that doeth evil?"

It is plain then that sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily; and our author is warranted to conclude that ἀφεσις ἁμαρτιῶν, forgiveness of sins, just means in the Word of God what it means in the daily intercourse of men with one another.

Instead of following the natural order of the book and considering, first, Mr. Dale's review of scripture passages, we will proceed at once to the second and more philosophical portion, in which our author lays down what he conceives to be the true theory of the Christian atonement.

In a very learned and interesting chapter, Mr. Dale rehearses the various theories which have been maintained since the days of the Apostles as to the philosophy of the atonement of Christ. He considers this review to be necessary, by way of reply to the allegation of the Broad Church party that people would never have thought of finding the doctrine of substitution in the New Testament, if theologians had not first invented it, and taught ordinary people to read the Bible through their systematical spectacles. Far from this being the case, our author shows that in age after age there has been a constant effort on the part of the human mind to find out a true theory of the atonement, and that the propitiatory, or substitutionary, view is that which has been arrived at after successive stages of unsuccessful speculation. The earliest Christians were quite content to believe the fact that Christ died for their sins without asking why he required to die; and Mr. Dale is liberal enough to believe (and we heartily share his liberality of sentiment) that a man may be saved who rests his soul on Christ's death without being able to answer Anselm's question satisfactory, "Cur Deus Homo?" Still it is God's will that the human mind should search into the depths of things spiritual, as well as of things material; and consequently as centuries rolled on the inquisitive Christian began to ask why was it that Jesus needed to die. At first the Fathers were content with the grotesque theory that Christ required to pay the price of his blood to the devil before we could be released from the power of our satanic usurper. Only the voice of Gregory Nazianzen was lifted up in that day against this idea, of which even the master mind of Augustine seems to have approved. Next came the Schoolmen, who regarded sin in the light of a personal affront to God, and who viewed Christ's death as a transcendent act of righteousness and devotion to the honour of God, maintaining that God rewarded Christ by forgiving the sins of men. It was reserved for the Reformers, however, led on by Luther, to get the first glimpse of the true philosophy of the atonement, the full and complete statement of which is to be found in the works of Francis Turretine. This enlarged view came as the result of three concurring factors: man's broadening intelligence, an intenser religious earnestness, and especially the deeper sense of sin which originated the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Now God was seen to be the lawgiver, man the rebellious transgressor, and Jesus the intervening mediator who "so assumed the penal responsibilities of mankind that all who believe on him are delivered from the penalties of sin. The law has inflicted on him the sufferings which but for his mercy would have been inflicted on us."

But although Mr. Dale accepts this Reformation view as his own, and is therefore what would be called thoroughly sound on the nature of the atonement, when he comes to explain what he conceives to be the full philosophy of the work of Christ, he seems to unite in a remarkable manner both what may be called the propitiatory and the representative aspects of the atonement; or, in other words,

the view held by Luther, and, to a certain extent, the view held by the late Frederick Maurice. It is this union of view which makes his book remarkable, and which doubtless will lay it open in the estimation of some to the charge of having grouped together in one mass of thought somewhat heterogeneous materials.

Our author enters fully and with much subtlety of argumentation into the law-magnifying aspect of the work of Christ,—and on this point, as might be expected, we have no fault to find or doubts to suggest. The reasoning, in so far as we can see, is symmetrical and invulnerable. Starting with the postulate that Christ as the Word of God is equal with God, Mr. Dale asserts that the eternal law of righteousness was Christ's own law after the honour of which he required to look. In opposition to the late Dean Mansel, our author shows that this eternal law of righteousness, as revealed in the conscience of man, does not depend upon the arbitrary will of the Deity, but is in itself that everlasting rule according to which God's own actions are framed. Therefore it speaks in man's heart with all the authority of essential righteousness, and when man violates it he feels that he deserves to suffer.

On the question of punishment, Mr. Dale next proceeds to show, by the analogy of human law, as well as from the statements of scripture, that penalty is not inflicted by God on man merely for the benefit of the transgressor, or to deter others from sinning, or because he has been personally affronted, but because law has been broken and the claims of law must be upheld. Hence it follows irrefragably that when sin has been committed, if there is to be remission of it, there must be some adequate ground on which it can be forgiven, which ground has been provided in the atonement of Christ.

We now proceed to notice the representative view of Christ's work, which Mr. Dale adds to the propitiatory view, and without which he says we cannot have a complete view of the philosophy of the atonement. Christ, he maintains, was the very person who should, and the only person who could, die for man, not merely because as God he was the natural protector, if we may so speak, of the eternal law of righteousness, but because as the Logos or Word of God he was from eternity in purpose, and ever since the creation in fact, the brother and representative of man. Mr. Dale bases his speculations chiefly at this point of his argument on Col. i, 15—18, "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature; for by him (or, as he translates it without accounting for the emendation, "in him") were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the church." On this passage, taken in connection with the numerous texts in which believers are said to be "in Christ," Mr. Dale builds the following very interesting speculation: That from all eternity the Father saw in the Logos, or the divine Word, the fontal type of

all material and moral beauty which would yet be brought into being; that when the time appointed came, all the worlds and hierarchies, including this world and man, its lord, were created not only by the Word but in him, he being the kind of root out of which all their being sprang; that they all continue to live in him, and move, and have their being in him, and reflect upon him the glory that is his due. Withdrawing his mind now from other worlds, Mr. Dale fixes it specially on this world and its fallen race. All the material beauty in the earth is the efflux of the mind of this Word of God, and especially does man appear in his image and after his likeness, retaining traces of that likeness notwithstanding the fall. But the Word of God glows with love to all the race, and sees in every man, although a sinner and a sufferer, a sinning and suffering brother or child. Therefore when he goes up to the cross of Calvary to die for man it is not merely as a lawgiver that he goes, anxious for the magnification of his law, but as a sympathizing representative and elder brother who, when he dies, confesses that the judgment of the eternal Father is just, and that man deserves to suffer because he has sinned. Thus it appears that a pardon is granted through Christ's death to the sinner not merely because Christ bore an atoning penalty, but because he, as a model representative, submitted himself to the retributive judgments of God. At this stage of his argument Mr. Dale lays considerable stress not only on the passage in Colossians already quoted, but on 2 Cor. v, 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead": which latter clause he translates, "Then all died"; for he maintains "that Christ so 'died for all' that the race died in him. His death was the true crisis in the history of every man." There seems to be a little confusion in Mr. Dale's mind in his interpretation of this verse; at least he has not made his meaning so plain that he who runs may read. At one time he seems to teach that the whole race of man died in Christ; while in other places he appears to hold that believers specially "died with him, and in his resurrection they have risen to a new life." On comparing together the two classes of statements we have come to the conclusion that our author's teaching on this text is somewhat to the following effect: That inasmuch Christ on the cross was the root and representative of humanity, all men may be said to have died when he died, submitting himself as their Head to the righteous judgments of God. It results from this death of the representative that not only has a pardon of sin been provided for the whole race, but a certain grace or moral energy lies latent in the mass of humanity who were collectively crucified with Christ. This energy or virtue believers avail themselves of when they awake to righteousness, in some such way, we should suppose, as regenerating grace given to a child in baptism, lying dormant till intelligence dawns, is thought by the clergymen of the Church of England to leap into spiritual life at the time of actual conversion. Hence Mr. Dale says—

"It is far less difficult to apprehend the fact that we live in the life of Christ, than the fact that we died in his death; but the teaching of St. Paul seems to be explicit. The destruction of evil within us is the effect and fulfilment in ourselves of the mystery of Christ's death, as the development of our positive holiness is the manifestation of the power of his life." (p. 427.)

Again :

"How the death of Christ affects the destruction of our sin we may be unable to tell. Perhaps that great moral act by which Christ consented to lose the consciousness of the Father's presence and love—an act different in kind from any to which holy beings, in their normal relation to God, can be called—rendered it possible for us to sink to that complete renunciation of self, which is the condition of the perfect Christian life." (p. 429.)

Now it is because this moral power to slay and crucify sin was posited in the great act of Christ's self-sacrifice, that the high honour was put upon that sacrifice that it should be made the objective ground of the pardon of sin. Indeed there are three reasons, according to our author, in connection with the representative view why the work of the Son was made by the Father the ground of forgiveness to the race, (1) because Christ submitted in our name to the righteous authority of the law; (2) because by removing the barrier which sin had raised between man and the Father, it restored our original and ideal relation of sonship; and (3) because a moral power was lodged in Christ's crucifixion as our representative, securing "the actual destruction of sin in all those who through faith recover their union with him." When we add to these, as a fourth reason, the old and ordinary idea that Christ endured, as a propitiatory sacrifice, the penalty due to man's sin, instead of its being inflicted on the sinner, we have before our minds our author's complete philosophy of the atonement of Christ.

To tell the candid truth as to our own mental experience in reading Mr. Dale's elaborate volume, we may say that there was hardly an expression we could find fault with, or even stand in doubt of, till we came to the last chapter in which these three philosophical reasons are laid down, deduced from the representative theory of the work of Christ. We do not mean to say that we wholly disapprove of all the views there stated; but we think that the one and simple fact of the propitiation has been burdened with subordinate addenda, one or two of which, moreover, we are inclined to call in question. In the first place, we are decidedly of opinion that a theological writer should not depart from our Authorized Version of the Word of God, without giving his reasons for doing so. Now our translators have rendered Colossians i, 16, "For by him were all things created;" but Mr. Dale, without giving any reason for the alteration, translates the clause, "in him were all things created." We are of opinion that our translators were correct in their rendering. Any good Greek lexicon informs us that the preposition "Εν" means "by" as well as "in." With a substantive signifying instrument or means it has the force of "by"; while with a substant-

tive of place it has the force of "in." Now it is manifest that the Apostle is speaking of Christ here as instrumental Creator; and if there were any doubt about it, that doubt would be dissipated by the use of the explanatory and parallel preposition *δια* in the end of the verse—"all things were created *by* or *through* him." Indeed it is difficult to understand what is meant by the expression "in him were all things created," the divine Word of God being apparently reduced thereby to the level of circumambient air or space.

We feel as much as Mr. Dale can feel the force and preciousness of this splendid passage in the Epistle to the Colossians, in which we are taught that the whole universe was created and continues to be upheld by the Word of God. It teaches us that the arm we lean on is an arm of omnipotence; and when we recognize that such an arm was unbarred for our salvation, we are filled with wonder and awe at the condescension, as well as with love for the devoted self-sacrifice displayed. But when Mr. Dale says that the whole race of man were in Christ before his incarnation, and that therefore he was the proper person to come and answer for them as their representative, we hesitate to admit such a view, because it seems to us to be rather the interesting speculation of an ingenious theologian, than the clear revelation of the book of God. On that theory the inhabitants of Jupiter, and Venus, and Saturn, and the planets that revolve round Sirius and Orion, if there be inhabitants and planets there, were as truly in Christ the Creator as were the members of the race of man. We do not deny that in a certain sense all men are in Christ as their federal or representative head; for the analogy that is instituted in the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans between the first and second Adam makes this plain; but it is to be observed that Christ was not their representative as the Eternal Word, but after that he assumed their nature and became "the Lord from heaven."

We admit that there is much in our blessed Saviour's conduct at the time of his death which is to be our pattern, as well as our ground of hope. We are to submit ourselves to the righteous judgment of God, as Christ submitted himself; and we are to lay down our lives for the brethren, as he laid down his. But it is plain that although we may imitate him in submission, we cannot imitate him in propitiation; and we think that Mr. Dale, in giving the double representation, should have distinguished more clearly between the two. Thus he says, at p. 423—

"The act in which he submitted to the righteousness of the law by which we were condemned, is the very life and vigour of the moral act in which we in our turn make the same submission; and the moral element which constitutes the significance of our own act has already received in his its highest possible expression."

Now, in a sentence like this, Mr. Dale just uses the very language about the soul's closing with Christ which Dr. Young of London employs, whose views it has been the main object of the greater part of his book to explode. If we hold the ordinary propitiatory view of the atonement, the faith of the sinner is the simple reception of

the truth ; and provision is made for the sanctification of the soul in the grand display of the love and holiness of God which that truth brings to light as revealed to the heart by the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, if we hold the Maurician view of the atonement, faith on the sinner's part becomes more a moral exercise, and an imitation of Christ in the supreme moment of his self-sacrifice,—a self-surrender which ordinary theologians represent rather as the exercise of the Christian heart after justifying faith has been consummated. Now, it appears to us that when Mr. Dale in his last chapter of his work united these two views, he should have shown his readers how he could weld the two together, and where the simple faith of the substitutionary view ends, and the complex faith of the broad church view begins. We do not say, let it be observed, that the upholders of the substitutionary theory may not get much good from the writings of Campbell, Bushnell, and others ; but this we think must be done in the way of relegating to the department of Christian experience, much that these spiritually minded men crush and condense into the initial act of faith, thereby perplexing the anxious inquirer who has exclaimed, "What must I do to be saved?"

As to the passage in 2 Cor. v, 14, to which we referred above, we have again to make the remark that Mr. Dale should not have been so disrespectful to the Authorized Version, as not to tell us why he disapproved of its rendering, "all were dead," for which he has substituted "all died." We are aware that eminent critics support his view ; but critics as eminent support the Received Version ; the antithesis, as Hyperius observes, being intended to amplify the lovingkindness of Christ, inasmuch as those all for whom he died were spiritually dead in trespasses and sins. But even if we accept Mr. Dale's translation, which we admit the words will bear, we would not put upon them the mystical sense which he does. We would understand them with Flatt to mean "if one died for all," then these all *as good as* died, and therefore should be excited to devoted gratitude, and live to him who died for them. We cannot see how "the all" died in any other sense. Mankind did not die when Christ died in any spiritual sense; for they remain unspiritual. And believers did not die spiritually when Christ died ; for they die to sin, one by one, at the period of their conversion.

We are glad now that we have got done with all our fault-finding, and proceed with much pleasure to give a brief account of the first part of Mr. Dale's book, which, as we have already said, embraces the scriptural and especially the New Testament proof of the proposition, that the objective ground of the pardon of human sin is to be found in the atonement of Christ.

In adducing proof from the New Testament that the death of Christ is the ground on which the sin of man is remitted, our author is not contented to give a mere list of proof texts, as if the argument were made complete by a simple enumeration of passages of Scripture. He quotes with approbation in his appendix the admirable classification of such passages that has been drawn up by the lamented Dr.

Crawford in his work on the Atonement, but he adds that "something more than a compilation is necessary. The subject must be more philosophically treated."

"If, instead of selecting passages in which it is categorically affirmed that Christ died for us—died that we might have remission of sins—died as a propitiation for sin—we selected those which would lose all their force and all their significance if this truth were rejected, it would be necessary to quote a large part of the New Testament."

The order which Mr. Dale pursues in his induction of Scripture proof is, to adduce first the testimony of Christ himself as to the peculiar character of his atoning death; and, secondly, the testimony of the Apostles Peter, John, James, and Paul, the one born out of due time. He does not insist upon taking for granted the inspiration of the first three of these apostles. He is content to regard them simply as the faithful recorders of the communicated mind of Christ, upon which, doubtless, light had been cast by the truth-revealing Holy Spirit. And even as to Paul, he is content to accept his testimony on this ground, that when his credentials were called in question by his enemies, he was declared to be a true apostle by Peter and James, and admitted, as having that rank, into the sacred college at Jerusalem.

Perhaps we should hardly have used the expression, "Christ's own testimony to the fact of his atonement"; for Mr. Dale considers the history of Christ, as delineated in the Gospels, as important a source of light on the subject as his express words. He devotes a whole lecture to the history, and another to the testimony. In the former, he adduces such facts as the following—that all the four Evangelists dwell at length on the sufferings and death of Jesus, although they dwell minutely and at length on no other point of his career—that Christ himself began to speak of, and point forward to, that decease from the beginning of his public ministry—that he seemed to look forward to it with dread and apprehension—that his fear and agony at Gethsemane and Calvary were far greater than mere martyrs ever manifested—and that the bitter cry that came forth from him on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" can be explained only on the supposition that he was forsaken by the Father as a peculiar victim, that we might not need to be forsaken.

As to the testimony of Christ, Mr. Dale lays great stress on the words used at the institution of the Lord's Supper, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." He has the following powerful passage at page 70 on the remarkable fact that to the shedding of Christ's blood alone is ascribed this meritorious virtue of procuring the remission of sins:—

"In an indirect way it might be said that his teaching from first to last, all that he did, all that he endured, was intended to secure for us the remission of sins. But never even incidentally—never, even by implication

—does our Lord affirm that it was for this he wrought miracles, or revealed truth, or submitted to the sorrows and pains which preceded the cross. He does affirm that it was for the remission of sins that he died. He must have believed that the relation between his death and the remission of sins is different in kind from that which exists between his teaching or his example and the remission of sins."

Mr. Dale also founds a powerful argument on the silence of Christ, taken in connection with his thorough veracity, in this respect that, while he knew that remission of sin was associated with sacrifice in the Jewish mind (and the entire Epistle to the Hebrews shows that this was the case), he nevertheless allowed himself to be called by John "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and on the passover night connected the shedding of his blood with the remission of human guilt. Our author concludes triumphantly that, if the Saviour had not meant his blood to be the objective ground of the pardon of sin, he surely would have said so when he knew that the Jews of his day regarded the typical sacrifices which they offered in that light.

Advancing to the testimony of St. Peter, Mr. Dale considers, first, the discourses of that apostle in the book of the Acts, and, secondly, the references to the atonement in his epistle. In reply to the objection of Dr. Young that Peter did not preach the doctrine of substitution on the day of Pentecost, Mr. Dale cleverly retorts that he preached as little the moral theory of heart-subduing love. The great object of the preacher, on that occasion, he adds, was not to state the theory of the atonement, but to charge home upon his hearers the guilt of a great crime which God mercifully overruled to the salvation of the world. On the well known statements in the first epistle of Peter, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," and "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," our author argues just as we would expect him to argue. On the latter passage, indeed, he makes two admirable and far-reaching observations; first, that martyrs though they suffer *through* the sins of their persecutors are never said to suffer *for* sins, but only for freedom, or conscience, or the like; and, secondly, that so firm a hold had the doctrine of the atonement taken of Peter's mind that when he was exhorting his persecuted brethren to suffer patiently for well-doing, as Jesus suffered patiently, he could not refrain from bringing out this grand contrast between him and his followers, that they might suffer *through* sin and *for* well-doing; but he "suffered *for* sin that he might bring us to God."

Coming now to John, the apostle of love, Mr. Dale starts with the observation that we might have supposed that of all others he would not have represented Christ's substitutionary death as the objective ground of pardon, inasmuch as he moved habitually in the lofty region of transcendental benevolence. And yet he has no sooner commenced his general epistle than we find him saying that it is "the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin"; while a little

farther on he comforts his readers by reminding them that Jesus Christ the righteous is not only their advocate with the Father, but "the propitiation for their sins, and not for theirs only, but also for the sins of the whole world." In reply to Dr. Young's remark that the word Propitiation had a coarse and harsh meaning among pagan nations, which we could not expect it to have in the writings of the apostle of love, Mr. Dale powerfully observes that surely the word would not have been used by the truthful and holy John if Christ had not in some way or other satisfied the Father; and certainly, according to Dr. Young's interpretation, his work was no satisfaction to God, however much it might be a satisfaction to man.

On the practical epistle of James our author, as might be expected, has not much to say; yet even here he ingeniously shows that the argument in the close of the second chapter supports the doctrine which his volume was written to defend. He does so in the following manner:—If the object of the atonement had only been to produce moral results, how could the heresy ever have arisen in the primitive church, that we may have faith in Christ without works at all? The very fact that James had to write an epistle to his contemporaries, to remind them that the faith of the Gospel should be accompanied by the works of holiness, is a proof that the remission of sin had a prominent place in that Gospel, and was preached as a free gift.

But able as is Mr. Dale's digest of the teachings of the other apostles on this all-important doctrine, it is when he comes to Paul's epistles that his masterliness appears pre-eminent, and notably in the abstract which he has supplied to his readers of the argument in the two letters to the Galatians and the Romans. And not only are these epistles cognate as to the subject matter of which they treat; but our author shows us that they are historically allied, inasmuch as they were called forth by the same crisis in the affairs of the primitive churches.

They both owed their origin to the indignation which Paul felt when he learned that his enemies, the Judaizers from Jerusalem, were attempting to impose upon his converts in different parts of the world the galling yoke of Mosaic ordinances, thereby perverting the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ. When he learned that even his rude Celtic disciples, in the high table-land of the peninsula of Asia Minor, had not been safe from their subtle proselytism, he wrote off the Epistle to the Galatians, from which we seem to feel the glow of indignation still coming after the lapse of eighteen centuries,—an indignation which burned primarily at the false teachers who had bewitched them, and secondarily at the soft and pliable pupils who had been so easily misled. As to the law from which they proposed to obtain justification, conjointly with Christ's work, he boldly asks what use did it serve? *Των παραβάσεων χάριν προσετέθη*—it was added, beware of transgressions; that is, to quote the explanation of Meyer given by our author, to let men see that they were greater sinners than they supposed that they were, before

the law was given. The law, then, which demonstrated the heinousness of sin, could not justify from sin. But although the law could not justify, Christ could; and it is round the pivot of the statement, here given by Paul, of the nature of his atonement, that the whole epistle revolves. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."

"Try if you can," says our author, "to remove from that passage the idea that Christ endured the penalty of the law—the curse—in order that those who had transgressed the law might be redeemed from the curse, and inherit the promise. Make the death of Christ an appeal to the hearts and consciences of men, and let there be nothing in it which can be described as a vicarious endurance of penalty, and what becomes of the whole structure of the apostle's argument?"

Afraid lest the same zealous errorists should attempt to do in the metropolis of the world what they had done in the hilly regions of the Asiatic peninsula, and while his mind was yet on fire with the subject, the apostle determined to dictate a long and systematic letter to the Romans (which, indeed, seems to have been intended to be encyclical), with the intention of fortifying their minds against possible Judaizing machinations; and in which he lays down the two great theses that all men are condemned by the law, and that the guilty sinner may be justified by faith in the objective propitiation of Christ. On Rom. iii, 24, "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," Mr. Dale says—

"The attempt to include in the conception of justification any other element, and to make it cover the divine work by which the disposition, character, and conduct of men are changed from sin to holiness, dislocates the whole organization of the apostle's thought in this part of his epistle."

The great proof text, Rom. iii, 25, 26, Mr. Dale thus translates—"Whom God hath openly set forth for himself as a propitiatory sacrifice, through faith in his blood, for the sake of manifesting his righteousness on account of the pretermission in the forbearance of God of sins which had passed; for the revelation of God's righteousness in the present time, in order that he may be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." The latter part of this momentous passage he thus briefly explains—

"The righteousness of God, which might otherwise have been revealed in his punishment of the sins of former ages—sins which, in his forbearance, he had passed over, and which would also have been revealed in his punishment of sinful men, whom he now justifies and saves, is revealed in the sacrifice of Christ."

But the paragraphs in Mr. Dale's digest of the doctrinal portion of the Epistle to the Romans, which seemed to us to be the most convincing and original, were those in which he shows how very different the apostle's line of argumentation must have been if he had intended to advance the moral theory of the atonement. Thus,

in the first chapter, asks our author, does he expatiate on the weakness of humanity, and the facility with which Satan leads men astray? No; he expatiates on the *guilt* and depravity of man, and declares that "the *wrath of God* is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Again, when he has stated the evil, what is the remedy? Is it a display of love that will break and melt man's heart? No; it is a sacrifice which, while it undoubtedly possesses that blessed potency, in the first place is intended to demonstrate the righteousness of God in the forgiveness of sin. Yet it strikes us that our author's felicity of illustration culminates in his pursuit of this vein of thought, when he comes to consider the sixth chapter of the epistle, and especially the question, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" As we have not as yet given any lengthened specimen of our author's style, we will quote here one or two of what we regard as his most triumphant paragraphs—

"What shall we say, then?' asks the Apostle. 'Shall we continue in sin?'—we who are 'justified by faith,' we who 'have peace with God,' we who once were 'enemies,' but who are now 'reconciled to God by the death of his Son,'—'shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?' Such a question would have been irrelevant and impossible if St. Paul had believed that justification is a change of character, and that the reconciliation effected by the death of Christ is primarily a removal of man's antagonism to God and righteousness.

"Theologians who maintain that the only purpose for which Christ died was to appeal to the moral and spiritual nature of man, and to inspire the human heart with sorrow for sin and the love of God, do not find it necessary, after elaborating their theory of justification, to discuss any such question as this. For them, the direct and only intention of the death of Christ is to rescue men from sin and to restore them to holiness. Even their most bitter and unscrupulous opponents can never object that the Gospel, as they preach it, may perhaps encourage evil men to continue in their evil practices; nor can their most ignorant and unintelligent adherents so misapprehend their meaning as to imagine that they may be 'saved from wrath' through Christ, and yet continue in sin.

"But the theory of St. Paul was open to this objection, and he thought it necessary to avert this misapprehension. He was represented as releasing men from all obligations to righteousness, as preaching a salvation which permitted, and even provoked, men to multiply their crimes, in order that the grace of God might be glorified: 'We be slanderously reported, and . . . some affirm that we say, Let us do evil, that good may come.' The report was a slander; but had he represented the death of Christ as saving us from future destruction only because of its moral effect in saving us from present sin, the slander would have been impossible. The misrepresentations of a theory have always some relation to its characteristic spirit and principles. If a theologian, whose writings are lost, is denounced by hostile controversialists for obscuring the grace and sovereignty of God and ascribing to man all the merit of his own salvation, we may be certain that he did not insist very strongly on the Divine decrees; if he is denounced for teaching fatalism, we may be certain that he did not emphasise human responsibility, and make the freedom of the human will the centre of his theological system. It was 'slanderously reported' that St. Paul preached a gospel which did not require men to cease to sin. The slander

throws an intense light on his teaching. He could not have taught the 'Moral Theory' of the Atonement."

In drawing this review to a close, we are happy to be able to recommend this volume as a valuable contribution to theological literature, and especially to the literature of the Christian atonement. We had heard some rumours as to Mr. Dale's unsoundness as a theologian; but we were glad, as we proceeded with his book, to find him eminently conservative on this great cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith. His attainments as a scholar are highly respectable, as the foot-notes and appendices in the work make manifest. There is a happy union, moreover, in our author of the acute metaphysician and the eloquent orator. He often leaves upon his reader the thrill of delight and admiration.

We repeat what we said before, that we would have pronounced the work perfect had it not been for the last lecture on the Relation of Christ to the Race. Probably Mr. Dale may think this chapter the best of all, as some of his admirers, whom we have met, do not hesitate to aver. We, however, are of opinion that it spoils to some extent the symmetry and simplicity of the volume; and that opinion we have ventured candidly to record. We would advise Mr. Dale, when revising the work for a new edition, to recast and re-write the last chapter. If he is determined to cling to the *ab initio* Representative theory, we think that, even on his own showing, he should reduce the ultimate reasons on the ground of which God pardons men for Christ's sake to two, namely, because he satisfied the broken law as a Propitiation, and bore the just judgments of God as a Representative; for the two intermediary reasons he has adduced are quite subordinate and not worthy of being elevated to a primary position. The way being thus cleared, we think that he will find these two really reducible to one, since when Christ submitted as a Representative to just judgments, he was really as a Propitiation bearing our sins. We are of opinion, also, that Mr. Dale should clearly state his own views as to the nature of saving faith. We hope that he holds the view which was maintained by his venerable predecessor as to its simplicity—that it was merely "the belief of the truth." Thus it would appear that while, as perishing sinners, we are called upon simply to believe that Christ loved us and gave himself for us, it is as those who have already believed that we are to submit ourselves as he submitted himself to the Father, and lay down our lives for the brethren.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Jesus in the Midst. By GEORGE CRON. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison. 1875. Pp. 213.

HERE we have another precious and practical treatise from the fluent pen of the Rev. George Cron, of Belfast. When we say "practical" we refer to the directness of the style and the spiritual

usefulness after which the author manifestly aims ; for the treatise is both doctrinal and experimental, and is, besides, intended more for those who are seeking the way of salvation than for "the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus"—although these, doubtless, will be much refreshed by its evangelical pages.

The volume consists of nine lectures on the interview, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, between Christ, the host, and the "woman which was a sinner"; for though the latter spoke not in words, her tears were eloquent, and the devotional kisses of her mouth testified loudly to her deep spiritual affection.

The clear views which our author entertains concerning the relation of faith and love enable him to expound with admirable lucidity the words, "Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much." Archbishop Trench holds that the woman was forgiven because she loved much; but Mr. Cron maintains that the love she manifested on the occasion of the interview was the result and the evidence of forgiveness which had formerly been received through faith. We are inclined to back up the Belfast pastor against the Dublin prelate, and we feel convinced that "His Grace" might do worse than take a lesson in the grace of God from his Ulster fellow-labourer.

The volume is, moreover, so handsomely got up that its appearance is quite creditable to the Glasgow publisher.

The Ministry of Reconciliation. By the Rev. JOHN BROWN JOHNSTON, D.D., Govan, Glasgow. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. 1875. Pp. 395.

THE esteemed author of this handsome volume of discourses tells us, in the preface, that he has frequently been requested to publish such a volume, and that he has judged the close of the thirtieth year of his ministry a fitting time at which to comply with this request. We had read Dr. Johnston's previous work, entitled, *The Life and Remains of Shirra, of Kirkcaldy*, his predecessor in his first charge, and were led to expect from that smaller book that the doctor would not allow anything to pass through his hands that would not bear traces of care and polishing power. Nor have we been disappointed. The twenty-two sermons which make up this volume fully sustain Dr. Johnston's reputation for learning, fertility in illustration, and spiritual unction. Every here and there we meet with apt classical allusions and similitudes drawn from the domain of chemistry, with which our author is evidently at home; while his brief *excursus* on the double reference theory of prophecy, or, as he calls it, the principle of "germinant fulfilment," shows him to be familiar with the established laws of modern hermeneutics.

In his clear and convincing sermon on faith, Dr. Johnston accurately distinguishes between faith and trust—thereby supporting the position which we laid down in a recent issue of this magazine.

We are happy to observe from the newspapers of the day that Dr.

Johnston has been proposed as a candidate for one of the theological chairs about to be filled up in the new Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. If any of his brethren doubt his qualification for this high office, the perusal of this volume will dispel their doubts, and especially of the first discourse on "Ezra as a Model Minister," in which he indicates unmistakably his warm sympathy with students of Divinity, as well as his ability to train them for their high and holy calling.

The Two Angels, and other Poems. By ALEXANDER ANDERSON, Author of a "Song of Labour, and other Poems," Kirkconnell, Dumfriesshire. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co. Pp. 232.

THE author of this volume of poems became favourably known to the world two years ago by the publication of his "Song of Labour, and other Poems: by a Surfaceman"—the *nom-de-plume* which he then assumed. Mr. Anderson still works with shovel and pick-axe on the South-Western Railway near the town of Sanquhar, or, as we should rather say, the village of Kirkconnell, where he contentedly resides. In the brief sketch of the author's life, which Mr. Gilfillan of Dundee has prefixed to the volume, he informs us that Mr. Anderson is exactly thirty years of age, and still lives with his parents, pursuing the mingled avocations of songster and surfaceman. Not only did he develop an early love for poetry, but for languages as well. He has taught himself at nights French, German, and Italian, and says modestly, "Now I can appreciate in my own way, in their own tongue, the mighty voices of Goethe, Schiller, and Dante." Apart altogether from his poetical powers, Mr. Anderson's literary attainments do him the greatest credit; and Mr. Gilfillan is fully justified in his remark, that the man who can place at the beginning of his own original poems apt quotations from the works of Jean Paul Richter, Rabelais, and Schiller, is the true "Railway King."

Mr. Gilfillan also observes justly, that the most wonderful poem in the volume is the series of sonnets entitled "In Rome"—the longest piece in the book, in which the author fancies himself to be in the Eternal City, and describes what he saw there in imagination; for we suppose that the Surfaceman never really took out his ticket at an Italian depot for old Rome. Hear how the man who comes out from the village of Kirkconnell to work on the railway line sings about the grave of the poet Keats on the banks of the Tiber:

"And wilt thou go away from Rome, nor see
The resting-place of Keats, from whom thy soul
Took early draughts of worship and control—
Poet thyself, and from beyond the sea?
I turn'd, and stood beside his grassy grave,
Almost within the shadow of the wall
Honorian; and as kindred spirits call
Each unto each, my own rose up to crave

A moment's sweet renewal by the dust
 Of that high interchange in vanish'd time,
 When my young soul was reeling with his prime ;
 But now my manhood lay across that trust.
 Ah ! had I stood here in my early years,
 This simple headstone had been wet with tears."

We are glad that Mr. Anderson put the long poem entitled the "Two Angels" first, for we liked it best of all. Of course a minister's standpoint is different from that of a mere literary man ; and we do not hesitate to add, that one reason why we liked it so much, was its spiritual earnestness and its power to benefit souls. We hope, for the sake of literature and poetry, that some easier and more refined situation will be found for Mr. Anderson ere long in some railway office, or some rural railway station ; although we can easily suppose that he will never be happier than he has been in his little Kirkconnel study, or conning his new made lyrics on summer nights on the banks of the Nith or the Crawick.

David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York : Harper & Brothers. London : Sampson Low & Co. Pp. 443. 1875.

DOCTOR TAYLOR, formerly of Bootle, and now of New York, is one of our favourite preachers and authors. Ever since we heard him give a temperance address in Glasgow, we have been admirers of his earnest, God-loving, man-loving, spirit ; and we are glad that a Scotchman is carrying the palm to-day as the first preacher in New York. We say nothing of the Brooklyn celebrities at present.

We understand that the twenty-three chapters which compose this volume were delivered as evening lectures to the author's own congregation a few years ago, and that their publication was immediately demanded by the delighted hearers. We had the pleasure ourselves of hearing Dr. Taylor deliver, in the summer of last year, in his own church in New York, one of a series of lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, quite in the style of this series on the life of David ; and thus in noticing this volume, our auricular as well as our ocular privileges, help us in discharging our oracular duty. The author's style is elaborate, in so far as careful preparation goes, and yet it is simple and captivating ; for the interest is never allowed to flag for an instant. In this book the life of David is traced from his birth to his death ; while reference is made to his successive Psalms, according to the supposed chronology of their composition.

There is quite a controversy among critics as to whether sermons should be in the book style or the conversational style ; and we have no doubt that Dr. Taylor's mode of going to work might be appealed to as a happy medium between the two. He has his manuscript before him in the pulpit, of which, however, he is not a slavish reader ; and every now and then an apt historical allusion or telling anecdote

is introduced, by means of which the attention of his audience is maintained, and the way prepared for further expository research.

Our author is not only well read in theology, but in history and poetry as well ; so that the volume before us gleams every here and there with rare and *recherche* quotations. Valuable practical remarks are also frequent—indeed in his felicitous introduction of such reflections Dr. Taylor reminds us not a little of the late Dr. Wardlaw, whom, however, he excels in his power of delivery. We are glad also to see that the Doctor has not forgotten Scotland and the Scotch ; for he quotes, with warm approbation, from Dr. Wallace of Glasgow's *Gleaming of Life*, and William Logan's *Words of Comfort* ; while in his beautiful sermon on the Bringing up of the Ark, he gives the metrical version of the 68th Psalm as it is to be found in the sacred lyrics of Dr. John Guthrie, of Glasgow, whom he calls "an intimate friend and brother in the ministry."

We recommend the volume to students and ministers, as being a kind of model for their imitation in the composition of such discourses, as well as to the heads of Christian families who might wish to procure an entertaining book for Sunday reading at home.

Christendom and the Drink Cause : an Appeal to the Christian world for efficient action against the causes of Intemperance. By the REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A. London : Partridge & Co., 9 Paternoster Row. 1875. Pp. 332.

WE rejoice to introduce to all our readers this new publication from the pen of the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., the son of the venerable Dr. Jabez Burns, who has for so many years been one of the foremost men in the General Baptist denomination, and also one of the foremost temperance reformers of the day. Mr. Burns's book exhausts his subject, and by no means exhausts his readers. His previous labours as joint-author with Dr. Lees on the *Temperance Bible Commentary*, qualify him to speak authoritatively on the wine question ; and his deep interest in the personal abstinence and Permissive Bill agitations, go to make his book a first-rate repertory of temperance facts, arguments, and appeals.

British Trade ; or, Certain Conditions of our National Prosperity. By PROFESSOR KIRK, Edinburgh. Author of *Social Politics*, etc. London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Glasgow : Thomas D. Morison, 1875. Pp. 216.

THE author of this book is well worthy of the title "Professor" ; for both capitalists and working men may sit at his feet with profit, while he discourses on the first principles of political economy. We are glad to see that writers like Ruskin and the editor of the *Scotsman* are beginning to recognize his worth, and to find his writings to be the production of a master in Social Science. In this volume, Professor Kirk shows clearly that the men who think to better their circumstances by striking, and by putting out less produce than they used to do, are fools indeed ; because they pursue a line of conduct which is suicidal to their own best interests.

Missions: An Essay. By S. T. ANDERSON, D.D., a Missionary of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Port of Spain, Trinidad, S. A. Pp. 64.

DR. ANDERSON, whom our readers will remember as a frequent and acceptable contributor of late years to the pages of the *Evangelical Repository*, wrote this essay as a competitor for a prize of 100 dollars, which had been offered by the Methodist Episcopal Church of America for a short pamphlet on the Value of Missions. Although the Doctor did not get the first prize, the Committee of Adjudication deemed his essay worthy of honourable mention; and accordingly it has been published by the Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Nashville. The essay really is a *multum in parvo*. The author is well informed both as to the darkness of heathenism and the history of Christian Missions in general. He eloquently shows that the Gospel of Christ is the only true civiliser. Since our readers last heard from him, Dr. Anderson has moved from the continent of America to the mission field of the West Indian Islands, and we heartily wish him much joy in his work.

The Verity of Christ's Resurrection from the Dead. By THOMAS COOPER. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1875. Pp. 176.

ANOTHER invaluable little book by Mr. Cooper, the ubiquitous and popular lecturer on Christianity. It contains the substance of four addresses, as the author tells us, which he has delivered in whole or in part in almost every town of any size in England and Scotland. In the same interesting, clear, and conversational style which was so marked a characteristic of the preceding books of the series, *The Bridge of History*, and *God, the Soul, and the Future State*, Mr. Cooper shows that Christianity could not have gained a footing in the world if the Gospel narrative were not true, and if Christ had not really risen from the dead. We observe that he adopts the theory of Gilbert West, that the visit of the women to the sepulchre, recorded by Luke, was subsequent to the visit referred to by the other evangelists. We thought our author singularly happy in his refutation of the strange supposition of the generally sensible Dr. Candlish, that the expression, "flesh and bones," used by our Lord to designate his resurrection-body, indicated a kind of form less material than would have been intended by the phrase "flesh and blood." We will be glad to receive another volume soon of the projected series as eminently calculated as this one to confirm the wavering and establish the faith of the Christian.

The Theological Medium. A Cumberland Presbyterian Quarterly. Rev. M. B. DE WITT, Editor, Nashville, Tenn.

WE have received the April and July numbers of this able Quarterly. It still continues to thrive vigorously under Mr. De Witt's supervision. We are happy to see that our old friends, Revs. Henry Melville and J. M. Campbell, write vigorously in its pages. Dr. Lindsley has commenced a series of papers on the history of the

Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which promises to be both interesting and exhaustive. There are articles also on the Decrees of God, by H. S. Porter, D.D., and the Theology of the Epistle to the Romans, by Rev. W. B. Farr, which would delight the heart of the keenest Evangelical Unionist. Dr. Baird, of Nashville, likewise furnishes an eloquent and spirited paper on Evolution and its True Goal. We are happy to observe that the editor has thought so highly of the article on Creeds, which was contributed to the *Evangelical Repository* in June by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Aberdeen, that he has reproduced it entire.

Evolution in relation to 'Geology, Rudimentary Structures, Design, and Christianity. By the REV. ALEXANDER STEWART. Aberdeen: W. Lindsay. 1875. Pp. 91.

IN his introduction Mr. Stewart argues, that "since atoms, the members of the species of matter, show no indications of transmutation, it is incorrect to affirm that matter, either in the earth or in the heavenly bodies, is the subject of evolution in the evolutionary sense of the term. It also follows, by the force of analogy, that if species in things purely material show no disposition to transmute, it is certainly not likely that species in things living ever will." This position Mr. Stewart proceeds, in this long and learned pamphlet, to substantiate, bringing the testimony of Christian men of science as accomplished as Darwin, Huxley, & Co. to confute their rashly built speculations. We recommend the publication as one that gives a complete *vidimus* of the subject in a limited compass. Indeed, we do not see how his opponents could overturn our author's clearly established positions.

Words of Comfort for Bereaved Parents. Edited by WILLIAM LOGAN. Revised and Abridged Edition. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WE congratulate our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Logan, on the fact that an abridged, yet still valuable edition of his *Words of Comfort* has been issued by the London Tract Society. Thus his name, and the memory of his dear child will be wafted to the ends of the earth, and will continue to bless mankind, doubtless, throughout successive centuries.

A Letter to the Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D. By KENTISH BACHE, 24 King William Street, Strand.

MR. BACHE, in a very learned manner, shows that Dr. Davidson has been rash in disputing the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel.

Election as Explained by the Spirit a Reasonable Doctrine. By ONE OF THE ELECT. Glasgow: Wardrop, 57 Oswald Street.

THE author of this pamphlet says, "We do not understand the particular reason of election in any case; it is unconditional; it is the will of God." We cannot see that he has made the doctrine very reasonable, when he cannot tell the reason of it.

THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

SIXTH SERIES.

No. VII.—MARCH, 1876.

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK. No. 7.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO ST. LOUIS.

I HAD been thoroughly excited with my lecture on "Scotland and the Scotch," so that when I got back to General Holland's house I felt unable to sleep till the morning was pretty far advanced. This wakefulness was the more unfortunate that, as the train was advertised to leave Springfield for St. Louis at 6 A.M., the omnibus conductor had been instructed to call for me at as early an hour as four o'clock in the morning. "Why so early?" my reader is disposed to interpolate. Not only because the railway depôt was two miles distant, as I have already explained, but because said omnibus required to perform a circuitous journey through the city of Springfield, for intending travellers, before it would reach the highway; and I had the misfortune to be the first on the conductor's list, inasmuch as my gallant host's residence was at no great distance from the inn in whose courtyard the vehicle was accommodated. It seemed to me as if I had newly fallen asleep when I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door, followed soon by the General's prompt word of command, not, indeed, to be up and fight, but to be up and take my flight so early in the morning. I did not know, at first, that the conveyance was waiting at the gate; and, consequently, I had begun to dress in a rather leisurely fashion. But another loud knocking at the door brought a second hurried message to me to the effect that the coachman was

impatient and could wait no longer. I think I never finished my toilet with so much expedition all my life; and when I reached the street, and began to recollect all that I had brought with me, I was thankful at length to feel assured that nothing had been left behind. For if I had not collected my goods and chattels, I would, in all likelihood, never have seen them again in this world, since I was now turning my back on the most westerly point of my journey and setting my face eastward and homeward. As it was, my pockets were stuffed full of little odds and ends of things which I had found lying about my room at the last moment, and I was actually under the necessity of fastening wrist-buttons and adjusting my necktie after the omnibus had driven away, of which for a while I was the only occupant. This hot haste, however, had one advantage, namely, that it took the edge off the sadness of that morning's farewell; for I believe that General Holland was so thankful to get the driver pacified and see me fairly off, that he had really no time to bid me a deliberate good-bye. I beg leave now to wave that to him and his excellent household across the wide Atlantic.

A lady and her little daughter were the first to enter the conveyance; and then we drew up at Mr. Shepherd's house to take Dr. Morison in. The doctor, as usual, was most punctual to the time, and had, indeed, been waiting on us for a while. He had even comfortably breakfasted at that early hour.

When we reached the railway depôt, we found that we were to have a good deal of Cumberland Presbyterian company for our day's journey to St. Louis. The excursion to the Indian territory, which was to be made that day, had the effect of sending a good many of the less pleasure-loving members of the Assembly home; and all the more readily that its sessions had now been held for upwards of a week, and the Sabbath-day was approaching, when ministers like, if possible, to be in their own pulpits. Dr. Beard was in the cars with his friend Judge Caruthers, the Professor of Law in Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tennessee; President MacGlumphy, of Lincoln College, also journeyed with us, and our friend Mr. Clark, on his way back to Louisville. Another very intelligent gentleman was also our fellow-traveller, who had come all the way from California to attend the General Assembly, and who was now glad to be on his way home again by the route of the Rocky Mountains. We felt all that hot summer day the superiority of the American railway carriages over our own; for the tedium of the eleven hours' ride was much relieved by the facility with which we could move from one seat in the long carriage to another, and converse now with this and now with that enter-

taining fellow-traveller. We reached St. Louis at 5 P.M., and proceeded to the St. Nicholas hotel, along with the Rev. Mr. Norris, of Free Port, Pennsylvania, who also had accompanied us on our journey.

The St. Nicholas hotel was crowded with ministers and elders who were attending the General Assembly of the great Presbyterian body which was being held at St. Louis at the very time when the Cumberland Presbyterian Assembly was in session in the same state of Missouri. We entered into conversation during supper with some of the representative elders who were seated at the same table with us, and learned that the Rev. Mr. Woods had addressed them that very day as the commissioner from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. When our repast was ended Mr. Norris proposed that we should take a walk across the great suspension bridge that now spans the Mississippi River, and which, as I have remarked, had been opened for foot passengers on the Friday before. This immense structure which, for its arches of cast steel and its lofty piers, stands unrivalled as a river-bridge in the world, had just been completed at the cost of one million sterling. With reference to the price, we may indeed observe that it was told us as a somewhat amusing fact that the great structure might have been opened some months before; but the steel manufacturers of Pittsburg had forwarded a legal interdict against its being opened till their account for steel was paid! It would appear, therefore, that the gold equivalent for the baser metal had been at length forthcoming, inasmuch as the interdict had been removed.

The great difficulty in the construction of this marvellous bridge which, with its continuations on each side, is fully a mile in length, had been occasioned by the depth to which the piers supporting it required to be sunk. One of the peculiarities of the Mississippi is this, that when its waters rise in flood the sand at its bottom will be scoured away to the extent of forty feet deep and sometimes even laid bare to the rock below. It was plain, therefore, to the surveying engineers that the four piers on which the great bridge was to be laid must needs be built down to that virgin rock itself. The two piers nearest each shore did not cause them so much trouble in prospect; but the necessary profundity of the central piers, in the middle of the stream, gave them no little anxiety and toil. When they had made their tentative soundings, they found that the rock for the central pier nearest the St. Louis shore was 90 feet below the ordinary high water line; while below the central pier nearest the east or Illinois shore, the rock was reached at the depth of 120 feet—there being the difference of

30 feet as to these two soundings. Congress, moreover, had decreed that the arches must reach the height of 50 feet above that high water line, in order that the navigation of the great river might be unhindered; so that the engineers had to face the difficulty of constructing two solid piers, taking all things into account, the one 194 feet and the other 165 feet from top to bottom. Yet what cannot the perseverance and ingenuity of man achieve! Colossal iron caissons or air-chambers were let down gradually by means of sand pumps, which removed the gigantic layers of sand through which they had to pass, till the solid rock was reached. When this was at length accomplished, these iron compressed air-chambers were filled up with concrete; and then the vertical shafts that communicated between them and the world above were filled up in a similar manner. The three steel arches of the bridge are double, each consisting of two concentric arches, joined together by a network of the most massive steel braces. The two great arches at the sides measure 500 feet each; while the span of the principal arch—namely, that which stretches between the two deep piers just described—measures 520 feet. Upon the iron necks of these immense arches the real bridge has been laid in two storeys, the lower being intended for the railways—the upper for vehicles and foot passengers. Being 50 feet wide, both of these airy pathways will afford ample accommodation for the most abundant commerce and the free locomotion of man and beast.

It was along the highest storey of the bridge, of course, that Dr. Morison, Mr. Norris, and myself took our walk on the evening of the 28th of May, 1874. We had no difficulty in reaching it; for it has been continued into the city, a distance of 1,049 feet, till its level meets that of the broad Washington Avenue,—the traffic of the cross streets below being easily continued under the five arches of a viaduct of 27 feet span each. The railway, however, on the lower storey, dashes at this point into a tunnel three quarters of a mile long, which emerges at Eleventh Street, where a great central dépôt is in process of erection. The evening was beautiful, and a fine breeze had sprung up at the close of the hot day which made our easy stroll truly enjoyable. There was much also in all we saw around us to fill our minds both with admiration of the works of the infinite God, and of finite man, who, however, achieves his marvels only by the skill and strength which the great God has given him. There was the mighty river far below us, which, through uncounted ages, had drained off the waters of a continent, carrying them to a far southern sea. And there was a marvellous bridge now spanning its waters,

the construction of which not many years ago would have been voted impossible. Little did the traders of the "Louisiana Fur Company" think, who first established themselves there on the 15th of February, 1764, that, after the lapse only of a single century, a city containing nearly half a million of inhabitants would be flourishing at the paltry trading port where they drew up their few frail keel boats; and that an immense viaduct would connect the eastern and the western shores, over which would roll every day with lightning speed the traffic of a continent conveyed by the power of steam! But see far below us the great steamboats passing swiftly, and the ships with the tall masts feeling that they have free scope between the granite piers that stand five hundred feet apart. It was plain that as the commerce from New York to California would flow freely from east to west along the bridge above, in like manner the commerce from St. Paul's to New Orleans, a distance of some 2,000 miles, would flow freely from north to south along the mighty waters below. We traversed the bridge from end to end, delighting much in the springy sensation of the new wood below our feet, and often tarrying to admire the strength of the piers and their colossal proportions, till these were lost sight of in the waters below. It was plain that the citizens of St. Louis were proud of their bridge and quite new-fangled about it, for numerous parties of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen were promenading along the almost giddy eminence; and doubtless, in all time coming, that airy pathway will be a favourite promenade, notwithstanding the few cents per head that require to be paid for the pleasure of enjoying it. We were informed that, although the bridge had been opened in a kind of local and partial manner on the 22nd of May, it was to be fully and officially opened by President Grant on the 4th of July following—the great national holiday. Of a truth it is a work of which the Americans have cause to boast.

On Friday, the 29th of May, as we had made up our minds to leave St. Louis at three o'clock in the afternoon, we were anxious to make the most of the time at our disposal in the way of sight-seeing between breakfast and dinner. We were advised, both by our landlord and the Rev. Mr. Woods, the Cumberland representative of whom I have already spoken, and who, we found, was staying with us at the same hotel, to proceed in the first place to the suburbs of the city to inspect what are well-known in St. Louis as "Shaw's Gardens," and then return to pay a visit to the General Assembly, which was holding its sessions in one of the largest Presbyterian churches in the centre of the city. I am sorry to say that our trip to the gardens was an abortive and unsuccessful one, because we had

to break it off before it was completed. We had not been accurately informed as to the distance of that resort from the city, so that after we had travelled with the tramway cars as far as they would take us—I am certain fully three miles—and then found omnibuses drawn up to carry us other two miles farther into the country, we saw we had no time left to inspect the horticultural inclosures of our fellow-countryman, Mr. Henry Shaw, and also to do anything like justice to the reverend court in St. Louis. Indeed, the alternative that was proposed to our minds was this,—an assembly of flowers or an assembly of clergy, which of the two will you visit? It will not be matter of wonder to our readers that we decided in favour of the cloth rather than the conservatory,—and all the more that we had the hope of culling some of the flowers of oratory in the ecclesiastical meeting, and of carrying them away with us, not, indeed, in the button-hole of the coat, but securely buttoned up in memory's repository. We were not at all disappointed, however, with our ride to the suburbs of the city, nor did we think the couple of hours lost time which had been occupied in our journeying. In the first place, we had a fine view of the rich suburban residences of the more comfortable citizens of St. Louis. Our course lay in a south-western direction; and, following the undulating irregularities of the ground, the cars first ascended to a height of about 150 feet above the Mississippi, and then descending again into a gentle valley, rose once more to the height of some 200 feet above that river, from which eminence a tolerable view could be had of the city in the distance. Elegant villas, with gardens both before and behind, adorned the two sides of the road; and we could have fancied that we were in the outskirts of Glasgow or Edinburgh, had it not been for the great heat which oppressed us even in the inside of the car, and also for the outside wooden shutters which obscured every window, and were intended to keep out the fiery glare of the orb of day. A second consideration helped to reconcile us to our disappointment, namely, the great amusement which was furnished us by the strange conduct of two rival omnibus-conductors, whose conveyances were drawn up at the point where the tramway cars ended. We really were not intending to take either of them, for we had just been making up our minds to return to the city without visiting the gardens. We had come out of the car, however, to take a stroll for a minute or two till it would be ready to return; but the jealous Jehus rushed to the conclusion that we were bound for the gardens, and immediately began to depreciate each the other's conveyance, and, what was to us more remark-

able, each the other's character. The one of them was to start immediately; but the other, having newly come in, was not to leave for about ten minutes or so. Now, it seemed to be the aim of the latter to prevent us from giving our custom to the former till he would be ready to leave. So he thus began his depreciatory harangue: "Don't go with that fellow, gentlemen, I beseech you. He is a great impostor. The fare to the gardens is only ten cents, and he is going to charge you half-a-dollar. I saw him just now, before you came up, draw a slide over the amount of the fare that is marked in the inside of his car. He is doubtless going to cheat you. Wait for me, gentlemen, and I will give you a cheap ride in a few minutes." When he had ended this vituperative appeal the object of his attack, who all the time of it had been patiently twirling his cap in his hand, began his reply as follows: "Never mind what he says, gentlemen; he is not only a low fellow but a criminal. He is not long out of gaol, and he cannot deny it. I will give you as cheap a ride as he would do; and, besides, I am just about to start." We were quite sorry that our arrival on the scene had provoked this useless and acrimonious passage of arms, or rather, of tongue-fence; and, of course, we immediately explained that we could not employ any of them, as we had to return to St. Louis forthwith. But what surprised us much was that neither of the pair rushed at the other as a choleric Scotchman would have done; and still more that, as we drove off from the spot, they continued to sit quite near one another on the back steps of their respective vehicles, as if no such bitter encounter of words had taken place. If time had been left us, we certainly would have rated them soundly on their unneighbourly exhibition, and would have besought them to study more the scriptural law of loving-kindness, if their hearts had been at all susceptible of impression in that direction. As it was, the driver of our car laughed heartily at our surprise at the unexpected ebullition of temper on the part of his brethren of the whip; for doubtless he understood the phenomenon better than we did. I have often wondered since if there could be any pre-concerted plot in the variance, and if there might have been more of a cunning performance in it than a display of real animosity; although, I confess, I cannot see how a mere pretence of ill-will on their parts could have been expected to operate either on our sympathies or our pockets.

As our intention to visit the gardens was frustrated, I may here say that Mr. Shaw emigrated from this country about fifty years ago, and when he was quite a young man. Having made money in St. Louis as a hardware merchant, he has gratified

his own taste for flowers by planting round his elegant residence a most spacious and Eden-like garden, the fame of which has spread over all the American continent. About forty acres are already under cultivation, filled with flowers, fruits, and trees; the arboretum containing, among other subdivisions, a pinetum and quercetum—that is, parks for specimens of pines and oaks alone. An additional garden, consisting of 200 acres, is being at present laid out, called the Lower Grade Park; while an outside enclosure of 400 acres has been secured by the proprietor against the future encroachments of the city. The whole has been gifted by the munificent Mr. Shaw to St. Louis, and is to be managed by trustees after his death.

When we reached the Presbyterian church in which the General Assembly was being held, we found it to be a great structure at the corner of a street, with a square of trees in front of it, which gave the neighbourhood a rustic appearance, although the busiest part of St. Louis was at no great distance. The audience within reminded us not a little of the appearance presented by the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland, or the Free Church, when they meet in Edinburgh, or even by the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church at the time of its annual convocation in that city. The clerical and lay members occupied the lower part of the building, which was almost completely filled with them, although at the time of our visit there was no exciting subject of discussion calculated to attract a crowded turn-out. The deep gallery above was also well filled with an appreciative audience of ladies and gentlemen, who, from time to time, manifested their sympathy with the successive speakers, not only by expressive smiles, but even by murmurs of whispered approbation. I observed that some ladies in the front seats in the gallery had brought their knitting to the meeting, determined, apparently, to have a day of it; and it was plain that they could both work and hear at once, for when a member of Assembly spoke, of whose views they did not wholly approve, they knitted their beautiful handkerchiefs and their beautiful brows at the same time.

I have not a very distinct recollection of the subject of debate which was under consideration when Dr. Morison and myself entered the Assembly, and took our seats in one of the tiers of pews nearest the wall. I rather think it was on the best way to work up mission stations, and what relation these ought to hold to the neighbouring churches which originated them. An intelligent layman, who sat next me, kindly told me the names of the leading ministers who made speeches on the occasion. The three names which I find recorded in my

diary are, the Revs. Dr. Johnston, Dr. Henrick, and Dr. Musgrave,—the first from Philadelphia, and the third belonging to St. Louis itself; while the second, if I mistake not, hailed from Cleveland, in the state of Ohio,—thus showing, from distances how great and how widely extended, the servants of God had come together to transact the business of the Church of their fathers. These gentlemen spoke with great fluency and power; but their dress decidedly surprised me. I was prepared to find no white neckcloths among them; but I was not prepared for coloured neckties and shooting jackets, which latter seemed to be quite the fashion with the clergy. Dr. Musgrave was apparently the father of the Assembly in point of age. He spoke from the platform immediately below the Moderator's pulpit, where some of the more honoured members were accommodated. Ripe in years, and evidently destined soon to be taken to his rest and reward, he manifestly possessed great influence among his clerical brethren. Yet, though old, he spoke with some animation; for I recollect distinctly that while he was delivering his address he kept the fan in his right hand, with which he had been fanning himself; and he certainly made it wave well in the air as he suited the action to the word, and even, now and then, made it strike on the table before him. His somewhat humorous remarks drew forth bursts of laughter from the audience, so that I was tempted to say to myself, as the old doctor resumed his seat, "he has delivered both a *funny* and a *fanny* address." Fans, I should have observed sooner, were in very general use all over the house, on account of the great heat of the day.

The Moderator was comparatively a young man; but he was regarded with great respect by his seniors, as I was told by my neighbour, on account of his learning and influence. By the way, this well-informed elder, who sat next us, jumped up and made a speech himself, by way of seconding an amendment that had been proposed. I had noticed his excitement increasing as the debate went on, and how nervously he twitched the papers which he held in his hand; but I was not prepared for the explosion when it came, and turned all eyes towards our seat. Our friend trembled a good deal when his speech was concluded, and seemed very angry when he was left in a minority by the vote of the house; but, doubtless, he returned to his distant dwelling satisfied because he had done his duty, and determined to represent to the presbytery which delegated him and the church to which he belonged, that he had been very badly used, and that if the reverend court had only taken his view of things

they would have been saved from a great blunder and a great disgrace.

We thought that we passed into the Assembly and out of it again altogether unnoticed and unknown; but we were surprised to notice in the St. Louis newspapers of the following day a short paragraph to this effect—"The Rev. Dr. Morison and the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, both of Glasgow, Scotland, visited the General Assembly yesterday." How the news had spread we could not tell; but we were inclined to trace the tiny tit-bit of intelligence to the landlord of the St. Nicholas Hotel, at which we had put up.

In bidding St. Louis good-bye, I cannot withhold from it the praise that is its due, as an immense business centre that is likely to become greater and greater as the resources of the American Continent are more fully developed, and the tide of population yet more abundantly swelled, that is constantly being poured from the eastern hemisphere into these vast states. I cannot say whether or not the fancy of some bold speculators shall yet be realized, and the capital transferred from Washington to this more central site on the shores of the Mississippi, so that the president of the Union shall have as great a constituency on his left hand towards the Pacific as on his right hand towards the Atlantic main. But without doubt, no one can walk its teeming and wealthy streets, without feeling that he has reached a metropolis which promises vast and rapid progress in the future. I have been glad to observe also, since my return home, that earnest English evangelists have received in it a warm and enthusiastic welcome. Indeed, before leaving Scotland my heart had been much drawn to St. Louis as a religious centre, for the letters which I had written to the *Cumberland Presbyterian* newspaper had for years been addressed to their publishing office at "545 Sixth Street, St. Louis, Missouri"; and when I was at the General Assembly at Springfield, I had been consulted as to a very interesting and important point. There was a nucleus of rather influential people in St. Louis, who sympathized warmly with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; but they had not, at least for some time, met as a separate congregation. The Central Board of Home Missions was anxious, however, to revive and re-organize the cause there; and if I would think of settling in St. Louis, they would give me ever so many dollars—a larger income than I had at home. But I had struck my roots too long and too deeply into the banks of the Clyde to think of being transplanted to the shores of the Mississippi,—not to say that the cost of ever-agitated fans in the summer weather would have been a serious item of expenditure! Dr. Bell, I am glad to see, has undertaken the mission

as to which I was sounded, and I observe that he has met with encouraging success. But when I remember that a home and a sphere of labour were actually offered me in St. Louis, my heart, as I write, beats warmly to that great and growing city on the shores of the mighty Mississippi.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND ALTON.

WE had experienced some little difficulty in making up our minds as to our eastward and homeward route from Missouri to New York. The Rev. Dr. Beard and Judge Caruthers had preferred a very earnest request to us to accompany them to Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, not only that we might see the influential ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in that southern city, which may indeed be called the headquarters of the denomination, but that we might advance with them about thirty miles farther on, and pay a visit to the town of Lebanon, the place of their respective residences, and where also the *Cumberland University* is situated. This is the oldest and most important seat of learning in the connection, at which, besides, Dr. Beard himself is at the head of the theological department. The temptation to say "Yes" was very great, and all the more that what is called "Commencement-day" was approaching, when we would have had an opportunity of hearing all the classes examined, and indeed of seeing the University to the very best advantage. But the heat was already so great at the latitude of Springfield that we dreaded going further south, even by two or three hundred miles more. We longed to proceed northwards to Chicago, that the breezes of the great American lakes and of the storied St. Lawrence might blow upon us reinvigoratingly. Besides, we were limited for time. We had taken out our berths in a return steamer to Britain that was to leave New York before the end of June; and every day now was precious. We were therefore compelled, although with great reluctance and respect, to decline the invitation to Lebanon, Tennessee, with which Dr. Beard and Judge Caruthers had favoured us.

What reconciled us the more to this necessary self-denial, was the fact that, by proceeding northwards at once towards Chicago, we would still have an opportunity of visiting one of the Cumberland Presbyterian Colleges, namely, that at the city of Lincoln, in the state of Illinois, at which indeed we had agreed

to spend the Sabbath-day. The programme which we had resolved upon was as follows: To sail up the Mississippi as far as the city of Alton on the Friday afternoon; stay all night at Alton; and proceed by rail to Lincoln, about seventy miles along the Chicago line, on Saturday forenoon.

We were glad that we had the agreeable and entertaining company of Rev. Mr. Woods as far as the city of Lincoln. Behold us then, gentle reader, setting sail from the crowded wharf of St. Louis at 3 P.M. on Friday afternoon, in a steamboat exactly the *fac-simile*, in point both of structure and proportions, of those whose movements on the Ohio I have already described.

We soon began to leave the shipping and smoke and villas of St. Louis behind us, and find ourselves on the broad expanse of the "Father of Waters." The banks were comparatively desolate and uninteresting; and the only thing that relieved the monotony of our sail was when some sister steamboat would shoot rapidly past us in its progress down the river, and let us see, in the mirror of its own size, the astounding figure which we ourselves cut on the water. Another vessel bound further up the river than ours, and therefore, in all probability, better equipped for the voyage, gave us as much annoyance as amusement, by making up on us, and then passing us in triumph. I never like to be in any losing concern.

The railway line between East Louis and Alton (being the main line to Chicago) ran, in some places, along the right bank of the river; but we paid no attention to its swift-careering engines, because we had preferred the winding river, for the time, to the straight and narrow rail. Our progress indeed was not very rapid, because our course was zigzag—now from one side of the mighty stream to the other, to take in, or let out, passengers. It was not at towns or villages for the most part that we stopped, but at landings or stations which seemed to have been agreed upon, and to be quite well understood, between the captain and the people on the shores of the river. There was generally no pier to mark a stopping-stage. The boat would suddenly be turned into the side of the stream: then it would bump pretty heavily against the clayey bank; a plank would be thrown out by some of the hands on board; passengers would go out or come in, as the case might be, and we would again pursue our northward but uneven way.

Of two things I have a very distinct recollection, that happened during this afternoon voyage: a conversation which I had with Mr. Woods on the upper deck, and the view which we got of the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi

from the pilot's or steersman's tower, the highest part of the ship.

Mr. Woods had seen me sitting on the deck enjoying the unwonted panorama, and he kindly sat down beside me for the purpose of telling me about the way in which the Cumberland Presbyterian Church had come to hear of the Evangelical Union of Scotland. He had something to do with that result himself; and I was glad to observe that the worthy divine felt proud of having been the means of bringing the two denominations together. He had been pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the thriving town of Winona, some seven hundred miles farther up the Mississippi,—an important centre for the grain trade of Wisconsin and Minnesota. He observed two gentlemanly young men in his chapel for a few Sabbath days in succession; and on making inquiry as to who they might be, and learning that they were strangers who had recently come to the place, he ventured to throw himself in their way. He found that they were the sons of J. B. Ferguson, Esq., of Belfast (one of the elders of the first E.U. Church there), who had recently come to Winona to establish a business in connection with the grain trade. When he expressed the hope that they had profited by the discourses which they had heard, the reply was, "To tell you the truth, sir, we have been delighted by your discourses, because they put us so much in mind of the sermons we used to hear at home." This led the Messrs. Ferguson to tell Mr. Woods about the Evangelical Union of Scotland, of whose history and doctrines he had never heard before. Besides giving him a verbal statement, his intelligent young informants furnished the minister with copies of several of our denominational magazines, newspapers, and tracts, and, among others, with a copy of our "Statement of Principles issued by the Conference of 1858." Mr. Woods' description of his perusal of this document was very graphic. He went home to dinner direct from his interview with these young men, and told his wife that he had been hearing a wonderful account of a Scottish denomination, whose history and doctrines remarkably corresponded with those of their own body. When the cloth was removed and they were left alone, Mr. Woods began to read aloud to his better half our "Statement of Principles." "Although I say it myself," he continued, "Mrs. Woods is very intelligent, and warmly attached, as I am, to the distinctive principles of our Church. Well, we were both so delighted with the statement of your views on account of their remarkable similarity to our own, that I had to cease reading, as I drew near the close, till we had both wept

together, and shed plentiful tears of devout gratitude to God for fresh-found brethren in Christ, so far across the waters." As he spoke, the tears filled the worthy clergyman's eyes again at the memory of the discovery, over which he evidently rejoiced as much as Livingstone did at the discovery of the Zambesi, or Stanley at the discovery of Livingstone. I must confess that I loved Mr. and Mrs. Woods, too, for these tears of Christian delight and sympathy. Mr. Woods, as might be expected, brought the matter before the very first meeting of their General Assembly, by which reverend court the clerk, Dr. Milton Bird, was authorized to put himself into communication with the Scottish brethren whom the Messrs. Ferguson had named as the leading ministers of our connection. I may observe that Dr. Steinbach, another leading member of that same Assembly, had heard of the Evangelical Union about the same time from quite an independent source, and had also memorialized the Assembly on the subject; but Mr. Woods maintained that he was first on the field, and had spurred Dr. Bird up to his work afterwards, when, from lack of hope as to results, or lack of time, he had been somewhat remiss or dilatory. All this the doctor proved to me by letters and documents, on the deck of the steamboat. Indeed, there had been quite a little controversy between Dr. Steinbach and Mr. Woods as to who had been the first to discover the E. U. constellation in the ecclesiastical firmament,—even as Adams and Leverrier disputed about the honour of finding out the last planet. But, as both the Frenchman and the Englishman were acknowledged to be coincident but independent discoverers, I hereby adjudicate equal crowns to both the northern and southern divines for their zeal in church-finding; but, on the strength of the documents submitted to me, I add, as if from my throne on the high deck of that Mississippi steamer, a few extra leaves to the northern clergyman's laurels, because he took greater "travail in the matter," as the old presbyterial records say, and also because he got his information from excellent and amiable namesakes of my own!

Our pleasant conversation, however, was brought to an abrupt close by the descent of a sharp shower that did not seem to sympathize much with theological secrets. Mr. Woods knew the nearest place of refuge better than I did; so, instead of letting ourselves down to the lower deck, we climbed up to the little glass house on the very roof of the lofty steamboat where the helmsman sits. We were kindly welcomed by this official; and I am thus brought to notice the second memorable event in my brief voyage on the Mississippi—namely, my view, from that elevated pilot's house, of "the

meeting of the waters" of the two greatest, because longest, rivers in the world, the Missouri and the Mississippi. The Missouri actually flows 3,099 miles from its source in the far west to the point at which it loses both its name and its tide in the "Father of Waters." Why the great river below St. Louis is not called the Missouri instead of the Mississippi, is not very manifest; because the former at the point of junction has actually journeyed 1,200 miles farther than the latter, and contributes, as might be expected, a greater body of water to the united stream. Perhaps the Missouri is denied the name out of a kind of revenge for the fact that her waters are turbid, and after the point of junction change the clear and limpid stream of the Mississippi into muddy impurity, even as the Rhone loses all its beautiful blue after its marriage below Geneva with the grey glacier-fed Arve. Mississippi means, as I have said, "The Father of Waters"; but, although the word Missouri be somewhat euphonious to our ears, the Indians did not intend it to be an honourable name, for it just means "The River of Mud."

I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed with "the meeting of the waters." The Missouri, like other great rivers, has more mouths than one, so that the volume of water, being broken up by an island near the point of confluence, does not appear at any one point so great as the spectator would expect. The steamboat, moreover, on account of the strength of the current, required to keep over to the western side, so that we had not a near view of the junction. But the very fact that we were passing such a confluence was impressive; while, as we entered the pure and uncontaminated waters of the Mississippi, above the marriage of the rivers, we exclaimed almost involuntarily, "Ah! This is like man before Satan effected his fall in Eden; or like the youth on his way to the great city, and just before he begins to be polluted by its vice."

But see! here is Alton now, built on a high limestone bluff, and overhanging the eastern side of the river. If it had been a town in Scotland, I would have concluded that the name meant just the *auld toon*; for it is much more ancient than St. Louis, once its rival, twenty miles farther down the stream, but now so far ahead of it that envy and even emulation is out of the question. Yet the inhabitants revenge themselves by the expectation that stable Alton will yet outlive mushroom-like St. Louis (as they are sometimes pleased to style her), and give vent to their feelings, if not in a rhyme, yet in a prophecy, similar to that with which Rutherglen triumphs over Glasgow, and Musselburgh over Edinburgh, which have so far outstripped

them in the race of progress. Adapting the Scotch doggerel to the American cities, it would run thus—

Alton was a city
When St. Louis was none ;
Alton will be a city,
When St. Louis is gone.

The Scotch etymology being then in all probability out of the question, we must cast about in our minds for another. I therefore guess that the town has been so named from its situation, if not from its comparative antiquity. The Latin adjective *altus* means *high* as well as *deep*; and, without doubt, the city, at whose pier we had now arrived at a quarter to six o'clock in the evening, is a *high town*. The houses are built on the sides of a hill like Stirling on the banks of the Forth; and being generally of red stone, they have a fine appearance, especially when shone upon by the rising or setting sun. Alton contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and is favourably situated for commercial purposes, being not only built on the broad Mississippi, but at the junction of the Chicago and Indianapolis railways to St. Louis.

One of the American guide books which we had in our hands reported an incident that may be interesting to some of my readers. Before the late war, and when the feeling ran high on the question of slavery, Alton, being in the State of Illinois, was more decidedly anti-slavery than St. Louis of the State of Missouri. A printer in Alton published a newspaper which annoyed some of the St. Louis politicians by the strength of its statements as to the "peculiar institution." So, one day, an unfriendly visit was paid to the town, where the intending rioters easily found supporters in abundance. The Alton printer's presses and types were broken and scattered in the street, pistols were fired, and, if I remember aright, blood was shed. But the offending journalist had already sown seeds of truth which in the long run triumphed. It is worthy of remark in passing how frequently printers like Benjamin Franklin and Montgomery, our own British poet (who began life by printing other people's works, and ended it by publishing his own), have been in the van of the army of progress. Types seem to generate a kind of iconoclastic inspiration in those who handle them. Led by their calling to plead for the liberty of the press, they seem almost unconsciously to imbibe a love for every other good kind of liberty besides.

Dr. Morison had been resting in the cabin during the greater part of our afternoon voyage; but when we had been landed on Alton's stone pier, he and I made our way to the principal

hotel in the town, named the "Spread Eagle"; while Mr. Woods repaired to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Brown, editor of the *Cumberland Presbyterian* newspaper. Knowing that her husband was still at the Assembly at Springfield, we thought only of calling on Mrs. Brown in the course of the evening; but after we had dined, Mr. Woods came back with the message that the excellent lady would take no denial, and was determined, as she expressed it, to "have the honour of accommodating the Scottish ministers for the night, as well as her old friend Mr. Woods." She was pleased to add, when we reached her elegant residence, that neither her husband nor herself could repay me for the numerous articles which I had contributed to their newspaper—many of the proofs of which, as it turned out, she had corrected for the press herself. How grieved was I to learn that my sometimes indistinct handwriting had now and then sorely puzzled her eager eyes and belaboured brain! Although, as I have already said, the denominational newspaper just named was published in St. Louis, it was printed in Alton; and there both Dr. Brown, the editor, and the Rev. J. M. Logan, then the Mission secretary, lived—they being both in the habit of travelling to St. Louis almost every day to their business office, with railway season tickets, like commercial men.

When we had brought up our boxes to Mrs. Brown's villa, which had a fine elevated view of the Mississippi, a practical question came up for an immediate answer. It so happened that a strawberry feast was to be held that very night in a public hall, in connection with the Sabbath schools of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Alton; and the young minister, hearing that we had arrived, had sent up a message to see if we would attend. Dr. Morison felt fatigued, and begged to be excused; but, as I had a desire to see all that was to be seen, I accepted the invitation, and went in company with Rev. Mr. Woods and Mrs. Brown's nephew. On the way, this young gentleman showed me the printing-office, where he had often helped to "set up" the articles which I had communicated as the "Glasgow correspondent" of the *Cumberland Presbyterian*.

The strawberry feast was just what we would call a summer soiree, with this difference, that, instead of hot tea, the cooling strawberry was provided, crowned with snowy sugar, and swimming in floods of cream. It was held in the form of a *conversazione*—the people, who were both numerous and highly respectable, promenading round the hall and going up in relays to the large table where the favourite refreshments for the evening were supplied. Young people preponderated,

as might be expected. My presence seemed to afford them much happiness; and I was specially delighted with the cordiality with which I was welcomed by two brothers, farmers, who had come long ago from Dalry, in Ayrshire, and who with their families seemed truly to have a fraternal feeling towards me, because I was a Scotchman.

At a certain stage of the evening's proceedings, the young minister desired me to ascend the platform with him, and deliver an address. I am very sorry that I have neglected to write down this gentleman's name in my diary; but he was a fine hearty young fellow, and evidently seemed to drive his church as dexterously and efficiently as he drove his own dog-cart, in which he came up to Mrs. Brown's, to call for Dr. Morison, next morning.

Being so near the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, I tried to make some capital out of the sight which I had that day seen; "Suppose that there are two ladies, named the *Misses Happy*. Well, they become acquainted with a lady called *Miss Soury*. Now, the problem is: Whether will *Miss Soury* be made happy by her new friends, or will she make them sour, as the Missouri makes the 'Father of Waters' muddy? As happiness is, in the case supposed, in the relation of two to one, we would expect a good result; but evil is wonderfully infectious, and often carries the day. Yet, in a Christian church, the great antidote to sour temper and impure dispositions was to be found. God was infinitely happy, and he wished all men and women to partake of his holy happiness. Such a Christian gathering as that before me would surely contribute to true and lasting joy. Surely, no *Miss Soury* could survive amid such strawberries, and sugar, and cream! (Loud cheers.) All the *misses* that *stipped* them would, we expected, be in heart sweet, and the gentlemen too, since they had met under the auspices of a Christian church.

May every maid, with honeyed *lippy*,
Be pure and clear like Mississippi;
And, oh, ye men, they won't endure ye,
If ye be muddy like Missouri."

I am afraid that, as my reproducing pen has run on, I have made this little speech either a little better or a little worse, according as critics may regard it; but I said something like the foregoing at the Alton strawberry feast.

Great regret was expressed because Dr. Morison and myself could not remain to preach in Alton on the Sabbath-day. They said they had a larger and more important church than

the friends in Lincoln, good although it was; but we had already been booked for the latter town, and announced in it, and therefore our departure next forenoon was now a thing of necessity.

We enjoyed our evening conversation much in Dr. Brown's house during and after supper. We hardly missed him, so well did his hospitable and intelligent lady entertain us. Herself the daughter of a highly respected Cumberland Presbyterian minister, the Rev. John Morgan, who had done much to found the denomination in Western Pennsylvania, she was not only warmly attached to the cause, but could recall many touching and instructive reminiscences. Mr. Woods had known her father, and had laboured along with him both in the south and west, so that he could supplement her anecdotes, and swell the tide of her enthusiasm with his own.

As the train by which we were to leave on Saturday did not start till 10 A.M., after an early breakfast we had a pleasant drive, in an open carriage, through Alton, and along the uplands that stretched above the town. We had two horses, and Mrs. Brown drove us herself. She proved, in truth, to be a most dexterous charioteer, for in some instances the turns were sharp and the precipices near; but the minister's wife and daughter showed that she could hold the reins as well as she could hold the pen. She pointed out to us the fine cottage occupied by Rev. J. M. Logan as we drove hurriedly past. Mr. Logan also was absent at the Assembly, and he had expressed his regret to us, before we left Springfield, that, as Mrs. Logan and other members of his family had accompanied him on his journey, he could not ask Dr. Morison and myself to call at his house during our visit to Alton. I may add here that the town has many fine churches, and, prominent among the rest, a cathedral built by the Roman Catholics, which is the ecclesiastical centre of their diocesan district of Southern Illinois.

An important change in the publishing arrangements of the denomination compelled Dr. and Mrs. Brown, a few months after the period of our visit, to move southward to Nashville, where the *Cumberland Presbyterian* is now printed. They were sorry to leave their more northerly home; but they are pleased to be wherever the Lord sends them. We sometimes hear from them yet, and are glad to learn that they are useful and happy. Mr. Logan still lives at Alton, and superintends the issue of the paper and magazines at St. Louis, for the supply of the more northern churches.

The train came up from the city just mentioned at the advertised time. So, waving adieu to our kind friends, we

turned our backs on the "Father of Waters," and advanced towards the rich and productive prairies of Illinois; being especially in quest of the little city of Lincoln, named after the martyr-president, and not far from the state-capital in which he practised as a lawyer before he was called to occupy that giddy eminence which at once lost him his life and gained for him earthly immortality.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST IMPLYING OMNIPRESENCE.

THE people who dwell on the quiet shores of an inland bay, well sheltered, know little of the force of a storm outside. Sometimes the water is ruffled, and tiny waves break on the rocks; but these commotions are feeble representatives of the billows capped with foam that test the strength of the best built ships. Sometimes tidings of a wreck, and the loss or hardships of the sailors reach the villages; and when a fishing smack comes in with torn sail and broken mast, the good folks look upon it with curiosity, and speak of the fury of the gale that on such a night had disturbed their slumbers. An interest, similar in intensity, is taken by the majority of the members of churches in the intellectual storms that overwhelm many an earnest thinker. Ordinary Christians, who never look beyond the breakwater of their own creed, are never troubled by misgivings; and any wavelet of doubt that breaks at their feet has spent its force before travelling so far. But there are times when the sound of theological controversy reaches the remotest corners, and the quiet churches are disturbed by erroneous doctrines. When strong currents of thought have been breaking on a fundamental truth, it is so often covered by the surges of doubt that many think it covered for ever. They lose faith in it, and begin to believe in its opposite. The arguments against the truth are so often perused, that the sophistry in them passes undetected; and it is difficult to convince of error any one who has been falsely persuaded. But it becomes necessary from time to time to inculcate, explain, and defend the great doctrines of the church of Christ—the faith of the apostles and martyrs. Many points of their faith have been assailed; and Christianity has always had opponents. But the boldest attacks have from the earliest ages been made on the central doctrine, which is in our day the very key of the truths known and received by all believers, namely, the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,

Waves of doubt through many channels of current literature

enter every church ; and the strongest breakwaters of family influence cannot shut out the floods of anti-christian thought. The spirit of toleration requires, for public safety, a spirit of vigilance to detect error which asserts itself as truth, and by many assumptions and sophistries deceives the hasty and unskilful. Christianity incorporates all true morality. There may be a thousand points of agreement in principle and practice even with those who deny the divinity of Christ. By dwelling on what is common to both parties, many are led to conclude that there is no difference at all ; others conceive that the divinity of Christ may be treated as an open question. Some even take the name of Christians, and profess to admit the authority of Scripture, who yet deny that Jesus Christ was any more than a man of noble character and uncommon piety. In defence of their position they quote passage after passage in which Christ's humanity is referred to, and ask, Does not that prove that Jesus was a man ? As this is undeniable, the unwary conclude that the opponent of Christ's divinity has the best of the argument, and a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. But the fact is, the point proved was never in dispute, for no Christian forgets that Jesus was a true man. He holds, however, that Jesus was more than a perfect man ; that he was also very God !—that the human nature was united to the divine nature, when the second person of the Godhead became incarnate, and dwelt among us—"God manifest in the flesh."

For example, if any one disputed that King George of Greece was brother of the Princess of Wales, it would be poor reasoning to prove that the son of the King of Denmark was a man, no one supposing anything else. But if it was denied that he was King of Greece, then evidence would need to be led to prove that the brother of the Princess of Wales had been elected to the throne of Greece, and had received the homage of the Greeks. Any statement of his implying this regal authority would be valid ; any record of the legislature of that kingdom in which his power as the sovereign was acknowledged ; any testimony of loyal obedience to King George of Greece would go to prove that the son of the Danish king was really King of Greece. In like manner, it is no argument against the divinity of Christ to adduce statements in which Jesus is spoken of as a man ; for every Christian admits that he was human, as Son of man ; but the uniqueness of his personality consisted in the union of the true human nature with the true divine nature. All statements of Jesus implying the possession of divine attributes by himself, and all historical testimony of homage, such as only a divine being should receive, being paid to Jesus, and all the passages in the inspired records in which

his divine authority is asserted or acknowledged, go to prove that Trinitarians are right in believing that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, a divine person, very God as well as very man. On any another supposition, the assertion of a text, like Mat. xviii, 20, implying omnipresence, would be absurd. When Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," he possessed such a union with divinity that he knew himself to be divine. To suppose otherwise would take all the honesty from the words, and deprive Christians of their best friend and surest hope. The light that shines in the darkness of sorrow would go out if the faith of the divine presence of the living Saviour were lost. Many as Mary, in the bitterness of hopeless despair, would cry to those who would deprive Jesus of the attribute of divinity, "They have taken away my Lord, . . . and we know not where they have laid him." The evidence of his divinity is not solely derived from his own testimony; but every assertion of his implying the fact has weight in the argument to all who admit the honesty of Jesus as a man. In the statement, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," there is the sublime simplicity of conscious omnipresence by virtue of his divine nature. Its force is not lessened by any other statement in which the Father is acknowledged to be in some relation greater. All Trinitarians acknowledge that in certain aspects of the economy of redemption the Father is to be regarded as superior to the Son. Hence they miss the point in dispute altogether who adduce texts to prove that Jesus himself admitted his inferiority to the Father. He did not thereby resign his claim to divinity. King George of Greece might admit that his father was greater than he without affecting his position as a sovereign. In specific relations Jesus taught that the Father was greater. But by this he never intended to hide his own divinity. On the contrary, would it not have been the height of arrogant presumption for any merely finite creature to think it necessary to state that the infinite creator was greater than a mere worm of the dust? If Christ was no more than a man, he stands guilty of impiety in referring to God, and saying, "My Father is greater than I." But one who believes him to possess an inherent equality and conjunction in essence with the Father perceives the meaning of the words in the arrangements of the means of salvation in which the Son, though a divine person, is willingly subordinate to the Father.

In expounding the second chapter of Philippians, I endeavoured to show the scriptural basis, and the importance of the doctrine of the Trinity. Apart from the Word of God, we

have no means of knowing the mode of the divine existence. But we are instructed to avoid idolatry, such as the worship of three gods would be; and in holding the absolute essential union of the Godhead we are taught in Scripture to recognize three divine persons,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—one God. I endeavoured formerly to explain how reasonable it was to expect complexity in the divine essence, being careful, however, to refer to the authority of the inspired record for the basis of all our knowledge of the Trinity in Unity. We cannot treat of the divinity of Christ without implying the doctrine of the Trinity. Remember then that the opponents of that doctrine do not hold the unity of the Divine Being more firmly than we do; for all Trinitarians are Unitarians in worshipping One Almighty and Everlasting God; but Unitarians are Antitrinitarians, because they deny the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity which we find in Scripture. It is important to understand how these systems of theology, the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, are related and opposed to one another. Faber defines them thus:—

“I. These two systems differ in regard to the nature of the divine unity.

“(1.) According to the one system, God exists in perfect unity of essence. And he so exists in perfect unity of essence, that he exists, at the same time, in a single person only.

“(2.) But, according to the other system, God exists indeed in perfect unity of essence, yet he so exists in perfect unity of essence that he exists, at the same time, in three distinct persons also.

“II. They differ, likewise, in regard to the personal character of the Son.

“(1.) According to the one system, Christ is a perfect man. And he is so a perfect man, that he is nothing more than a mere man: a man, that is to say, born in the ordinary course of nature, and in every physical respect similar to ourselves.

“(2.) But, according to the other system, Christ is a perfect man indeed. Yet he is so a perfect man that, by the union of the divine nature to the human nature, he is also perfect God, being, incarnately, the second of those three distinct persons, who are jointly comprehended within the absolute unity of the divine essence.”

Believing that the latter is in harmony with what has been revealed in the “law and the testimony,” we find comfort and joy in the assurance of the divine presence of the sympathizing Saviour. The plain and natural sense of many of the words of Jesus imply omnipresence, therefore his divinity. Whilst there is a real distinction, to which, for the want of a better

word, *person* has been applied, there is an essential unity in all the divine attributes, and conjunction in one substance of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The difficulty of defining the word *person* when applied to the distinctions in the Godhead has all along been felt. So early as the time of Tertullian, A.D. 200, we find *person* employed. But the word is very imperfect, and exceedingly perplexing to young thinkers who cannot get past the difficulty of conceiving each person as a separate being with a different mind. No word of human language could adequately convey the divine distinctions, and hence we can only approximate to the expression of the real distinction of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It is one thing to admit the fact of the distinction; it is another thing to define the relation that is denoted by the word *person*. But all the confessions since the Council of Nice in 325 are careful to assert the essential unity. When Unitarians assert that we have three Gods, whom we worship according to the Trinitarian symbol—they are either ignorant of the fact that we hold there is only one living and true God; or they wilfully misunderstand the sense in which all intelligent Trinitarians apply the word *person* to the distinctions in the Godhead. It expresses a reality in the mode of the divine existence, a trinity in unity, so that the "Great Personal God" is tripersonal, and the divine presence secures the sympathy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to all who are gathered into his fold, believing in his name. Some Unitarians, like Dr. Priestley and Dr. Channing, respect the authority of Scripture, but explain away the divinity of Jesus, giving a different interpretation to all the passages in which that is implied or asserted. The controversy with them turns on correct interpretation, and that can only be determined by the strict rules of exposition, "every word and every sentence must be modified and explained—according to the subject which is discussed—according to the purposes, feelings, circumstances, and principles of the writer, and according to the genius and idioms of the language which he uses. These are acknowledged principles in the interpretation of human writings," says Channing, and I think no expositor will object to their application to the interpretation of Scripture. But we should seek to learn what the Bible teaches, when we acknowledge its authority, and interpret it as a letter from a father to his children, instructing them about things which they could not otherwise know. One may be convinced that he has discovered the right interpretation, and yet be mistaken. Without proof of accuracy, assertion never goes for much with cautious thinkers.

Dr. Priestley appealed to the testimony of antiquity; and the

question of fact could best be decided by that as to the correct interpretation. He says—"The true doctrine concerning the person of Christ must be allowed to have been held by the Apostles. They no doubt knew whether their Master was only a man like themselves or their Maker. Their immediate disciples would receive and maintain the divine doctrines that they held. And it must have been some time before any other could have been introduced and have spread to any extent, and especially before it could have become the prevailing opinion."

There can be no reasonable objection to this condition. For if the Apostles did not regard their Master as divine, we must be mistaken who now do so; and if the primitive Christians did not call upon the Lord Jesus, we have no ground for our confidence in the divine presence of the Saviour with us when we gather together in his name. But there is abundant evidence that the Apostles, after the resurrection, believed in the divinity of their risen Lord, and testimony for the faith of the primitive Christians corroborates the truth for which we contend.

Beginning with the Council of Nice in 325, G. S. Faber has traced back the evidence to the days of the Apostles.

One great stumbling-block to the reception of the Gospel by Jews and Greeks was this—that "Christians venerated, as God, one who had been condemned and executed as a malefactor." The meaning of the word *god* was the point of the absurdity. Could the Supreme Deity submit to such humiliation? Arnobius, about the year 303, defended the Christians, saying, "Since he is God in reality, and without the slightest ambiguity of doubt, do you imagine us inclined ever to deny that he is worshipped by us in the highest possible degree, and that he is called the president of our community?" (p. 37).

Again, about the year 230, Origen replied to the attacks of Celsus thus: "Yet let these objectors know, that this person, whom, with full persuasion, we believe to be from the beginning God and the Son of God, is the very Word, and the very Wisdom, and the very Truth—and we assert, that his mortal body and the human soul in him, not only by fellowship, but likewise by absolute union and commixture, having participated of his divinity have passed into the Deity" (p. 47).

Again, in the year 136, Justin Martyr reports, as a correct statement of the creed of the primitive Church, a conversation with Trypho the Jew, who exclaimed, "My good friend, it would be well for us to follow the advice of our rabbins, that we should converse with no one of you Christians; for you speak many blasphemies, wishing to persuade us that this

crucified malefactor was with Moses and Aaron, and that he conversed with them in the pillar of the cloud, and that afterward he became man, and that he was crucified, and that he ascended to heaven, and that he will again appear upon earth, and that he ought to be worshipped" (p. 49).

Again, in the year 103, a letter was written by Pliny to the Emperor Trajan, giving an official report of the statements made by Asiatic Christians at his tribunal in Bithynian Nicomedia. He says: "They affirmed before me that the sum total of their fault, or their error, was this. On a stated day, they were wont to assemble together before sunrise and alternately to sing among themselves a hymn to Christ as to God." Pliny had forbidden, by the command of the emperor, all societies, and hence the prosecution of Christians for assembling together. He also states that some of them, whom, as a Roman magistrate, he examined, declared that they had been Christians for twenty years. This brings us down to the age of the Apostles, for some of Pliny's prisoners had embraced Christianity in the year 83, and the Apostle John lived till the year 100.

As briefly as possible, we have presented some of the historical testimony that the primitive Christians worshipped Christ as God. The Apocalypse was written about the year 97, and it contains three instances at least of adoration to Jesus: Rev. v, 8; vii, 9, 10; xxii, 20. But we present the Bible testimony for the claim: "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Unitarians may convict the leaders of the Church of idolatry, unless, in worshipping Christ, John, Paul, and Stephen worshipped God. A similar charge could justly be brought against Jesus, when he inculcated prayer in the words, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But to the believer in the divinity of Jesus, these words are as precious, encouraging, and comforting to-day, as they were to the Apostles and martyrs in the first centuries. The little companies have grown into thousands; and millions have, in countries far apart from one another, gathered together to worship the same Lord and Saviour.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

As to the manner in which Christ is with his followers; fulfilling his words, "There am I in the midst of them," it may satisfy the curiosity of some, and instruct all, to refer to, and quote, some of the words of Hooker. In the fifty-fifth section of the fifth book, he says: "Wherefore, Christ is essentially present with all things, in that he is very God, but not present with all things as man, because manhood and the parts thereof can neither be the cause nor the true subject of such presence. Notwithstanding, somewhat more plainly to show a true immediate reason, wherefore the manhood of Christ can neither be everywhere present, nor cause the person of Christ so to be, we acknowledge that of St. Augustine concerning Christ most true—'In that he is personally the Word, he created all things; in that he is naturally man he himself is created of God; and it doth not appear that any one creature hath power to be present with all creatures. . . . Furthermore, if Christ, in that he is man, be everywhere present, seeing this cometh not by the nature of manhood itself, there is no other way how it should grow, but either by the grace of union with Deity, or by the grace of unction received from Deity. . . . The substance of the body of Christ hath no presence, neither can have, but only local. . . . Yet because this substance is inseparably joined to the personal Word, which by his very divine essence is present with all things; the nature which cannot have in itself universal presence, hath it, after a sort, by being nowhere severed from that which everywhere is present.' . . . For the Person of Christ is whole, perfect God, and perfect man, wheresoever; although the parts of his manhood being finite, and his Deity infinite, we cannot say that the whole of Christ is simply everywhere, as we may say that his Deity is, and that his person is by force of Deity."

It is not difficult to arrange proof texts of the divinity of Christ, in which other attributes of Deity are ascribed to the Saviour of the World. But the argument is here historical; and the intention practical more than doctrinal. It is hardly possible to acknowledge the authority of Scripture as a rule of faith and deny the divinity of Christ; for the whole framework of the New Testament implies the doctrine of the Divine Sonship. But books assailing supernatural religion indicate the importance of the truth here defended. Theism has little to fear from Scepticism. But the historical foundations of Christianity will be tested again and again. A timorous faith shrinks from attributing omnipresence even when the divinity of Christ is acknowledged. But the latter implies the former. The practical value of the doctrine is this—that the empty abstraction of omnipresence is filled with the loving

kindness of God as that was revealed by Jesus Christ in his life of continual goodness and active benevolence. A present Saviour is the need of the world, one everywhere present, loving and merciful. Hence faith is strengthened, sorrow is comforted, joy is increased, when the believer has a firm grasp of the truth that the divinity of Christ implies omnipresence.

R. C.—G.

REMINISCENCES OF BY-GONE DAYS—LITERATURE AND ART.

"HAE ye got a paper wi' the story in't about me?" said a quiet, nice looking youth one morning as he stood by the side of our desk with his well thumbed *glengarry* in his hand. "And who are you?" we replied. "I am Johnny Philp, and I hear that there's a story in your paper about my painting." Taking down a number of the *Advertiser* of that morning, we handed it to Johnny, who after scanning it over said, "Ay, it's here," and putting down sevenpence half-penny, the price of a newspaper in those days (1835), he walked away. And what was that story? It was the story of a boy who had been a sort of irregular apprentice to a Mr. James Forbes, a portrait and landscape painter in the city of Aberdeen. It was written by a retired officer of the army, Major Pryce L. Gordon, and went on to say that this lad had discovered remarkable talent for colouring, and that having been encouraged to work his way in this direction, he had proved himself to be a very precocious youth. "Johnny" was very proud of this story, and his future life did not disappoint the expectations then formed of him, for he became the famous "John Phillip, Royal Academician," and known among artists as Phillip of Spain. He became distinguished chiefly for his wonderful power in colour; and finding the peasantry of Spain, with their gay dresses and fine open face, good subjects for his pencil, he made them a special study, and became famous. A few years ago, we visited a careworn-like gentleman in the village of Ballater, near Balmoral, sitting on an easy chair, with a little black velvet cap on his head, thoughtful countenance, and thin grey hairs. He looked up with a smile, and quietly held out his hand, but the vigour of youth was gone, although he had not yet got over fifty years of age,—that was "Johnny Philp." He remembered the incident, smiled as he thought on it, and, then, in a few words, recounting the changes we had both seen, we left him never to see him again. In a few years he died. He had worn himself out before his time. But for gentleness, quiet power, and real modesty, the boy was

father of the man. The son of a shoemaker in Aberdeen who happened to be the drummer of the Aberdeenshire Militia, the gilt crown, and brilliant sides of the japanned big drum first raised the boy's talent for colour; and, struggling through many hardships to the highest pinnacle of fame, he yet retained the heart of childhood, and almost wept as we referred to our by-gone days, and the frolicsome glee of exuberant spirits in early youth.

In keeping with this reminiscence in art, a scene, in which both literature and art were combined, rushes at this moment into our mind. It happened ten years at least after the visit of "Johnny Philp," and took place in the small dining-room of Aberdeen's principal hotel. It was, in short, a literary gathering of young men then engaged in making their way in the world, and all of whom became more or less remarkable, each in his own line. There was James Adam, the genial and able editor of the *Aberdeen Herald*; then John Robertson, one of the editors of the *Westminster Review*; next to or near to him his cousin, Joseph Robertson, our editor, and afterwards principal registrar in the Registration Office, Edinburgh, and a distinguished antiquarian: John Phillip and Mr. Foley, the sculptor, sat side by side; Alexander Bain, and William Thom, the author of the "Blind Boys' Pranks," "The Motherless Bairn"; and one or two others whose names we cannot call up, although we can think of them only as belonging to the same fraternity. After dinner came dessert, and then what is called the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"; but, alas! with the exception of Mr. Bain, who had then written his first article, we think, in the *Westminster*, entitled "Toys," and who is now Professor of Logic in the United College and University of Aberdeen, and the writer, all are dead. They died before their time; for let doctors write, and Professor Fawcett talk as he chooses about brain work being healthy work, we can testify from these, and other examples, that it is killing work, unless the greatest possible care is taken to make air, exercise, and diet our doctors. Not only these, but at least half a dozen of other gentlemen, with whom we started in the race of public life in connection with literature and art, are gone, and scarcely one of them had reached fifty years of age!

And how does it happen that these two of the first company are yet alive and full of health and vigour? If we are not greatly mistaken, the brother who is still in the north at his post, is an inveterate walker, and bathes, and is "temperate" in all things; while we have been taught by experience the value of Dr. Linton's definition of temperance—viz., "The temperate use of things lawful, and abstinence from things hurtful."

Not that those who are gone were not temperate men; but, perhaps, they did not all cut their way through a snow storm with a walking stick, like Professor Blackie, rather than sit in the close study before a warm fire, and with the bewitching cigar. Still abstinence was only one thing in our experience, which had a blessing in it: we were nearly gone too, but for a providential discovery of a little pamphlet on the functions of the skin. Seized one day with violent spasms, our doctor bled us freely, but it had no good effect. A change of air brought some relief, but they returned again. Another doctor tried physic, and procured some relief, when he found the disease showing itself in jaundice, while certainly there was relief from violent pain; but change of scene now became necessary, and although this gave good hope for a time, the old symptoms all returned, and doctor after doctor had only physic with rubbing of strong stuff into the chest to prescribe. Associated in Christian work then with the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, who had been out of health, but had got well again in the hands of Dr. Johnstone, the hydropathist, he said one day, "James, I think thou hadst better try the shower bath," and we tried it. The shock was rather much for a somewhat nervous temperament; but a friend putting the pamphlet referred to into our hand, we read it, and were struck by the facts stated, showing that the pores of the skin are *absorbents*, as well as *exhalants*; that they would measure in any ordinary man six or seven miles, if placed end on end; that if the mouths were not kept perfectly clean, those pores would draw back insensible perspiration, and carrying it with the blood, would lodge it on the mucous membrane of the stomach; whereas, if the mouths were kept perfectly clean, it would pass away, or the pores would carry off much waste, leaving nature to do her work of digestion with ease. If this were true, then soap as well as water, and a good brushing, followed by a brisk walk every morning, suggested themselves; and we set to work at once on this direction. The result was the return of perfect health. To complete this cure, we learned something one day from a peripatetic doctor who had evidently seen better days. Standing in the midst of a little crowd and holding up a rough drawing of the stomach, he said, "Now look here. Near to the narrow duct of the stomach, where it enters the duodenum, or commencement of the bowel system, you see a little thing there of a greenish colour. That is the manufactory of the bile. The bile is essential to health. It lubricates the bowel system, and it is always at work. When anything happens to prevent its getting downwards where it ought to go, it will throw itself upwards into the

stomach, where it ought not to go. When it enters the stomach, being a foreign element, it is attacked by the gastric juice, and then an aciduous compost gathers in the stomach. Now, as there are nerves communicating directly with the brain, they become the electric wires over which the acid sends its messages, and when they go up and knock, knock, knock, what follows? why, you feel as if a dozen niggers were breaking sticks in your forehead, especially if you have had too much beer on the night before. Now there is no hope for you until you get this bile out to do its own proper work, and if you will buy my prescriptions, which only cost a penny, you will get all right again." And they did buy them; but we stuck to washing, and walking, and drinking two glasses of fresh spring water before breakfast, sending "physic to the dogs," and for the last thirty years have continued this practice, enjoying wonderful health and spirits. Thus we have proved the value of a remark lately made by an able physician in London, who said, speaking of hydropathy, "Give me a basin of water, and a sponge, and a towel, and I will undertake either to cure nine-tenths of the diseases from which men suffer, or greatly relieve the sufferers." To ministers of the Gospel this practice is invaluable. It is a good stimulus: and with abstinence from tobacco, and alcoholic drink, will brace any man for work. It has done so in the case of some whose eventful lives we may be able to notice in our next "reminiscence," and in quite a new sphere of public life. Meanwhile, as *mens sana in sano corpore* has much to do with our usefulness, what has been written in this paper, though neither polemical or ecclesiastical, may be of first importance where the teaching is received.

J. H. W.—L.

THE CHURCH—VISIBLE AND SPIRITUAL.

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D., GLASGOW.

"Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."—Ephesians iii, 21.

To a thoughtful and reflective mind, even although it should be a sceptical one, the church presents an object of the most interesting study and contemplation. What was the empire of Rome, what is the empire of Great Britain, either in respect of the moral phenomena exhibited, or the influence they exerted, or continue to exert, on the destinies of the human family, when compared with that institution which Jesus of Nazareth founded? Yea, does not the most interesting part either of Roman or British history derive that interest

chiefly from the influence and interference of the church of Christ? And when we reflect that there is little good proceeding at the present hour for the benefit and amelioration of mankind, which has not been originated, and which is not conducted forward by the church; and that of all the difficulties amid which all Europe, our commonwealth not excluded, labours and struggles, those are the most embarrassing which are occasioned us by the church's perversion;—in these circumstances, that man is as devoid of philosophy as of piety for whom its constitution is not an attractive study. Though he felt certain that it was all a superstition or imposture, yet, since it is observed to be so powerful for good or evil that nothing like it for practical influence is to be found in the world, if his pretensions to a philosophical spirit were well founded, he would investigate its phenomena both with curiosity and concern.

Behold the church! Consider its vastness and the dominion which it exercises. Can that man rightfully claim the character of a philosopher who passes by its towers and palaces without an inquiry about the principles of its government? What judgment, therefore, must we pronounce on men whose curiosity has found attractions in the school of Socrates or the pagoda of the Brahmin, but who affect to despise the Christian church, and refuse to bestow on its constitution the smallest portion of their study? It will not be despised for them. The church must either be loved or hated. And the reason why there are so many who have inquired so eruditely into all other systems, but evince the ignorance of children when they begin to speak of the church, is that, whenever they commence an inquiry into Christianity, it begins a personal grapple with their consciences, of which they have no experience when they gratify their curiosity in investigating the fables of the Brahmin, the imposture of Mahomet, or the reveries of Plato. They can pursue their studies in all these other directions with impunity; but Christianity assails them with a shower of arrows, and they flee from the survey. She will permit no man to stand outside and survey her church in calmness for the gratification of his curiosity; he must either enter and make his abode with her or retire to the distance. How many, alas! choose the latter alternative; and hence it is that we are presented with the singular phenomenon of men so lamentably ignorant of the principles of that institution which is on the eve of revolutionizing their country.

At Cambridge and Oxford you may find multitudes who can discourse learnedly on the mythology of Rome, and illustrate minutely the whole of the ritual of the worship of

Jupiter and Mars, who are yet as ignorant as the rudest barbarians of the constitution of that church which, as with earthquake power, is shaking our own empire and Europe to its centre. Is there not something so exceedingly absurd in this that a moral cause such as that which I have already alleged is necessary to account for it? If common curiosity, then, and a prudent regard to worldly interests, summon the attention, even of irreligious men, to the constitution of the church, how much more is it not incumbent on the professed believer to investigate the subject with the utmost diligence and care! To a Christian the church is his country and home; so that self-interest, loyalty, patriotism, domestic affection, unite in calling on him to study its principles and economy, that he may know what are the rights he is warranted to claim, what are the impositions he should reject and resist, and what are the rules to which he should obediently submit. Let us, therefore, apply ourselves to the investigation with serious impressions of its practical importance.

The first question in order is evidently, By what rule is the investigation to be conducted? Where shall we find information respecting the order and constitution of the church? One might suppose there could not be two answers to this question, and that there would be absolute unanimity in the reply that we must look for it in the church's statute book—in the codes of laws framed by the church's Founder, and there alone. How different this is from the fact! If the New Testament measure were applied to the Church of England, for instance (not to speak of the Papacy), what a wrathful overthrow it would effect of episcopal and archiepiscopal thrones! The insult of the Lawgiver of the church, by introducing into its regulations the fancies and expedients and tyrannous decrees of men, is, in some cases, offered Him in the most offensive form, under the allegation that He has issued no law on the subject, that his legislation is deficient, and that we must have recourse to our own wisdom for supplying the omission. Our forefathers of the Church of Scotland zealously maintained that Presbyterian government is of divine right; and they were mocked at for the assumption. But what else could they do as consistent men? Just as we say that the doctrine of atonement is of divine authority, because we find it contained in the Word of God, so they maintained that Presbytery was of divine right because they believed it to be the mode of administering the economy of the visible church, which that same Word sanctions and prescribes. Had they contended for the system for any other reason but that it was of divine right, they would so far have compromised their

Protestantism. And when, at the Revolution settlement, King William refused to establish the Presbyterian form on the ground that it was scriptural, and agreed to do so merely because it was best suited to the habits and feelings and opinions of Scotland, and when the Assembly succumbed and accepted of establishment on these terms, much of the glory of the Church of Scotland passed away. It fell from its Protestant integrity; and, at the present hour, it stands established and receives its emoluments from the state, with this degrading remembrancer, that they are not to understand that the state regards them as being scripturally organized. Let this, then, be laid down as a first principle, that the Presbyterian, or Independent, or Episcopalian, or Wesleyan, who is not ready to plead divine right for his system of church order—who is not persuaded that his way is the only scriptural way—is as deficient in his Protestantism, and loyalty to the Head of the church, as if he professed some other doctrine for which he did not pretend that he found his warrant in the sacred Scriptures. On this subject, however, we shall have occasion to speak more particularly afterwards. In the meantime, having laid down the rule by which all controversies are to be determined, we proceed with the discussion.

The word of the original, translated, "Church," etymologically denotes an assembly, or society of men called out and convened by some proclamation. In the religious sense, therefore, it will signify a society called out from the world by the proclamation of the Gospel, calling on men to flee from the coming wrath to the refuge which has been provided for them in Christ. Now, when it is impossible for man to determine among those who have assembled, who they are that have come out in sincerity, as distinguished from those who may have joined their company from false or insufficient motives, there arises the distinction of the visible and spiritual church. It is the visible church in the constitution, order, and management of which I feel at present specially concerned; but since this visible church derives all its importance from the spiritual, to the interests of which it is subservient, it is requisite that I lay a foundation for the illustration in a few remarks on the nature of that purely spiritual institution.

I remark, then, in the first place generally, that the spiritual church is that which Christ acknowledges as His own. It consists of those whom He, the searcher of hearts and trier of reins, perceives to be sincere in the confession of His name. Consequently, although it is of no small importance, as we shall afterwards see, to have part in the membership of a well-constituted and well-regulated visible church, if, at

the same time, a man have a part in the membership of the spiritual, yet to partake of the membership of any visible church whatever, without being a member of the spiritual, is a poor and idle acquisition. The visible church should be administered for Christ and according to Christ's law; yet, since the administration is in the hands of man, it is, strictly speaking, man's church, as contradistinguished from the spiritual, which is wholly Christ's church; and the solemn question for us all is—Are we members of the latter? And when removing from this earth, shall we receive a testimonial from Him certifying that we have been members of His church, in order to our admission into the celestial temple?

I note, in the second place, that the spiritual church may, in a very important sense, be represented as being an invisible church. We may affirm confidently of certain persons that they are not members of it; but we cannot, without presumption, affirm of any given individual that certainly he is a member of it. In the judgment of candour we may hope he is, but we cannot be sure. Only himself and the Lord can know it on this side of the judgment. Be on your guard then, brethren, against delusion. It is no doubt encouraging to have the approbation of Christian brethren, but do not rest in it. No minister, no session, no vote of any church can give you any assurance that you belong to the church spiritual. Each of us, in order to this, must sit in judgment on himself and examine himself with scrupulousness, if his profession be sincere.

I note, in the third place, that the spiritual church is in no respect commensurate with the visible. We have just seen that a man may be a member of the visible when he is not a member of the spiritual; but the converse is also true—a man may be a member of the spiritual without having a part in the membership of the visible. He may be accepted of the Lord when man disowns him, casts him out, and excommunicates him; or from timorousness or prudence, like the seven thousand who, amid the apostasy of Israel, had not bowed the knee to Baal, he may not come forward to unite within the visible church. Or it may be from modesty or a mistaken sense of unworthiness; or there may be no church near him with which he can unite; or it may be of such a kind that his conscience, either from integrity, or unduly harsh judgment, will not permit him to acknowledge and countenance it.

For this and similar reasons, there may be spiritual church membership where there is not the visible, affording some counterpoise to the melancholy circumstance—that there is so much of the visible—where we have reason to apprehend there

is a destitution of the spiritual. The compensation, however, I fear, is small, and in reference to one of the reasons, I must be permitted to counsel the man who thinks of himself that he has gained a place in the spiritual church, but who pleads, as a reason for his not having joined any visible church, that he does not see any with which his conscience will allow him to associate. I take the liberty, I say, to counsel that man to review his favourable decision about himself. Amid the scope for choice, in such a city at least as ours, it must be a singular Christianity which can find no fellowship of faith.

I note, in the fourth place, that the membership of the spiritual church is shared by so many different denominations of the visible church, and is monopolized by no party. The Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Moravians, the Friends, the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and I know not how many more churches, have all a part of the precious treasure. Some have more of it in proportion, and some have less—but all have a portion. Remember it is of those whom Christ has accepted and received into his church that we at present speak.

Well, though the holy Redeemer delights in a man in proportion as he approaches perfection, think you that He will reject the soul which in penitence and contrition has fled to his cross for refuge, and submitted itself to the authority of his throne, though its beauty should be marred by errors and mistakes about such matters as the government of the church, or the baptism of children, or the order of the divine decrees, or the nature of the millennial kingdom, or even the intercession of the saints? God forbid that I should speak lightly about some errors, and perversions, and superstitions, which obtain in some sections of the visible church! But with greater energy, if possible, I say—May God forbid that I should learn to judge of Christ that He will refuse the spiritual membership of His church to any soul which trusts in the shedding of His blood for the pardon of sin, and leads a virtuous life in obedience to his commandments, although it should be done in the midst of the idolatry of the Mass and the superstitious supplication of the intercession of the Virgin! "So thou, hold by Christ," says Bishop Hall, "though it should be as by a straw, when yet thou holdest on something else as by a cart-rope, that straw will save thee."

In these considerations we find the idea of the Holy Catholic Church—that universal church of the Saviour—composed of believers scattered throughout the world, amid various denominations, but which Christ Himself beholds combined as one glorious company, and which is the only church which He

acknowledges as His. To believe in the existence of such a church was an article of the faith of primitive times, and is embodied in what is known by the name of the Apostles' Creed—a formulary which the Church of Rome, and a certain portion of the episcopacy of England, are ever *parroting* with more respect than they recite much inspired Scripture; and which yet no other church violates with such bigotry.

Think of a Papist and a High Churchman uttering, with such grimace, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when yet they, in heart, at once excommunicate the most precious part of that church, and corrupt it with the admitting of the claims of many of the most profligate of the earth. Brethren, I fear not that you will much limit or impair the idea of the Catholic Church by denouncing men as guilty of apostasy and heresy; but there is another way of excommunicating them; you may refuse their claims on your brotherly affection. Let us, therefore, cherish warmth of heart towards that church catholic, as the family of God, of which we are members, so that we discover brethren in a hundred denominations, and in every region of the earth. It was not vainly, but to serve a great purpose, at once of glorifying God in magnifying His church, and of teaching a lesson of brotherly love, that the framers of that creed, whoever they may have been, took the converts bound to the confession of the Holy Catholic Church.

Having thus laid a foundation in these remarks on the spiritual church, I proceed to consider the constitution of the visible church, and shall at present limit my observations to its constituency or membership. We must assume the church as already organized, whether according to Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent form, and take up the question at the point of the admission of new members or the casting out of old. I shall further make the inquiry bear specially, though not exclusively, on the membership as exhibited in the communion of the ordinance of the supper.

I remark, then, generally, that no person is admissible to the membership of the visible church in whose case there are not good reasons for entertaining the hope that he is a member of the spiritual church, and that, having been once admitted, should these reasons cease to be afforded, his ejection becomes an imperative duty.

I pray you, brethren, carefully to observe this order: first, apparent membership of the church spiritual; then membership of the church visible. It is not through the church visible that a man enters into the spiritual; but through the spiritual that he enters into the visible. It is a mistake, when

some calculate as if the membership of the visible church were a preparation for admission into the spiritual. The mistake arises from the circumstance of the spiritual church being the superior one; and how, think some, must we begin with it, and afterwards descend to the visible church which is the inferior one? They think of the two churches as if they were two schools; and think it preposterous that men should enter this higher one first. But that is not the character of both churches. It is the character of only one of them. And the proper way to reckon the matter is to regard the visible church as that nursery, or, if you will, that school which the Lord has instituted for the education and training and cherishing of those children who have been born to Him in the church spiritual.

The visible church, by its exhibition of the truth, by its calls to repentance, by its recommendations of the Redeemer, may awaken the sinner to reflection; but it does not, at least should not, invite him to its membership that he may be qualified for the spiritual church; but exhorts him first to seek admission into the Lord's own spiritual church, and promises that, when he has gained acceptance, it will accept of him also. He must, in a manner, bring a testimonial of membership in the spiritual church, in order to his being admitted to the membership of the visible. Consistently with this, it is said of the primitive converts that they gave themselves first to the Lord and after that to the apostles.

There is a lesson here for both parties—the party who seeks admission to the visible church, and the party who grants it.

First, for the party who asks admission: No one is warranted to do so unless he be persuaded of himself that the Lord has accepted of him as a member of His spiritual church. Otherwise he attempts an imposition. When he appears at the door of the visible church as a candidate for admission, the proper expression of his claim is—"I wait the acceptance of man, because I have already been accepted of the Lord." He may not be possessed of a clear and undoubting assurance of the divine reception; but he should be prepared to say—"After a serious examination of my faith, my feelings, my purposes and conduct, I have a good hope, a degree of persuasion, that the Lord must have received me; and I am here to claim a participation in these privileges which He designs for His children—one of whom I humbly hope I am." Is it possible to express the qualification more tenderly? And yet how many fall, or fell, short of this requirement! Some applied with no consciousness, howsoever slightly, that they had already obtained the acceptance of the Lord; and proposed

to use the membership of the visible church as an introduction to the spiritual.

It would be well, however, were this all that was wrong. How many, when they presented themselves to be numbered among the members of the visible church, were neither persuaded that they were yet, nor had any serious desire that they should ever be of that holy and spiritually minded number whom the Lord confesses as his own! Let those therefore who have in view the uniting of themselves to the church visible, beware of the rock on which so many have split; and bear in mind that the necessary qualification is, that they be first members of the church spiritual, and ready to say that, whether the church receives them or not, they themselves have a good hope and persuasion of themselves that they have at home united themselves in a covenant to the Lord never to be broken.

As for those who have gained a place in the church visible without having any such persuasion of their being accepted of the Lord, let them have the defect remedied instantly: every sacrament in the visible church is a sacrilege, unless observed by men who are members of the spiritual church. Resolutions, or hopes, that they will be Christian men at some future time will not suffice for the case. The only alternatives are present membership of the church spiritual, or resignation of membership of the church visible. We have already seen that there is a possibility of a man being a member of the church spiritual without being a member of the church visible; but the converse is not true: he cannot be genuinely a member of the church visible unless he be a member of the church spiritual. First a child of God through faith at home, and then a place in the nursery for his children—the visible church.

Second, The other party—the treatment of whose duty will require much more discriminative consideration—is the party to whom application for membership in the visible church is presented, whether it be the whole of an Independent congregation, the elders of a Presbyterian church session, or the single presbyter of an Episcopalian or Methodist church, or in whose hands soever the administrative power is lodged. What are the terms on which they should grant admission?

There are three modes of dealing practised and contended for in this matter, which I will shortly review. First, that of those who admit all applicants indiscriminately, and who stigmatize, as bigoted and inquisitorial, all inquiry whatever; who throw the communion table of the church open to every blasphemer and profligate who may have a worldly end to serve

by the observance. Secondly, there is the system of those who err in the opposite extreme of narrowing unwarrantably the door of admission; and, thirdly, there is the system of those who preserve the middle course. To review the second system first will open up the way for pronouncing a judgment on the others.

I premise this general observation, that just as no one is warranted to apply for admission into the visible church unless he be possessed of a degree of consciousness that he is a member of the spiritual church, so no one is authorized to grant him admission unless he be furnished with good reasons for judging favourably of him as one whom Christ has received; and the members of that church, the elders of that session, that presbyter, or that bishop, who may admit a man of whom they cannot say that they are disposed to believe that he is a disciple of Christ, act a treacherous part both by Christ and his church.

The second party, whom I have represented as being in the fault, err in demanding too much evidence of his discipleship, some of them in one respect, some of them in another, and others in both.

First, in respect of the doctrinal opinions of which they require a profession. May not a man be accepted of Christ though he does not think precisely as you do on such subjects as the ecclesiastical order of the church government, the baptism of infants, the extent of the atonement, the divine decrees, the nature of the millennium, and the Solemn League and Covenant of our Scottish ancestors? He professes that his trust for the pardon of his sins is placed in the sacrifice of Christ; and you have no reason to doubt his sincerity, for he makes the profession with an air of solemnity, and you observe him conducting himself in the world with sobriety, justice, truth, and charity, so that you do not, in the judgment of candour, question that Christ has received him. Well, I wonder at your hardihood when you reject him. Better that a millstone were hanged about your neck and that you were cast into the sea!

Some will reply that they do not object to the admission of such persons to occasional communion with them at the Lord's table; but they cannot, so long as they hold not the whole of the views of the church, admit them to regular membership. I admit that the difference may be so great that such occasional communion is all that can be pleaded for; but the necessity for the restriction is not nearly so great as many make it.

First, I remark that, in framing a confession for a church, it should be made as comprehensive as possible—compre-

hensive, I mean, of Christian men—and not narrowed by a multitude of unessential points of faith, to which the consciences of individuals, admitted to be Christians, might take exception. How lamentable, for instance, it is that any church should be formed with such a term of communion as the confessing of the propriety of our forefathers' conduct in the matter of the Solemn League and Covenant! When a devout Christian from England is, for the first time, informed that any party in Scotland requires such an acknowledgement in order to church fellowship, it fills him with amazement. And when you are not warranted to place in the church's confession even all those points of which you are persuaded that they are scriptural, how much more is it at your peril if you place there some fancy or figment of your own!

But, *secondly*, in the formation of a church, it is necessary that its confession proceed somewhat further than what are commonly reckoned essential doctrines of salvation. For instance, there must be a declared form of government. It must be organized on Independent, or Presbyterian, or Episcopalian principles, or some compound of two of them, or all three. Or, as another instance, it must be pædobaptist or anti-pædobaptist in its confession. These are not essential matters in Christian salvation like the atonement of Christ and the sanctification of the Spirit; and yet a church must declare itself for one or other of the disputed points, for there would otherwise be neither harmony nor order.

Suppose, then, that it is a Presbyterian church of pædobaptist confession, and that an individual, sound in the faith on the subject of the method of a sinner's pardon and the moral renovation of his nature, but holding anti-pædobaptist views, were to apply for membership, saying that it was not communion for the occasion which he desired, but permanent and regular fellowship, what would be done in such a case as this? Bigotry would find the difficulty insurmountable—charity wonders how any one could be perplexed by it. What are your objections to the reception of the man? Some reply that it would be a compromising of the church's honour. But it is the reverse of this. If there is any loss of honour it is on his part, that he should connect himself with those who practise what he disapproves. Others say that it would be a sinful conniving at his errors and an encouragement of him in his perverse views. I ask, in reply, whether you are more likely to correct his errors by giving him a disdainful refusal and dismission, and sending him away to consort with those who are of like sentiments, or by receiving him kindly, and placing him in circumstances in which his feelings will not only have no

cherishing, but be subjected continually to an adverse influence.

Still, however, others object that there is danger in such proceedings to the church itself, and that from two sources. First, were the individual admitted, he might take advantage of his circumstances, and, at prayer meetings, for instance, and in Sabbath classes, insinuate his principles among the members of the church. But it is evident that, were he to do so, he would violate the principles of common civility, and expose himself to ejection. Every man in such circumstances is honourably bound not to disturb the church with his particular sentiments, and, if he do so, evinces himself unworthy of its membership. But there is another danger, it is alleged, of still greater magnitude. If you admit one person in such circumstances you may admit such a number that they shall increase to outvote those who adhere fully to the church's confession, and, at the election of office-bearers, carry everything in behalf of their own views. Our dissenting brethren in England feel little difficulty in dealing with this objection.

There are churches by confession anti-pædobaptist with many pædobaptist members, and *vice versa*. But they make a distinction, which appears to be a lawful one, betwixt privilege and power. If it is a Baptist church, such as are not of Baptist sentiments are not permitted to vote in the election of pastor and deacons; or, if it is pædobaptist by confession, those who are of opposite views are, in like manner, denied the elective franchise. This system is found to work well. There is obviously no injustice in it, and brotherly communion is preserved at the table of the Lord.

So much, brethren, for these principles of free communion, for which the denomination* to which we belong made so early an honourable stand. When father and son were anathematizing one another from opposing pulpits, on account of differences of opinion about the terms of the burgess oath, Gillespie and his brethren issued their proclamation, that they were ready to hold communion with all who held communion with Christ, specifying Independents and Episcopalians, though they themselves were soundly Presbyterian. It is a striking moral phenomenon in ecclesiastic history when the prevailing spirit of the times is considered. They were reviled and denounced for it as latitudinarian and licentious.

What then appears to be requisite and what sufficient? First, the church having determined what is sufficient in respect of doctrines, let a man solemnly—I say, not on oath:

* This sermon bears date of 1840, and was preached in various parts of Scotland previous to the Union of the Relief and Secession Churches.—Ed.

no one has a right to swear another or vow him in such a matter—let him solemnly declare that these are his views and principles, and if the man is sober, chaste, just in his transactions, a speaker of the truth, and a sanctifier of the Lord's day, let him be admitted. The dispute here is usually made to turn on the question, Should we be satisfied with negative evidence of saintship; or are we warranted and required to demand positive evidence? Now, I complain of this mode of statement. It would be preposterous to receive a man into any society whatever merely on the negative evidence that he was not an enemy of it. We must have evidence that he is a friend. Well, I contend that a solemn confession of the truth is evidence of a positive character. It was all that the converts on the day of Pentecost gave in order to be baptized and received into the Apostolic Church. And when a man presents himself at the door of the church at the present day, confessing Christ as the Lamb of God; who by his sacrifice takes away the guilt of sin, and as the risen Redeemer who rules his people by his Word and Spirit, let him make this confession.

And what then? Why, admit him unless—unless what? Unless you can convict him of insincerity and hypocrisy in making that confession. The burden of proof does not now lie on him to prove that he is a saint—it lies on you to disprove him one if you scruple to receive him. He has furnished the evidence of his confession, and you must, before rejecting him, show that that confession is not genuine, and insincere. Now, what would prove it to be insincere? If you know him to be a drunkard, or an unclean person, or unjust in his dealings, or a retailer of lies, or a profane swearer, or negligent of his poor parents, or harsh and cruel to his wife, or one who desecrates the Sabbath, your course is plain: not only are you warranted to reject him, but it would be at your peril if you admitted him.

But, although you know nothing of this kind against him, you seem to know something bad; for you still hesitate. What is it? He is a very frivolous character, you say; wants sedateness and seriousness, and is always laughing and joking in company, and telling amusing stories, without one profitable word ever proceeding from his lips. Well, I allow that it is very pitiful and blameworthy; but recollect what you must prove. You must convict him of hypocrisy when he came to the church door and confessed Christ. Does anything you have yet said prove that? I wot not. Admonish the man, and let him pass.

What more causes your hesitation? You say he left his business and went to the race-course, and that it is reported

he joined in the betting. I admit that is a very suspicious circumstance, but I deny that you have yet found your proof that his confession of Christ is all hypocrisy. He may be a Christian though in weakness. Pass him, therefore, with serious admonition.

But still you hesitate. You say he is rich: that his income will exceed five hundred pounds per annum, but that five pounds will cover all his charities to the poor, and one pound to the missionary cause. Is it so? I admit the case is very perplexing now. If that man be saved, should he presently die, it will only be as through fire. But I question your warrant to pronounce him utterly graceless and hypocritical in confessing Christ. Admonish him seriously; rebuke him sharply; but since he has confessed let him pass; and when he is once in give him faithful discipline. It is the like of him that have need of the church.

THE SANHEDRIM PUZZLED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE EMPTY TOMB.*

MATT. XXVIII, 11—15.

No fact of history is better attested than the resurrection of Christ. The evidence by which it is supported is so ample and clear as to leave nothing to be desired. Relative to those who look honestly at it, it is irresistible. If we are not satisfied with it, it is doubtful if we would have believed in his resurrection had we actually seen him emerge from the tomb, victorious over death and the grave. There is a great deal suggested by the clause, "neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." There are conditions of mind on which all evidence is lost. Indeed we are disposed to think that the resurrection of our Lord is *the* strong point in Christianity—a system, however, in which there are no weak points. It would be strange if it were not; for the resurrection is fundamental in Christianity. All must feel that it is so who observe how it permeates the New Testament, and the prominence which it receives in the preaching of the apostles and their coadjutors. They began at once to preach it, and they continued preaching it to the last. All the four evangelists make lengthened reference to it, and in reading their accounts of it, and the appearances by which it was followed, the feeling naturally arises that they are independent truthful witnesses. If they had agreed to tell a concocted story, how differently

* Inserted as appropriate to the approaching season of Easter.—ED. E. R.

they would have written! It may be difficult to piece together certain parts of the evidence of Christ's resurrection with which they supply us, each in his own style; but we cannot shut out the idea, when we survey it in its breadth, that there is substantial agreement amongst them. They do not contradict but supplement one another, and it is matter for gratitude and rejoicing that they go into particulars with the freedom of men conscious that they are bearing witness to the truth. If it could be shown that Christ did not rise again, our views of them would require to undergo a radical change; and Christianity, like a thing undermined, would inevitably collapse. Wrong as to the resurrection of Christ, what confidence could we have in the apostles as regards other matters? Besides, Jesus predicted his own resurrection, and in a very definite manner, just as he foretold his betrayal and crucifixion. He did not hide it from the twelve that He would be put to death, and be buried; but he gave them to understand that on the third day he would return to life, never more to die. He alluded so often and so distinctly to his resurrection as a coming event, that it was a common subject of talk. It was known even to the chief priests and Pharisees that he was accustomed to teach that his death would be quickly succeeded by resurrection. The sepulchre, in which was laid his lifeless, nail-pierced body, was sealed—that is, the stone that filled the entrance aperture was sealed with wax. One or more bands were stretched across it, or lengthwise, and sealed at both ends. Perhaps also there was a seal in the middle; and affixing the seals was probably the joint work of the enemies of Christ and the Roman soldiers, who were told off to act as a guard. Yes, *guard*; for a watch was asked from Pilate, granted and duly set; and what reason did the chief priests and Pharisees assign for sealing a particular tomb, and placing a strong and well-instructed guard over it? We are furnished with the reason in verses 62-64 of the preceding chapter: "Now the next day, that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first." It is manifest, then, that Jesus foretold his own resurrection after the lapse of some three days; and if so, how remarkable that it should have been fulfilled! To put it on the lowest ground, how remarkable that there should have been the *seeming* fulfilment of it! Three days after death, what

was the state of affairs in Jerusalem? There were two parties in it. One party, consisting of the friends of Christ, was rejoicing at his resurrection; the other party, consisting of his enemies, and those with whom they had influence, were busy circulating that the undeniable emptiness of the tomb was due, not to resurrection, but to theft. The chief priests and Pharisees wanted the sepulchre made sure, lest, forsooth, the disciples of Jesus should, in the absence of an adequate watch, run off with the body which Joseph of Arimathæa, and others interested, had taken down from the cross, hurriedly anointed and wrapped in linen, and tenderly laid in the grave! What a notion to enter their minds! For silliness and absurdity it cannot be matched. Had Christ arranged with the disciples that they should steal his dead body, do their best to conceal it, and give out that he had raised himself from the dead? Suppose that there had been an arrangement of this kind, what end was going to be secured by it? Moreover, what becomes of his and their character in that case? With all their failings and faults, they were morally above any such infamous arrangement, and how much more He! Jesus make a league with them that they should steal his body, when the life was out of it, and represent that he was alive, and afterwards on the cross breathe this prayer for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"! Impossible. To deny the resurrection of Christ is to plunge into a whole forest of difficulties; and considering its immense importance as a fact, it is what we would expect that the evidence on which it rests would be neither slender in amount nor indifferent as to quality.

It is worthy of notice that the enemies of Christ unwittingly contributed to the *strengthening* of that evidence, and if this circumstance does not show an over-ruling Providence, I do not know what would. The chief-priests and Pharisees, in pressing Pilate to make the sepulchre sure—an indication that they were uneasy in their minds—acted quite freely. Nevertheless, though little dreaming of it, they thereby served the cause of Christ. Were the disciples sorry that the enemies of their Master had thought fit to seal the stone, and set a watch over the sepulchre that contained his dead body? Are we justified in regretting the means which they took to prevent anything happening that might occasion them difficulty and annoyance? On the contrary, we should be exceeding glad that they concerned themselves as they did about the crucified Christ, for things did not turn out at all as they anticipated. The guard, which they were so anxious to obtain, had not been long on duty till they were obliged to find their

way into the presence of the chief priests, and announce that, amid extraordinary occurrences, the tomb which they had received instructions to watch had become empty. An opportunity was thus afforded them of accounting for the missing tenant or body, and the wretched way in which they had to account for it is admirably fitted to convince us of the reality of Christ's resurrection.

The enemies of Christ flattered themselves that if they were once rid of him by death he would trouble them no more, and it must be admitted that, as a rule, the dead give no trouble. Buried in the grave, "the wicked cease from troubling"; but the chief priests and Pharisees had more trouble with Christ and his cause after his death than they had before it. They laid violent hands on him—for God's Holy and Just One did not resist them—and with nails, hammer, and spear, wrought such a wonderful change in his mortal part that his friends had no choice but to bury him as decently as they could. God raised him from the dead. He gloriously undid their shameful work; and his resurrection, while it established his lofty claims, gave the needed assistance to the religion of which he was the founder. He profited personally by it beyond all conception, and saved the Church.

The allusion in the clause, "*And when they were going,*" &c., is to the women—those women who were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre—as represented by the two Marys, of whom mention is made in the first verse. It is not likely that, in the circumstances, they would have remained long at the sepulchre at any rate, but it was by direction of the angel who accosted them as they drew near that they went promptly away to report to the disciples what they had unexpectedly seen and heard, and where the risen Saviour would meet them. At or about the same time a deputation from the military guard left the sepulchre with the intention of acquainting the chief priests, Annas and Caiaphas, with what had transpired; and it is not improbable that its members were observed by the women referred to as they hastened, full of joy and fear, to find the disciples. What was the numerical strength of the military guard is not stated. There would, no doubt, be a considerable body of soldiers appointed to keep watch and ward over the sepulchre. At all events, a Roman guard consisted of sixty soldiers, and there may have been this number; but it was not necessary that all of them should march into the city to tell the chief priests what had occurred. Nor would it have been advisable that they should of their own accord leave the sepulchre unguarded, although it no longer held the remains of the dead

Christ. Be that as it may, the Evangelist, with characteristic accuracy, informs us that only a portion of the watch went into the city. "*Now when . . . some of the watch,*" &c. This errand must have been an unpleasant one to themselves, and to those for whom they were acting. I do not suppose that there was any gladness in their hearts; vividly remembering what they had witnessed, a great awe must have rested upon their spirits, and been visible in their countenances when they and the chief priests met. What the deputation was in a position to communicate I hardly know. I question if they were actual witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus. Overcome with terror, and more dead than alive, in consequence of what had taken place, when the right moment arrived they were not in a proper state to observe Christ quitting the tomb, after divesting himself of the grave-clothes, and carefully folding them up; but if they could not allege that they had seen a human figure walk forth from the sepulchre which they had been strictly commanded to watch, they could at least testify to the occurrence of "a great earthquake," the descent upon the scene of an angel, of an intensely bright appearance, and the resulting emptiness of the sepulchre. In one sense they must have been glad that they had an exculpatory testimony of this marvellous character to bear; but to the chief priests the tidings which they brought must have been unwelcome in the extreme. That they speedily felt that a crisis of unusual gravity had arisen is evident, for they got together with as little delay as possible a meeting of the Sanhedrim. A meeting so hastily called would scarcely be attended by all the members. I cannot persuade myself that either Joseph or Nicodemus was present; but, as the business was urgent, most of those summoned would make an effort to attend. It was for the interest of one as much as another to attend; and, after consultation among themselves, they decided on bribing the soldiers who constituted the guard. They saw that Jesus of Nazareth would overwhelm them with disgrace and defeat if they allowed them to publish the facts at will, and to prevent this was their immediate and main concern. Naturally so; for what Jew, put in possession of the facts as related by the soldiers to the chief priests, would not have been strongly tempted to infer that it had pleased God to interpose, and restore Christ to life.

The idea of the theft of the body did not originate either with the guard or the deputation. This it is most important to state. If it had, the enemies of Christ would not have attempted to hinder the soldiers from saying to others what they had said to the chief priests. There would have been no necessity for bribing them to give out, and stick to it, that

Christ's disciples had paid a stealthy nocturnal visit to the tomb, and carried away the lone corpse within. It originated with those members of the Sanhedrim who were hostile to Christ, and who were not worthy to hear of his resurrection from angel-lips, but only from the lips of Roman soldiers; and to get the soldiers of the guard, to which Pilate had consented, to unite in raising the hue and cry of theft, they had to subscribe largely for the purpose of bribing them. The bribery, we may be sure, was gone about secretly; but, notwithstanding, it became known. It is wonderful how transactions of all kinds do come to the light. That recourse was had to bribery cannot doubt. The authority of Matthew is enough for me.

I do not, for my part, believe that "every man has his price." There are doors which no key of silver or gold can open. To many principle is dearer than all the wealth of the Indies; but hitherto human nature, alas! has shown itself all too accessible to bribery. Multitudes have both given and accepted bribes, of whom better things might have been expected. It does not surprise me that the soldiers who formed the guard which found that, however able and ready they might be to encounter creatures armed like themselves, they had no strength or courage to fight earthquakes and angels, should have pocketed the money that was offered them to suppress the truth, and tell a miserable and discreditable falsehood. Soldiers, as a class, have never had a high reputation for virtue; but, if it was wrong in them to take the bribe with which they were plied, it was much baser and more criminal in their superiors to offer it. The briber is always worse than the bribed; and bribery is one of those things to which no man of a noble spirit will lend himself. It was hazardous, I grant, for the soldiers to take a bribe and do as they were taught—namely, to say that, while they had slept, the disciples of Christ had come and taken elsewhere the body that had been committed to Joseph's new tomb; but in the event of Pilate hearing about their sleeping, and seeing it to be his duty to take them to task, they were certified that no harm would come to them. Their way was thus clear, and to the shame of all concerned they trod it.

Of course, the soldiers knew that they were guilty of lying, when they asserted that the disciples had stolen the dead body of him whom they called their "Lord and Master"; and it is very doubtful whether the enemies of Christ believed in their hearts that they had committed the theft, which they were wicked enough to lay at their door. The soldiers being witnesses, they had more to account for than the empty tomb.

Was the earthquake the work of the disciples? Did they by prayer or magic thrust an angel on the view of the guards? If they were of opinion that somehow the disciples had broken into the tomb and made away with the body of Christ, that simply indicates how thoroughly their minds were made up that Jesus was an impostor. What absurdities they are led into who antagonize the truth! What evidence was there that the disciples had stolen the body? Not a scintilla. What was there to suggest that they had? Nothing beyond the fact that the tomb was empty. They were averse to run the risk of denying that it was empty; and they conceived that they had to account for its vacuity; but they might as well have held their peace as allege that a theft had been perpetrated by the disciples. None but those who were deeply prejudiced against Christ and his followers, and willing to be deceived, could accept an explanation so repugnant to common sense, and so glaringly inadequate. There are specious lies, and lies which are destitute of all plausibility. To the latter class belonged the statement which the Roman soldiers had to be bribed to make, to wit, that the dead body of Christ was not quickened by divine power, but stolen, and put out of sight by his disciples. A flimsier lie, or a lie more easily seen through, was never coined; and we cannot help thinking that, if the chief priests and Pharisees were not prepared to believe in the Messiahship and resurrection of Christ, the wisest course for them, seeing that they could not dispute the emptiness of the sepulchre, would have been to acknowledge that the disappearance of Christ's dead body was a *mystery*.

There were many to receive the lie, or profess to receive it, and to aid in spreading it when it was once set a-going. "Drowning men will catch at straws"—at shadows when no substance is within reach; but believe the declaration about the stealing of Christ's body who might, and circulate as widely or as long as it might, it was utterly false. It will not bear a moment's thought, for—

1. What was there to induce the disciples to steal the dead body of Christ? The tomb in which it was laid was the gift of a friend, and they could visit it whenever they chose. We can understand stealing pearls, or raising dead bodies to sell them for dissection; but what could the disciples want with the inanimate body of Christ? Where could it be better than where it was, especially as the disciples had at best but a faint expectation of Christ rising again; and then, must they not have realized that he could set his stilled human heart a-beating one place as well as another? A dead body is not a desirable possession. Its interment is a relief.

2. Disconcerted and alarmed at the crucifixion of Christ, poor and without worldly influence, they neither had the courage nor the power to steal it, had they been ever so wishful to do so. There is in us a natural shrinking from contact with the dead.

3. If they had meditated stealing it, they would assuredly have waited till the excitement had subsided, and the guard had been withdrawn.

4. How extremely improbable that a Roman soldier when on duty would yield to sleep, knowing as he did that the penalty was death! But it should not be forgotten that there was more than one soldier set to watch the sepulchre. Would so many as forty or sixty go to sleep at one and the same time? It is incredible; and equally incredible that the disciples could have broken the seals on the stone slab that blocked the entrance to the grave, pushed it aside, and brought out from the recesses of the rocky vault the dead body, without disturbing one or more of the sleepers.

5. If the dead body of Christ was taken away when the soldiers were all lying sound asleep, how came they to know that it was the disciples who stole it?

6. If the body was stolen, why did not the enemies of Christ institute a search for it, apprehend, and get legally convicted, the thieves? They could have been soon enough on their track, and what more difficult to dispose of than a corpse?

The truth is, the enemies of Christ signally failed to account for the empty tomb; but his friends accounted for it in a most satisfactory manner. They boldly and persistently testified that he rose from the dead; so that we are fully warranted in associating with every Easter the resurrection of Christ, and drawing comfort from the belief that he was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

G. C.—B.

THE EVER-PRESENT CHRIST.

THE reason given by our Lord for his early departure from his disciples is not to be found in any particular necessity laid upon himself, but in the spiritual requirements of his disciples. Hear his words: "It is expedient for you that I go away." So long as he was with his disciples, and they could see him with the outward eye, and touch him with the outward hand, and lie as John did upon his breast,—so long their spiritual condition was infantile and precarious. While Christ was by their side, and they knew that at any moment he could breathe

upon his enemies and wither them up as the Destroying Angel did Sennacherib's host; while he was there beside them, and they knew that the most infuriated demons were under the fettering omnipotence of his word; while he was there and they knew that by his mere oracular "I will," water would—

"Confess its God, and blush itself to wine,"

and a handful of bread taken from a peasant lad would multiply into food for five thousand or five million persons: while they knew that death itself crouched at their Master's feet, and restored its prey at his bidding;—so long as they knew these things by the evidence of sense they could hardly avoid turning to him, *as external to nature and themselves*, for constant direction of look and word and gesture. They must have leaned in the body upon the Lord, and hung with all their weight upon him—passive, helpless, childish burdens—and never could have been strong, rounded, self-reliant men, yet men of rare humility,—in an *inward life*, created and inspired by him. And the proof of this fact is, that no sooner had he hinted that he must withdraw himself from them, than they received it as the intimation of a falling cause—they doubted, they almost despaired; whereas, when he had broken loose from the temporal external ties that united them, in order that their necessities might constrain them to open themselves to him from the inner and spiritual side of things, then, when he was able to pour his own voiceless inspirations into their breasts in Pentecostal fulness and power, they began to unfold, not merely a flat pictorial character limned by worldly experience and varnished by worldly culture, but a statuesque character of living virtue, the direct outgrowth of a new descent of the divine into their hearts. When he left them they were timid and bewildered children who could not work, but only wait in hope; but after he returned to them in the Spirit there was a sudden marshalling of their manly powers, and by degrees they grew into Christian heroes prepared to dare the fiercest onsets of hell's host, because conscious that their glorious Master, in his invisible and inward presence, clothed with omnipotence, was ever with them according to his promise—"Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We have all been repeatedly reproached with the stagnant condition of the Christian Church and the feebleness of our Christian work, as contrasted with the fervour and strength of the age of the Apostles. The cause of the difference lies mainly here: in the grasp we take and the use we make of

this divine assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway." Remember that to those early disciples this was the last and most emphatic utterance of Jesus, and at once you will see that they must have pondered over it with admiring constancy, and found it to be the concentrated essence of all divine promises and blessings—the abiding well-spring of all their spiritual strength and joy. Have we not too good reason to fear that it is very different with us? Yes. Now Christ's words are a half-forgotten promise. When we remember it, it is more as a sublime hyperbole than as an admitted certitude. When we believe it, it is in some merely nominal sense,—too seldom in a dynamical. Here we are at the heart of Christendom's paralysis. No amount of inspired Bibles, wise traditions, sacred ordinances, eloquent preachers, and regium donums, will suffice to vivify the Church which has lost her faith in the immanent conscious presence of her great Lord and Head. Therefore, if we are to emulate the achievements of the first disciples, we must return with steadfast loyalty to Christ's farewell assurance, and receive it with that whole-hearted faith which alone can make its power felt as a living inspiration in the soul.

It is, indeed, a very difficult thing for the human mind to realize that that lowly burden-bearing man, who was scorned and cursed by the meanest and vilest, who staggered to the cross under an accumulated weight of agonies, and bore it all uncomplainingly and irresistibly, was yet in his inmost principle the creator of worlds and the regenerator of the souls of men, and is now filling all the heavens with the energy of his presence and making himself known over all the earth as a present though invisible Deity. We may readily assert our belief in his proper divinity, but do we not find ourselves so localizing his presence as virtually to make him only human? Who has not found himself look up to the stars and vaguely wonder which of them might blaze before the eternal throne, and watch the kingly majesty of Jesus? Who has not felt at times as if Jesus, when he ascended up, passed away through infinite distances in the heavens, and gradually cast off all that bound him in kindred sympathy to the scene of his humiliation? But in reality he has not been departing farther and farther because he has so long been hidden from human sight. He has not lost himself in the nebulous clusters of immensity, nor scattered the last atoms of his human vestment amid the splendid suns of Orion, or cast his farewell look towards us from the centre of the Pleiades! No. Had Christ withdrawn his spiritual presence when his visible form was translated from the natural eyesight of men, Christianity

could never have endured. No more could nature go on unfolding herself in the beautiful and fruitful procession of the seasons in the absence of the sun, than the great heart-virtues and spiritual graces of the Christian life could go on developing themselves among us with Christ, the all-quickenning light of the world, absent from his people. We may not understand this sacred mystery of Christ's universal presence. How should poor dull creatures such as we,—to whom the telegraphic clerk, talking with the ends of the earth, is still an unsolved problem? Yet though we may not see him with the outward eye, nor hear him with the outward ear, and though these poor mortal hands may feel for him in vain,—his own Word most confidently declares, and experience most copiously confirms, that he is so near that at any moment he can touch us, and wholly inspire, yea, transfigure the soul. It is not simply that he is present with his Church in the tender and sacred remembrance he has left us, and by the truth which he has made the inheritance of the world; but beyond all this, he walks among the golden candlesticks of the sanctuary in his proper personality, and makes his Bible a more spiritual and comprehensive revelation by his Spirit. Why may we not even think that he has walked at times our crowded streets, and busy highways, seeking the lost, and comforting the poor in spirit who always makes him a welcome guest? Certainly, he has prepared for himself within the soul that will dare to rise above the conventionalities of its time, and be meekly recipient of his sweetness, a place where he will make his presence known most intimately and affectionately. At the present time, as in all past ages of the Church, the anxious hearts of many Christian men and women are looking eagerly for the coming of their Lord, as if he were in some distant star that burns on the threshold of the heavens. They expect that some day soon their ears will hear: "Lo, Christ is here," or "Lo, Christ is there"—at Utah, or at London—at Jerusalem or on Mount Olivet. Oh, instead of nervously reading the signs of the times (which too often means, seeing only what we wish to see), let us ask ourselves, if we have faithfully remembered the sure and certain promise of the Lord, that he would be "with us alway, even to the end of the world," and are laying it solemnly to heart, that Christ is to-day in the very midst of us? Let us ask ourselves if we have reaped the benefits of his expedient absence from the domain of sense, in having the inner soul made sensitive to the supreme and enduring interests of that invisible world which is the eternal centre of Christ's kingdom—where Christ's throne is set—where Christ as the all-beautiful presence-home of God is ever

visible—and where the multitude of his saints are being gathered to rejoice continually in his light and glory?

Observe the super-abounding fulness of the Saviour's promise, "I am with you *always*." The personal Christ is never absent from us. He is not locked up in any insular or continental sanctuary which men's hands have made. He is not limited to spots of ground that bishops have consecrated. He is not immured in any shrine or altar for a merely secret or sectarian devotion. He is not specially compacted into any bread or wafer that priestly hands have blessed. He is not confined to any order of men claiming an apostolical pedigree. Far from it. Any man can have the peace, the joy, the comfort of his Saviour's presence, any woman can have her Saviour's enrapturing uplifting smile, in the meanest, most obscure, and unfrequented house in all the land. Even though the prison walls darken around us for truth and mercy's sake, and we wear the felon's dress, and feel the weight of the convict's fetters, and are left to the prison's cold and utter loneliness, that prison can be made to us, as to the saintly Rutherford, some splendid imperial palace by the presence of our Divine Redeemer. Yea, even death itself, though it come with the martyr's agony of bloody torment or of flaming couch, can become more sweet and transporting in its raptures through his gracious presence than our human speech can tell. Indeed, there are no outward circumstances whatever in the course of human life that can prevent his nearness to those he loves. Dr. Doddridge awoke in the spirit world (or dreamed that he did) and saw before him a palace. An angel took him into one of the rooms and left him, saying, "Rest here. The lord of the mansion will soon enter to welcome you; meanwhile, study the apartment." He found that the walls were adorned with a series of frescoes in which his life was delineated from his days of helpless infancy to a good old age. But what most astonished him was to find that all his life had been spent under the supervision of his Lord, and that in all the good fortune that had befallen him, as in all the good he had done, Christ had been his guide and protector, his inspiration and his strength. We believe that in this dream or vision of the night, there is symbolized the true relation of Jesus to all Christian life and energy. Were there need for it each one of us might similarly be translated into some deeper consciousness in which we might see that through all our Christian history we have been closely and persistently followed by the personal influence and love of our blessed Lord. He has ever been with us in all the tortuous windings of our life and fortune. He waits while we wait, and moves where we move, and tarries where we tarry. If only our

hearts be towards him, he is near to all our hearts. And if our waiting eyes were opened suddenly, as were the eyes of the martyr Stephen, behold, he is near and visible even to our perceptions. It may often have appeared quite otherwise. Perhaps there have been seasons of deep trial, when it seemed as if the sun were stricken from the heavens, and the moon darkened, and the very stars silenced in their courses—seasons of loneliness and desolation that came upon your soul like some dread Gethsemane; or of weakness, in which you felt as if the Rock of Ages itself had sunk beneath your feet; or of despair, in which you felt that it was useless to resist the dark hosts of the pit, or to expect deliverance from heaven: and all of these you have resolved into Christ's forsaking you and leaving you alone without his supporting grace. But, however it may have seemed, God's Word and a sound philosophy alike declare that while your heart was looking unto Christ, he our Great Beloved was pouring himself into the heart in tides of light and love as mighty as you were able to receive, and in fulfilment of this promise spoken for us all: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

Christian reader, lay hold of this precious faith. Christ is not of the past, simply a fact of history—a being identified with the antecedents of the race. Christ is not localized in some magnificent world surrounded by worshipping angels, so distant that our prayers must wander through infinite spaces and cycles of duration before they nestle in his breast. Christ is not simply a being of the future, who will rise in his divine effulgence upon some coming gifted generation, to be with them as their king and shepherd, and to pour upon them the loving effluences of his Deity. Nay, Christ is here to inspire all our worship, and sanctify all our approaches unto God. He is present as we invoke him in prayer; not one of our supplications falls to the ground. He gathers them himself into his sympathizing heart. He is present as we open the Book of God; it is not a dead letter through which we spell our way, but every word resounds anew as from his lips, and becomes an arrow from his quiver to wound his enemies, or honey of Hybla to delight his friends. He is present when the hymn of the Church carries to heaven the unutterable groanings of the spirit, the inmost depths of adoring piety. And thus it is with us all individually. He is deeply and inwardly conscious of our being and our spiritual states. The beating of every heart is audible in his ear, the slightest vibration of human feeling is instantly recorded in his breast. And just as Stephen, looking up from the agonies of his martyrdom, beheld that incarnate yet glorified Friend gazing down upon him

with looks of tender love ; so were God to roll up the lids of our inner eyes, we all should see him from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the glory of his presence, the magnificent demonstration of his power would light our whole humanity.

Do these lines come into the hands of an unconverted and unsaved man ? What have you been doing all the years of your life ? In the Gospel, you have had to deal not merely with an insensible idea, but with a living Person ; you have not only refused to entertain the truth, but you have refused a present and appealing Christ. And yet he has never left you. He is ever about your path. No secret of your heart is hid from his eye ; yet, knowing all, he does not turn away. He would wash you in his blood, clothe you with his righteousness, and strengthen you by his Spirit in the inner man. He is not far from you now. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Hark that knock at thy soul's door ! It is he, the Gracious Master. Listen to his words. " Behold I stand at the door and knock. If thou wilt hear my voice and open, I will come in unto thee, and sup with thee, and thou with me." Arise, O sleeping soul, arise and open the door and bid him welcome in ! Say, " Master, abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." And this day salvation is come to thy house.

A. B.—G.

MEPHIBOSHETH AND MAN.*

FROM time to time, as opportunity has offered, we have introduced into our pages illustrations of the Evangel or Gospel, deeming such similitudes not unworthy of a place in our *Evangelical Repository*, even although its articles lie chiefly along the line of theological literature. And having been interested lately in the story of Mephibosheth as it is recorded in the second book of Samuel, we propose to institute a brief analogy between the kindness shown to him by David, and the kindness shown to man by our gracious Heavenly Father.

And even as we require to go back to the counsels of eternity if we would find the origin of God's love to man, so, in this illustrative tale, we need to go back to the first book of Samuel for the account of that early covenant between Jonathan and David, that was the secret spring out of which all the subsequent kindness shown to Mephibosheth flowed. We read in 1 Samuel xx, 14, 15, where we have the account of the loving interview between these fast friends, that Jonathan,

* We are indebted for the idea of this analogy to a brief abstract which we saw of one of Mr. Moody's sermons ; but we have wrought out the parallel for ourselves.—ED. E. R.

to whom it had been revealed that David would be king and not himself, made the latter promise solemnly to comply with the following request: "And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth." What a remarkable expression that is, "the kindness of the Lord"! It denotes something far grander and more true than mere human kindness—something far superior to the love of mothers, or the love of fathers, genuine and deep although their affections are. Now all Christians, whether of the Calvinistic or Arminian type, are agreed that redeeming mercy towards man, whose fall was foreseen, formed the subject of consultation and covenant between the First and Second Persons of the adorable God-head; and the Father agreed that he would show this unsearchable love—the kindness of the Lord—to all who would be brought to believe upon the Son.

We must now advance to another stage in the narrative. About six years slowly passed away, during which infatuated Saul first waged war with David, and afterwards with the Philistines. At length on one sad day both Saul and Jonathan were left dead on the mountain of Gilboa. Jonathan had only one son, and all that we read of him on the occasion of his father's death is in the following brief notice: "And Jonathan, Saul's son, had a son that was lame of his feet. He was five years old when the tidings came of Saul and Jonathan out of Jezreel, and his nurse took him up and fled; and it came to pass, as she made haste to flee, that he fell and became lame; and his name was Mephibosheth." Barbarous times were these ancient times. It was a dangerous thing to be a king's son or of the seed-royal; for, especially at the time of the death of a reigning monarch, all the members of his family ran the risk of being put to the sword by the rival claimants to the throne. But what we have most to do with at present is that this Mephibosheth in our little Old Testament parable represents man. It is on him that David's love is to be set, even as the Lord's love is set upon sinners of the human race. And see! he is lame of his feet! Alas! there has been a *fall* in man's case too, and he also has become lame, and finds it hard to walk in the way of the divine commandments as he used to do in the infancy of the world.

But whither did the nurse take the lame boy? That was a secret. We require to advance to another stage of the history till we find it out. The young prince must needs remain in concealment and disguise till the time of the

revelation would come, even as the saving purpose of the Lord remained a "hidden mystery" till the fulness of time were round.

We must therefore suppose that other eight years have passed away. The house of Saul had meantime waxed weaker and weaker, and the house of David stronger and stronger. David himself, indeed, has reigned in Hebron seven years and a half, and at length has wrested Jerusalem from the Jebusites, whither also he has piously brought up the Ark of the Lord. At length, one day after God has given him victory over all his enemies, and he has extended his kingdom down from Damascus to the borders of Egypt, he is sitting in his palace, and suddenly a thought strikes him. He has forgotten his vow to Jonathan. He has never asked if any of his family survived. He might have remembered that promise all the time he was living at Hebron. But it had completely passed out of his mind. But the sooner the omission is repaired the better. So he makes immediate proclamation throughout his palace, and, in all probability, also throughout the city, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

Now, there is a most important respect in which our Heavenly Father does not resemble King David in this narrative. He never forgets. He is faithful and true to all his promises. But he sometimes bides his time, not only wisely but mercifully, waiting for the epoch, when the richer and yet richer manifestation of grace will be advantageous to the world.

It turned out that there was only one man in Jerusalem who could answer the king's question—Ziba, who had been at one time a servant in the house of Saul. He was now a man of some substance, having as many as twenty servants in his own house. He knew the secret about the lame lad, and let it out to David when he had been closely questioned by him. How David's heart must have smitten him when he learned that a full son of Jonathan's was alive, and had actually been in hiding for fear of him during all these years! Let us never allow near and dear friends to pine in loneliness or starve in penury if we can help it, else our unkindness will sadly pain us when we come to press a dying pillow.

We learn now where young Mephibosheth had been hidden all this time. He had been sent away across the Jordan into the mountainous region of Gilead, not far from Mahanaim, where the angels of God met Jacob. He had been boarded, as we would say, in some humble style, perhaps charitably kept, in the house of one Machir, the son of Ammiel; and the name of the town or settlement at which he

stayed was Lo-debar. That is a most significant name, for the word means "No Pasture." Alas! we may say metaphorically, that that is the name of the city in which all men, in their lost and unregenerate state, in this world do live—Lo-debar, No pasture!—for this world in itself considered does not afford food for the immortal soul of man. Its pleasures do not, nor its treasures, nor its honours, nor its scenery, nor its society. Only communion with God can satisfy man's soul, and it has been lost. Therefore, the world without it may be called Lo-debar.

We heard a preacher of the Gospel say lately that a young man thus addressed him during a series of evangelistic meetings: "I have sought happiness in vain in many quarters. My father was rich and indulgent, and gave me all I wished. I asked for a racing horse and I got it; for musical instruments, for a yacht, then for a steam yacht, and I got them all. But I would not give one half hour of the pure happiness I have been deriving of late from Jesus for all that hollow pleasure I used to run after." The young man had been living at Lo-debar, but he had at length heard a voice saying, "I am the Door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and *find pasture*."

But there is some hope in the very name of the exile, Mephibosheth. It means *one who strives with Baal*. Though living on the borders of the land where Baal was worshipped, the young prince, if true to his name, would not easily become an idolater, but would strive and contend against the idol. And is there not something in man, fallen though he be, that fights against the usurpations of the wicked one? At least, he is not easy under the tyrant. Conscience rebels against his yoke; and right glad he is when the Heavenly Deliverer strikes the fetters from his soul.

Ziba told King David that Mephibosheth was lame; but that made no difference. Such love to him swelled in his heart for his father Jonathan's sake, that, in all likelihood, the lame feet were an additional recommendation; for he would say, "He needs my sympathy all the more that he has such an infirmity, when his father is dead." Now, O sinner, learn here that it is for the sake of the dead Christ that the heavenly Father loves you; and since he knows that sin has made you unhappy, we may say that your spiritual infirmities increase the intensity of God's pitying love.

We are not told how Mephibosheth was brought from his hiding-place to Jerusalem. There can be no harm in a little play of the imagination. See, the king's carriage has dashed through the fords of Jordan, and draws up at Lo-debar.

"Mephibosheth, you're wanted." The poor fellow is engaged at some humble work on the farm, and cannot understand what strangers want with him; for he has no friends that he knows of. So he comes along as fast as he can, and when he reaches the road, and finds that a royal coach waits for him, and that he is wanted by the king, he turns deadly pale; for he fears that his rank has been discovered, and that his head is in danger. You're right, Mephibosheth, in one respect, and wrong in another! Your rank is discovered, and your head is not in danger. Just because King David has found out your rank, you are to go to Jerusalem to live with him! At first the news seem to be too good to be true; but at length the doubter believes, gladly bids good-bye to the home of obscurity and bondage, and suffers himself to be driven off to the palace of the king.

This imaginary scene represents the call of grace that comes through the mercy of the divine Father to man—to man in Lo-debar. He is often made afraid when brought into contact with the living God. He cries, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." He cannot be brought to believe that the Omnipotent God is earnestly desirous to save him, even him. But see! there is the chariot of salvation waiting at his door, driven by the Spirit of Holiness, and attended by ministers of grace. Yes; God means him, if he will only come. He wishes him to throw all the disguise and disfigurement of his irregenerate state away, and return to the Jerusalem of royal favour an accepted child. And he is the saved man who consents to return on God's own terms, and in God's own way.

When Mephibosheth entered into the presence of the king, he doubtless felt some hesitation and fear. What if, after all, it was but a plot to entrap and kill him? for oriental duplicity is truly unfathomable. So he bowed himself three times before the king. But David soon reassured him with the comforting words, "Fear not; for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." It is thus that the Lord reassures the trembling sinner; for the Gospel address to man is evermore "fear not." He shows us kindness for Jesus our elder brother's sake; restores to us the paradise which Adam our father lost, and causes us to eat the bread of life at his table continually; not merely on the Lord's day and at the Lord's table, but every day, in the hour of prayerful meditation. Some people, we know, do not like the expression, "for Christ's sake," but they and Paul must differ, for he uses it in Eph. iv, 32. Paul evidently held such a view of the atone-

ment that he was willing to take pardon and everything else for Christ's sake. And if we are justified by God's grace and treated as innocent, may it not be said that we get back paradisiacal innocence through Christ; or, to keep up the words of this metaphor, "All the land of Adam our father"?

Observe, now, how humbly and suitably Mephibosheth spoke, when he accepted all this kindness. "What is thy servant that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" And, in like manner, it becomes us to receive mercy through Christ, most humbly exclaiming, "Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy sons." "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

But notice, further, that the king was determined to carry out to the letter all he had promised, and give the young prince servants to serve him, as well as a place at his table; for hear how he addressed Ziba, "Thou, therefore, and thy sons, and thy servants, shall till the land for him, and thou shalt bring in the fruits, that thy master's son may have food to eat; but Mephibosheth thy master's son shall eat bread alway at my table. Now Ziba had fifteen sons and twenty servants." And is it not the case that the Lord makes the winds and the rains of heaven the servants of his people; the sunshine and the snow, blessings and trials,—do they not all work for his good? The very angels of God are made the servants of the humblest believer, keeping him in all his ways, and ready at last to waft his spirit home.

There is just one point in which the similitude does not hold. Mephibosheth continued lame on both his feet; whereas man, when redeemed, ceases to be lame, and leaps like an hart, being enabled to exclaim, "I will run in the way of thy commandments, for thou hast enlarged my heart."

So far the story reads favourably for Jonathan's deformed son; but when we turn over to the 16th chapter of this second book of Samuel, we find that a cloud rests for a little upon his character. When David was compelled to flee from Jerusalem by his wicked son Absalom, and when he was a little past the top of Mount Olivet, Ziba met him with an abundant present, and when the king asked him where his master was, he replied, "Behold he abideth at Jerusalem; for he said, To-day shall the house of Israel restore me the kingdom of my father." We believe that this was a base falsehood on the part of Ziba, who wished to get the inheritance of Jonathan's son; and he succeeded for a time, for we see that the king replied, "Behold thine are all that pertained unto Mephibosheth." Alas! it sometimes happens that the

character of good men passes under a cloud, and when serious charges are brought against them we do not know what to think. But God in his providence generally lets the truth be known at last. And see how poor Mephibosheth got the opportunity of defending himself, when the king returned to Jerusalem! He then came out to meet him, and when the king said unto him, "Wherefore wentest not thou with me, Mephibosheth?" he answered, "My lord and king, my servant deceived me; for thy servant said, I will saddle me an ass, that I may ride thereon, and go to the king, because thy servant is lame. And he hath slandered thy servant unto my lord the king; but my lord the king is as an angel of God: do, therefore, what is good in thine eyes."

We are sorry that David did not give him back the whole of his inheritance, but allowed the wicked Ziba to keep the half of it; perhaps because he had no time to investigate matters fully, and also because Ziba had really been useful to him during Absalom's rebellion. Poor Mephibosheth! so much did he love the king that "he had neither dressed his feet, nor trimmed his beard, nor washed his clothes, from the day the king departed until the day he came again in peace." And even after David did him the injustice to divide the estate of Saul between him and his traducer, he meekly and humbly answered, "Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my lord the king is come again in peace unto his own house." Doubtless many in Jerusalem would still believe the story of Ziba against Mephibosheth, even as falsehoods are believed of good men to the day of their death. But what a comfort that, when we sit at the King's table above, no falsehoods will be told of good men, and there shall be no stain upon the reputation of any of God's servants. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain.

THE HOUSE OF GOD AND THE GATE OF HEAVEN.*

JACOB seems to have awaked out of sleep in a fright. There was much indeed in the dream which he had dreamed, and in the vision which he had seen, to make him a proud and happy man. He was to be under the special protection of God. The

* We try to avoid, as far as possible, the insertion of discourses in this magazine—at least in the form in which they have been delivered to congregations. But having found to our surprise, at the eleventh hour, that the materials at our command, this quarter, were not quite sufficient, we have been compelled, not to keep the press waiting, to fall back on a

whole land of Canaan was yet to be peopled by his posterity. Nay, he was to become a world's blessing; "for in him and in his seed all the families of the earth would be blessed." But cheering although these prospects were to the patriarch, and while doubtless joy would preponderate in his heart, he had been brought into direct contact with the glory of God, and his soul had been filled not only with reverence, but with dread; and he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place!"

In all likelihood if God were to manifest his glory to us to-day in any direct and visible manner, we too would be filled with fear. But in mercy to our feeble flesh he restrains the revelation of himself; and the light which we enjoy, though sufficient, is graciously shaded. While a solemn reverence becomes us, we do not need to be alarmed. We may experience all the patriarch's delight, and yet share in none of his perturbation.

In all probability Jacob partook of the idea, prevalent in these early ages, that God was specially revealed in certain places. He would regard Bethel as being thus a favoured sanctuary, and would suppose that heaven could be reached by the gate which opened upwards from its awful shrine, more easily than from any other place. To some extent, though not in the Pagan, or semi-Pagan sense, the Lord favoured this notion by the residence of his glorious presence in the temple at Jerusalem during the Jewish economy; but we all understand how the mid-wall of partition was broken down at Jacob's well by him who said, "Ye shall neither at this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." We all are agreed that we do not need to go to Jerusalem, or Gerizim, or Rome, or Constantinople, or Canterbury, to find a house of God, inasmuch as it is to be found wherever people worship him in spirit and in truth.

As my mind naturally runs in an illustrative groove, let me here briefly run a comparison between the relations which men hold to their houses and that which God holds to his house.

A man reveals himself in his house. Only they understand

portion of a sermon preached by ourselves at the opening of Montrose Street Evangelical Union Church, Glasgow, a week or two ago, on these words, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven" (Gen. xxviii, 17). That one of its references may be understood by readers at a distance, we may state that the building passed by purchase from a congregation of the United Presbyterian body into the hands of the church to which we have long ministered.—ED. E. R.

a man who are intimate with him; and they only are intimate with him who dwell with him, and that not as servants, but as children or friends. To them his dispositions are thoroughly known. They can tell whether he is a harsh man or a kind man, a consistent man or an inconsistent. To them also he unbosoms his secret plans and projects, so that they may rejoice when he rejoices, and weep when he weeps.

Now it is in like manner true that they who dwell in God's house and do not depart from his temple, come to know him better than others. And no wonder. He has promised specially to reveal himself to them. There is a blessing in private prayer, and the private reading of the word; but there is a special blessing in God's house. When worshippers assemble there he is already in their midst. The Holy Spirit is peculiarly at work. There man is brought to understand his own necessities as a sinner and the fullness of Christ as a Saviour. Difficulties are cleared away and mysteries explained; and as years roll on it is manifest that the secret of the Lord is with those blessed ones who dwell in his house of prayer.

Again, a man *feasts* with his family at home, and God *feasts* his worshippers in his house and feasts with them. The head of a house takes his meals with his children; and it is a pity when the encroachments of business are so serious on domestic life that a father is rarely seen by the members of his household at the head of his own table.

"The King of Saints draws near,
And feasts his saints to-day."

There is a feast in the edifying sermon, in the fervent prayer, and the jubilant hymn of praise. There is a feast also in the ordinances of the sanctuary, and specially in that of the Lord's Supper. I welcome you, then, this day, O beloved, to God's banqueting-house, praying that throughout future years you may eat and drink abundantly of Zion's rich provisions. But does the King feast along with us? "What think ye? will he come to the feast?" Would the Master absent himself from the board he has himself spread? No. He has promised to sup with you and you with him. That is, when you delight in him, he is delighted in you. When you rest in his love, he rests in his love too, and rejoices over you with singing.

Further, there is *protection* in a man's house; and there is protection in God's house too. On the winter night, when the wind howls around the corners of the building, or the sleet is driven against the casement, the children in their comfortable cribs are thankful that their father has been able to provide

for them so secure a habitation. And in olden feudal times, when civil wars were rife, not only the children of the chieftain, but his retainers and the burghers of the town, were glad to enjoy the protection of the strong castle; and the latter took good care to build their houses close under the shelter of the baronial keep. Now, in the house of God there is safety and security for poor sinners, and specially for those who put their trust in a proffered Saviour. He not only brings them to his banqueting-house, but his banner over them is love. Here they are safe. Like Asaph, they obtain deliverance from their temptations in the sanctuary of God. Jesus never appears so mighty to save, nor the Holy Spirit so strong to sanctify, as in the house of God. And besides being strengthened there for the time, they obtain courage for the conflicts and trials of the week. They are clothed with fresh armour in the house that is called Beautiful; and their enemy can find nothing in them, as he found nothing in their divine Master.

Let us now proceed to show that a chapel like this, which is to-day opened for the use of a Christian congregation, is also worthy of the name, the gate of heaven. The scene described in Genesis justifies the parallelism used by the patriarch; for not only did God's presence make the place God's house, but the ladder of his vision leading up to heaven made it look like the very gate of heaven itself. This double description is not only very beautiful, but very true. You have sometimes seen a pretty respectable house beside a very large and handsome gate. At first, you were inclined to think that the gate simply led into that respectable house; but, on taking another look at the scene, you concluded that the gate was too large for that house—that, in fact, it was only a preliminary house, or porter's lodge, or factor's or gardener's dwelling,—and that both gate and house pointed forward to some grander habitation, as yet unseen by the visitor and hidden by the leafy trees of the extensive domain. Now that is exactly what we find in a Christian church like this. There is a house, and there is a gate; but the gate does not lead to that house alone. No! Both house and gate point forward to something greater; the house is but the Interpreter's house, from the roof of which the celestial palace dome can be descried afar; and the gate is none other than the gate of heaven.

You never see a great gate with some family crest on it but you are sure that there must be some grand house among the trees. And, in like manner, the Church on earth, with its Biblical inscriptions and Biblical ordinances, is a gate, the existence and beauty, and prophetic writings on which, assure us that there is a glorious heaven beyond.

Suppose that we were standing before such a gate and were not sure whether it led up to a house or not—how might our doubts be dissipated? In the first place, if we saw people come up to the gate, and heard one man say to another, as he bade him good-bye, "I am going up to the castle to see his lordship; he has sent for me to visit him at twelve o'clock." After hearing such a remark, you would doubt no longer the existence of a mansion among the trees. Now have we not all seen men and women who found heaven's gate in the house of prayer, pass away from us at twelve o'clock at night, or twelve o'clock in the day, with glory begun shining on their faces, and exclaiming to us, as they bade us good-bye, that they had an appointment to meet the King in his palace far within the gate?

Then, again, if we saw liveried servants coming out of the porter lodge, sent by her ladyship with cordials for the sick and the poor in the town hard by, we could not doubt that there was a castle within the walls. Now Jacob saw the liveried servants of heaven coming down the shining path; and they often come yet to guide the tempted believer in slippery paths "lest he should dash his foot against a stone"; to carry back to heaven from a church like this the tidings of souls regenerated, or to bear aloft the emancipated spirits of the blessed ones who die in the Lord. Oh, may they often come down to this house of God, through the gate of heaven, and take hence the cheering news that this and that man was born here!

But, finally here, suppose that while some incredulous visitor is still standing and doubting about the reality of a mansion within the gates, we should see the outriders coming down the avenue, and then the splendid family carriage, with the baron and the baroness and their children going out for a drive. Then we observe the burghers of the old town making respectful salutations before them, and notice that they are proud to do so. Who could doubt, after such a sight, that a great house lay concealed among the old ancestral trees?

Now Jacob, at Bethel, saw the glory of the Lord and heard the divine voice. You have seen pictures of his vision, and the glory coming down. Oh, the chariot of the Lord hath frequently driven forth from heaven's gate triumphing gloriously! The victories of Pentecost have been renewed in all the centuries of the Christian era, and our God is renewing them still. O Lord, unbare thine arm! Oft descend into our midst through the gate that is built here and that is opened to-day, and make us feel that thou art near, and that heaven is real!

Let me now describe to you, under a few brief particulars, the appearance and characteristics of this gate.

The wood is not of the oak of Britain, or the cedars of Lebanon, but of Calvary's tree, which all down the ages has admitted of such marvellous multiplication, like the loaves of the Saviour's miracle. The wood is a strange mixture of white and red—the white of the divine mercy, and the red of the blood of Jesus.

This reminds me that above the gate there is the figure of a lamb. I remember once coming upon the gate that led up to a fine mansion in Aberdeenshire, on the banks of the Dee, and above the arch of the gateway there stood, in stone, a sculptured lamb. This memory comes back to me to-day, and helps me in my imaginative delineation of the gate of heaven, that may be said to be erected in this church, and in every church in which the Gospel is preached. Above the gate there is a lamb, and that lamb is "as if it had been slain."

Then, again, there is an inscription to be noted. You generally see the family motto inscribed on a nobleman's gate. I remember how delighted I was, while I was attending the Grammar School in the town at which I was brought up, and was learning French, when, on passing the great gate leading into the mansion of a peer, I found that I was able to read the inscription in that language that is still legible above the entrance. Now, there is an inscription on heaven's gate, and you may all read it in your own mother tongue, and it is this, "Whosoever will, let him come." Yes; a free Gospel will always be preached here, because there is a free Gospel in the Word of God. I do not mean to say that a free Gospel was not preached here before, or that these walls will not very frequently hear just the same kind of truth that they have been accustomed to for thirty-three years, during the successive ministries of the two excellent and distinguished divines who have occupied this pulpit. But you all know the little point as to which the Evangelical Union differs from the United Presbyterian body—little in comparison with the great points on which we are agreed, yet important enough in our estimation to keep us apart, when we would not be allowed to agree to differ; the very point which made Wesley and Fletcher separate, in the last century, from Whitfield and Lady Huntingdon—the doctrine of election so understood as not to interfere with that inscription on the gate, "Whosoever will, let him come." Yet Whitfield respected Wesley, and said he would be so near the glory—the glory which dazzled Jacob at Bethel—that himself (great Christian orator though he had been) would not be able to contemplate its blaze. May a similar spirit of charity

towards the Evangelical Union throughout Scotland more and more prevail!

My last remark is this, that the gate of heaven is *open*. It is not shut, but, through the mercy of God, it stands open. It will be shut when the day of probation is past; but meanwhile it is open. Therefore, O hearer, be in time!

A controversy has arisen concerning a somewhat celebrated American hymn, entitled "The Gate Ajar." It is said, by way of criticism upon it, that since heaven's gate is wide open for the admission of "whosoever will," it cannot be at the same time ajar. But there is an important sense in which both representations are true. The gate is broad for "whosoever will"; but it is also narrow, because no sinner can carry his sins through. And when you recollect that it is not the body that passes through, but the spirit, and that millions of souls may enter, at the same moment, through this narrow opening that will not admit sin, it turns out that in an important sense the gate of heaven is free to all, and yet ajar.

I have thus endeavoured to show that both of these expressions used at Bethel by the astonished patriarch, are applicable to this church, which has to-day been set apart for public worship. I would, therefore, say in conclusion, "Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Amen.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Assyrian Discoveries; an Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874. By George Smith. With illustrations. Third edition. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Low & Searle, 1875.

"GEORGE SMITH" is comparatively a new name, but it will henceforth find a permanent and honourable place alongside of those of Botta, Rawlinson, and Layard, in all works and treatises on the language, geography, history, and especially the religion of the Orientals, and particularly of those two remarkable nations, the Assyrian and Babylonian, that flourished so long ago on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Mr. Smith tells us in one of his introductory chapters that, from his boyhood he had a thirst for Oriental studies, and that by a perusal of the works of his predecessors in archaeological research, he felt convinced that if the Assyrian remains were more diligently searched, important light might be shed upon the study of the Scriptures, and pre-eminently by the records of the reign of Tig-

lath-Pileser. Mr. Smith does not tell us how he was employed in his youth; but we would be inclined to conclude from the perusal of his book that, although he had this passion for Oriental study, he had not received a thorough classical education; for there are several indications that his acquaintance with the rules of English composition is imperfect, although he must be quite a marvel in deciphering cuneiform inscriptions. Although the work is slightly marred by these defects, its value as a precious contribution to archæological literature is not thereby diminished. Clear unadorned simplicity of style is certainly better than a tide of words that obscure the author's meaning.

Young Mr. Smith was bold enough to write Sir Henry Rawlinson to ask him if the casts and fragments of the inscriptions of Tiglath-Pileser's reign in the British Museum were available for reference and examination. Sir Henry took a generous interest in his aspiring, although then unknown, correspondent, and accorded him permission to examine the large store of paper casts in his work-room at the British Museum. Setting zealously to work, Mr. Smith surprised the great scholar by soon discovering a curious inscription of Shalmaneser II, which related the submission of the Jehu of the Bible to that monarch in the eighteenth year of his reign. Our hero having also succeeded in making a fair text out of the cylinders that contained the history of Sardanapalus, which had all along been allowed to remain, even by Rawlinson himself, in considerable confusion, Sir Henry proposed to the trustees of the Museum that Mr. Smith should be "engaged by them to assist him in the work of preparing a new volume of 'Cuneiform Inscriptions.'"

It seems that in the Oriental department of the British Museum there are immense boxes, full of fragments of clay and terracotta inscriptions, sent home by Layard and others. To even good Oriental scholars it seemed a hopeless task to make anything out of these. But George Smith's genius and perseverance were soon marvellously rewarded. Besides discovering notices among these fragments of "Azariah king of Judah, Pekah king of Israel, and Hoshea king of Israel," he eventually stumbled upon records that gave him a world-wide fame—

"In 1872, I had the good fortune to make a far more interesting discovery, namely, that of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge. The first fragment I discovered contained about half of the account: it was the largest single fragment of these legends.

"As soon as I recognized this, I began a search among the fragments of the Assyrian library to find the remainder of the story.

"This library was first discovered by Mr. Layard, who sent home many boxes full of fragments of terracotta tablets, and after the close of Mr. Layard's work, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam and Mr. Loftus recovered much more of this collection. The fragments of clay tablets were of all sizes from half an inch to a foot long, and were thickly coated with dirt, so that they had to be cleaned before anything could be seen on the surface. Whenever I found anything of interest, it was my practice to examine the most likely parts of this collection, and pick out all the fragments that would join, or throw light on the new subject. My search for fragments

of the Deluge story was soon rewarded by some good finds, and I then ascertained that this tablet, of which I obtained three copies, was the 11th in a series of tablets giving the history of an unknown hero, named Izdubar, and I subsequently ascertained that this series contained in all twelve tablets. These tablets were full of remarkable interest, and a notice of them being published, they at once attracted a considerable amount of attention, both in England and abroad. I arranged to give the public, as soon as possible, a translation and account of these fragments in a lecture before the Biblical Archæological Society, and this was delivered on the 3rd of December, 1872. My latest discoveries and completer accounts of these tablets will be given in my present work. In consequence of the wide interest taken at the time in these discoveries, the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper came forward and offered to advance a sum of one thousand guineas for fresh researches at Nineveh, in order to recover more of these interesting inscriptions, the terms of agreement being that I should conduct the expedition, and should supply the *Telegraph* from time to time with accounts of my journeys and discoveries in the East in return."

This is a remarkable instance of the oft quoted proverb that "Providence helps those who help themselves." Here was a man who had merit, and God opened up opportunities for him, by means of which his peculiar bent and genius might best be developed and benefit the world. The Sultan having granted a firman that permitted the work of excavation to go on during 1873 and 1874, Mr. Smith sailed up the Mediterranean and landed at Alexandretta in the beginning of February of the former year. This port lies at the head of the deep indenture which the Levant makes in Asia Minor beyond the island of Cyprus, and therefore the nearest point at which European travellers can commence their equestrian journey to Mesopotamia. Our traveller occupied a whole month on the route, proceeding by Aleppo and Djezireh. His heart swelled within him when he caught his first view of the mighty Euphrates; but certainly his emotions were not less intense when he looked upon the Tigris—the former Babylon's, but the latter Nineveh's stream. He reached the ruins of Nineveh on the 2nd of March, and was so eager to commence his investigations that he made his first explorations on the afternoon of his arrival, before crossing to the modern city Mosul which is built on the western side of the stream.

Mr. Smith's descriptions, with the accompanying map, have given us a better idea of the site and size of ancient Nineveh than ever we had before. He informs us that the writers who have represented the city as being 60 miles in circumference have been guilty of great exaggeration. Nineveh and Babylon seem both to have been about the same size, that is, 8 miles in circumference. The city in which we now write is much larger than either of them, although, of course, not surrounded by walls nor adorned with royal residences. Mr. Smith admits that the walls of Nineveh were 100 feet high, and, perhaps, 50 feet broad. The western wall was $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, the northern $1\frac{1}{4}$, the eastern $3\frac{1}{4}$, and the southern wall only half a mile in length. The city was thus in shape a peculiar and unequal parallelogram—if that expression may be allowed. The river Khosr,

a tributary of the Tigris, flows through the centre of the city, having apparently passed below both the eastern and western wall.

The most valuable excavations have been found at what are called the mounds of Kouyunjik and of Neby-yunus—the latter being the site of the traditional tomb of the prophet Jonah. Mr. Smith turned his attention chiefly to the remains of Kouyunjik, because the ruins of the Assyrian library were there, among which the tablets of the flood had been found, and he expected, by additional “finds,” to get the strange old-world narrative made more complete. Although the jealousy of the Turkish government sorely hindered him, the money he was able to offer, through the liberality of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, procured for him willing, if fanatical, workmen. For a time he feared that he was to be disappointed; but “fortune favours the brave,” and it is truly wonderful how he was favoured. The following unexpected gleam of sunshine shot athwart the gloom of his despondency:—

“On the 14th of May my friend Mr. Charles Kerr, whom I had left at Aleppo, visited me at Mosul, and as I rode into the khan where I was staying, I met him. After mutual congratulations I sat down to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscriptions from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments to read their contents. On cleaning one of them I found to my great surprise and gratification, that it contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of the Chaldean account of the Deluge, and fitting into the only place where there was a serious blank in the story. When I had first published the account of this tablet, I had conjectured that there were about fifteen lines wanting in this part of the story, and now with this portion I was enabled to make it nearly complete.

“After communicating to my friend the contents of the fragment, I copied it, and a few days later telegraphed the circumstance to the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.”

Our readers may now expect us to give them some account of these wonderful tablets of the flood, which Mr. Smith entitles “The Legends of Izdubar.” He believes that they were carved on the clay in Babylonia about the year 2000 B.C., and that they had been carried off from Babylon to Nineveh by one of the victorious kings of Assyria. Izdubar he believes to be the Nimrod of the Bible, for he is represented as having been a mighty hunter who reigned in Erech, one of those primeval cities mentioned in the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis. After a career of great prosperity, Izdubar falls into sore trouble, both on account of the death of his fast friend Heabani, who is killed by a wild animal, and because he is himself visited by a disease in his limbs like leprosy. He is directed to proceed towards the Persian Gulf in quest of a cure; for there a sage lived, Hasisadra by name, to whom honours almost divine were paid. It turns out that Hasisadra is the Noah of Chaldea. He had escaped the flood. And it is when he is exhorting Izdubar to try a kind of “water cure” for his leprosy, that he narrates to him how he had himself been purified by the aqueous baptism of the deluge. He had been commanded by the gods to construct a ship 600 cubits in length,

and 60 in breadth, to take his children and friends into it, that they might escape the flood that was coming upon the world. With "three measures of bitumen," he coated his bark outside and inside, and, steered by skilful boatmen, he sailed away on the bosom of the gathering waters. The flood only lasted—according to this Chaldean account—seven days; and for other seven days the ship was stranded on the mountains of Nizir, southwards from the City of Babylon. Then, on the seventh day after they grounded, Hasisadra sent forth a bird. We will here quote these *terracotta* tablets, that our readers may have a specimen of the old Babylonian poetry; for there is no doubt that these legends of Izdubar were very much to the Babylonians what the poems of Homer were to the Greeks.

- "38. I sent forth a dove and it left. The dove went and turned, and
 39. a resting-place it could not enter, and it returned.
 40. I sent forth a swallow and it left. The swallow went and turned, and
 41. a resting-place it could not enter, and it returned.
 42. I sent forth a raven and it left.
 43. The raven went, and the drying up of the water it saw, and
 44. it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return.
 45. I sent the animals forth to the four winds, I poured out a libation,
 46. I built an altar on the peak of the mountain,
 47. by seven herbs I cut,
 48. at the bottom of them I placed reeds, pines, and spices.
 49. The gods collected at its burning, the gods collected at its good burning;
 50. the gods like flies over the sacrifice gathered."

It is certainly very remarkable that such a record as this has been dug up out of a grave of rubbish by pick-axe and crowbar, after having lain buried for millenniums. Important questions are suggested by its discovery that bear upon the inspiration of the Word of God. While, on the one hand, it undoubtedly confirms the Bible narrative, by showing that the deliverance of one holy man and his family from the waters of the deluge was a thing of general tradition; on the other hand, the fear may be suggested to some minds not fully established in the faith, that the Mosaic account may be merely traditional too. But there are some particulars in which our account excels the other so much in its grand simplicity, that the Babylonian legend reads like a version marred by transmission to an idolatrous and polytheistic people. That very reference to the gods buzzing like flies around the post-diluvian sacrifice is enough to stamp the account as a partial corruption; and when we read, in our own precious Bible, how the one true God accepted Noah's grateful offering, we seem to recognize the pure original from which the erroneous variation had diverged.

From the twelfth and last tablet of these wonderful Izdubar legends we learn that the ancient Babylonians believed in the immortality of the soul, and in a heaven and a hell—although their hell is like the Tartarus of the Greeks, and their heaven like their luxurious Olympus. The spirit of Heabani "does not rest peacefully under the

earth"; but through the intercession of Hea, a powerful deity, it is raised to heaven, the domain of Anu, apparently the Jupiter of the Babylonians.

But Mr. Smith did more than discover the Chaldean legends of the flood. He has brought home in all 3,000 fragments, chiefly of terra-cotta inscriptions, by which important side-lights are cast on the Word of God. We feel how truthful the writings of Isaiah and Daniel, and the historical records of the Books of Kings and Chronicles must be, when we find them to be so remarkably confirmed by these wedge-shaped inscriptions, dug up from the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. At the close of the specimens with which he furnishes his readers, of fragments of the reign of Tiglath-Pileser, Mr. Smith thus sums up the results obtained from these relics alone:—

"In spite of the deplorable state in which the annals of this king still remain, the fragments of these records are of the highest interest. The names of Azariah and Jehoahaz (Ahaz), kings of Judah, of Menahem, Pekah, and Hoshea, kings of Israel, of Rezon of Damascus, and Hiram of Tyre, show at once their important connection with the Book of Kings, while sufficient remains of the later campaigns to confirm the Biblical account of Tiglath-Pileser's campaign into Syria to assist Ahaz, king of Judah. The defeat of Rezon, king of Syria, and the siege of Damascus, are described in the 10th fragment; the conquest of the Philistines is given in the 11th and 12th fragments; the spoiling of Israel, death of Pekah, king of Samaria, and accession of Hoshea, are given in the 12th and 13th fragments; and the general submission of Syria and Palestine is given in the historical tablet, *Cuneiform Inscriptions*, vol. ii, p. 67, lines 57 to 63. The details of these and many other events show the value of these annals. Further and systematic excavations at Nimroud would complete these, and so give us invaluable assistance in the study of Jewish history."

Our readers possibly may like a quotation from this part of the work, showing how these recent excavations at Nineveh shed light on the historical books of the Old Testament.

"Account of the expedition of Sargon against Ashdod from a cylinder completed from Khorsabad texts.

1. In my ninth expedition to the land beside
2. the great sea, to Philistia and
3. Ashdod I went.
4. Azuri king of Ashdod not to bring tribute,
5. his heart hardened, and to the kings round him
6. enemies of Assyria he sent, and did evil.
7. Over the people round him his dominion I broke,
8. and carried off
9. From that time
10. Ahimiti son of
11. his brother before his face over his kingdom
12. I raised and appointed him.
13. Taxes and tribute to Assyria
14. like that of the kings round him
15. over him I appointed. But the people
16. evil, not to bring taxes and tribute
17. their heart hardened and

18. their king they revolted against
 19. and for the good he had done
 20. they drove him away and
 21. Yavan not heir to the throne,
 22. to the kingdom over them they appointed. In the throne
 23. of their lord they seated him,
 24. and their cities they prepared
 25. to make war
 26. the dominion
 27. against capture they fortified
 28. its they faced
 29. and around it a ditch they excavated.
 30. Twenty cubits (34 feet) in its depth they made it,
 31. and they brought the waters of the springs in front of the city.
 32. The people of Philistia, Judah, Edom,
 33. and Moab, dwelling beside the sea bringing tribute
 34. and presents to Assur my lord,
 35. were speaking treason. The people and their evil chiefs,
 36. to fight against me unto Pharaoh
 37. the king of Egypt, a monarch who could not save them,
 38. their presents carried and besought his
 39. alliance. I Sargon the noble prince
 40. revering the oath of Assur and Merodach, guarding
 41. the honour of Assur ; the rivers Tigris and Euphrates
 42. in their full flood the warriors of my guard
 43. entirely I passed over. And he Yavan
 44. their king, who in his own might
 45. trusted, and did not submit to my dominion ;
 46. Of the advance of my expedition to the land of the Hittites heard,
- and
47. the majesty of Assur my lord overwhelmed him, and
 48. to the border of Egypt, the shore of the river
 49. at the boundary of Meroe under the waters
 50. . . . he took part
 51. . . . a place remote
 52. . . . he fled away
 53. and his hiding-place was not discovered. The cities of Ashdod and
- [Continued from Botta]
54. Gimzo of the Ashdodites
 55. I besieged and captured. His gods, his wife, his sons, and his daughters,
 56. his furniture, and goods, and the treasures of his palace, with the people of his country
 57. as a spoil I counted, and those cities a second time
 58. I built. People the conquests of my hands
 59. from the midst of the countries of the rising sun, within them I seated ; and with the people of Assyria I placed them, and they performed my pleasure.

"This expedition against Ashdod took place B.C. 711, during the reign of Hezekiah king of Judah, and it is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of Isaiah, which is dated, verse 1, "In the year that Tartan came unto Ashdod (when Sargon the king of Assyria sent him), and fought against Ashdod and took it." Isaiah in this chapter denounces the conduct of Egypt, and the way in which he speaks of the Egyptians and Ethiopians in this and other chapters is remarkably verified by the account given by Sargon of his campaign against Ashdod. Egypt is described in the annals

of Sargon as a weak power always stirring up revolts against Assyria, and unable to help or shield the revolters when the Assyrians attacked them. In those days Egypt was truly a broken reed. The account Sargon gives of the turning of the fountains and watercourses to protect the city of Ashdod strikingly parallels the similar preparations of Hezekiah when he expected an Assyrian invasion, Chronicles II, chap. xxxii, v. 3 and 4, and it is a curious fact that Hezekiah was reigning at this time, and his preparations were made, according to the ordinary chronology, B.C. 713, only two years before this invasion of Sargon."

Our author calculates that 20,000 fragments yet remain that have been laid bare, from the library of the palace of Sennacherib alone, which it would take £5,000 to secure and bring home. We sincerely hope that the money will not be wanting for the necessary work of excavation and removal, when results so momentous to the Christian, as well as to the archaeologist, are involved.

Mr. Smith did not confine himself to Nineveh in his explorations, but visited also Khorsabad (where the remains of the works of Sargon are to be found, who is mentioned in the 20th chapter of Isaiah), Nimroud, and Kalah Shergat (the ancient Assur), all in the immediate neighbourhood of Mosul. Then he floated down the Tigris, and stayed for a day or two in the modern city of Bagdad, with which he was not a little pleased; next crossed the country to inspect the ruins of Babylon at Hillah, and, in their vicinity, the mound and tower of Birs Nimroud, which he identifies as the tower of Babel, where the speech of man was confounded.

Our author regards it as proved that great empires have flourished in that Mesopotamian plain since the year 2200 before Christ. As we read the brief digests given by him both of Babylonian and Assyrian history, we feel deeply impressed with the thought that we are but strangers and pilgrims here, and that soon the place that knows us will know us no more for ever. Events that seem ancient to us as we read of them, even in the Word of God, are modern when we view them in the light of these "sermons in stones." Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius, come in at the death of Mesopotamian majesty, and after the mighty dynasties of the Tiglath-Pileasers, Shalmanesers, Sennacheribs, and Assurbanipals have all passed away. It must have been a strange thing for two capitals like Babylon and Nineveh, not separated from one another by a greater distance than Glasgow and Manchester, to have swayed separate sceptres over regions so extensive. No wonder that the one metropolis was the rival of the other, and that, from time to time, the one swallowed up the other. And as they rose together in a far-distant primeval period, so about the same time they fell; for Nineveh was overthrown towards the close of the seventh century before Christ, and Babylon towards the close of the sixth.

Our author is persuaded that to the banks of these great Mesopotamian rivers, and not to the Nile, we are to look for the fountain-head of the world's civilization.

Mr. Smith's explorations did not extend unbroken through the whole period of the Sultan's firman—namely, the years 1873 and

1874. When he made the fortunate discovery of the 17 lines which completed the tablet of the Deluge legends, an unfortunate mistake was made by the telegraphists who received his jubilant message in London. They understood him to say "season closing,"—words which he had never intended to transmit. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, supposing that the season really was drawing to a close, and being satisfied with the important discovery already made, ordered their envoy home. He could do nothing but obey, although sorely unwilling to leave the scene of much loved and wondrously successful labour. The Directors of the British Museum, however, immediately sent him out again, and he wrought hard from 1st January, 1874, to the middle of the month of March, in that year, when he was compelled to stop by the jealousy and suspicion of the Turkish Government. We see by the newspapers that he has recently been at Constantinople, endeavouring to remove the scruples of the Sublime (!) Porte, and obtain a fresh and favourable firman. We heartily wish him success in his future explorations and the pen of as clear and unadorned a writer in any future work which he may give to the world, as in the present he has proved himself to be.

Miscellaneous Sermons, Reviews, and Essays. By RICHARD BEARD, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee. Nashville. 1875. Pp. 532.

From the account of our travels in the United States of America which we have been inserting in successive numbers of this magazine, our readers will already have come to understand that the author of this volume is acknowledged to be the leading theologian in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. About four years ago a eulogistic review appeared in the *Evangelical Repository* of his Lectures on Systematic Theology, issued in three goodly volumes; and we have pleasure in now welcoming another work from his pen.

To a large extent the volume is a reprint of special discourses which the author had been requested to publish from time to time and of reviews and essays which he had inserted in various numbers of the *Theological Quarterly* of his own church. To the issue of such a book we do not object; for we may be certain, even before consulting its pages, that it will contain the author's ripest thoughts, and that too on themes which, during the course of a long public life, he had deemed to be of the greatest importance.

When we noticed that the first four discourses had been preached as funeral sermons for four of the Presidents of the United States, we feared that, the subjects being so similar, there could be little variety in their treatment. But as to this point we were happily disappointed; for Dr. Beard has the happy faculty of so interweaving the principal incidents in the lives of such men as Harrison, Jackson, and Clay, in these orations, that they amount almost to biographies of his heroes, with most stimulating counsels interspersed to young men, both by way of example held up and warning given. The account of President Polk seeking God on his dying bed is truly impressive.

Of the long reviews we like best the two on Dr. Lardner of our country and Moses Stuart of America. We extract the following from Dr. Beard's digest of the life of the great author of "The Credibility of the Gospel History":—

"After his entrance upon the ministry he was engaged for some time as a private tutor, not being called to the charge of a congregation. As a preacher, he seems not to have been popular. His great desire was to be useful; yet, after an experiment of twelve years, we hear him expressing himself thus: 'I am yet at a loss how to dispose of myself. I can say, I am desirous of being useful to the world. Without this no external advantages relating to myself will make me happy; and yet I have no prospect of being serviceable in the work of the ministry, having preached many years without being favoured with the approbation and choice of any one congregation.' Most men would have become discouraged, and sought other employment; yet, the man who was thus coldly received by the Church became, in the end, one of its brightest luminaries—acquired a name which must be honoured for ages to come as a Christian scholar and a defender of the Christian faith. Surely, 'there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit.' At the age of forty, Dr. Lardner was so afflicted with deafness as to be unable to participate in ordinary conversation. At this age he writes thus: 'Mr. Cornish preached, but I was not able to hear anything he said, nor so much as the sound of his voice. I am, indeed, at present, so deaf that when I sit in the pulpit and the congregation is singing, I can hardly tell whether they are singing or not.' This affliction followed him through life. At the age of forty-five, Dr. Lardner obtained a settlement among the Dissenters as an assistant minister. He was united with the Rev. Dr. Harris, in charge of the congregation at Crouched Friars. About this time he commenced his great work upon the 'Credibility of the Gospel History.'"

Dr. Beard seems to have a hearty sympathy with a man like Dr. Lardner, who was unpopular during his life-time, and yet was destined through his works to enjoy earthly immortality: for he thus writes towards the close of the review:—

"Dr. Lardner was an obscure dissenting minister. He preached, as long as he preached, to a small congregation, and lived upon a small salary. He was surrounded by Christian ministers and Christian bishops, who lived in princely magnificence, who enjoyed the favour of kings and courtiers, and who had their full share of worldly honour and prosperity; but the quiet, modest village assistant was performing a work which was to make him a blessing to ages, and give him even an earthly immortality, whilst the memory of those who despised him has 'rotted.' How unpromising are many of the instrumentalities which God selects for the fulfilment of his designs! yet his entire plan is consistent with itself. An apostle said: 'We have this treasure in *earthen* vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.'"

Our author also exhibits Professor Moses Stuart of Andover in a fine light as a scholar and a Christian. When that distinguished man began to study German and the works of the Germans, several of his fellow-professors looked coldly on him, thinking such studies the high road to Rationalism; but our author tells us how suddenly the tide turned in his favour:—

"The time at length arrived for developing the influence of his communion with the Teutonic mind. The Unitarian faith had acquired a dominant ascendancy in our commonwealth; Buckminster and Channing had commended it by the graces of their style and the beauty of their lives. The celebrated Baltimore sermon had begun to attract a general admiration. At this crisis Professor Stuart published his 'Letters to Dr. Channing.' The first edition was exhausted in a single week; two other editions rapidly followed; four or five were soon printed in England with the highest commendation. His opponents acknowledged and admired his learning; his friends confessed their error in resisting his German progress; they felt the importance of it for the Church. 'No,' said the venerated Dr. Porter to him, 'you could not have written that volume without your German aid. You are in the right in this matter, and your friends are in the wrong; take your own way for the future.' Before this contest of the intrepid student, scarcely one of our divines was acquainted with German literature. He has made it common. With a great sum he obtained this freedom for us, for he endured a great fight of afflictions; but he fought a good fight, and he kept the faith; he came off a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through him that loved him. Thousands of trembling Christians now triumphed in their strong deliverance; they honoured him who had honoured Christ. At this time he entered upon a career of popularity as a scholar which was, perhaps, unexampled in our religious annals. He disapproved of the adulation that was offered to him. Such encomiums ought not to be pronounced upon a mortal. Neither flatteries nor frowns, however, deterred him from his studies."

We are glad to see that Dr. Beard has also reproduced in this volume the long and favourable critique on Dr. Morison's Commentary on Matthew, which appeared a few years ago in the pages of the *Theological Medium*. The kind expressions which he employs in that review with respect to the Evangelical Union, as well as the high estimate which he records of our leading theologian, will help to bind the two denominations together by a permanent literary cord.

We are certain that if our ministers and preachers would order Dr. Beard's book, they would be both instructed and stimulated by its mental repast of masterly miscellanies.

The Deserter, and other Military Tales and Sketches; or, Soldiering Thirty Years Ago. By ROBERT GEMMELL, Author of "Montague; a Drama, and other Poems," &c. Glasgow: Porteous Brothers. pp. 184.

THE author of this work, who is an elder of North Dundas Street E.U. Church, is respected and beloved by all who know him. He is not unknown in the literary world, as this is the third venture he has made in the way of publishing. Having been in his youth in the army, Mr. Gemmell has a warm heart to the red coat still; and one object he has had in view in the composition of this very interesting volume of tales is to awaken a kindly feeling in the community towards the British soldier. Our author confesses that he has pictured "the bright side" of military life; and we suppose that all our readers will admit that, since we need an army to defend ourselves and our possessions at home and abroad, all possible

efforts should be made to improve the soldier's moral and social condition. The tales are pleasantly written, and seem all to have been founded on fact. We are certain that when once a reader takes up the book, he will find it difficult to lay it down; while several excellent poetical specimens serve to remind us that the author of "Montague" has not ceased to cultivate the muse. The claims of Jesus, the soldier's best friend, are not overlooked. The book would suit admirably as a gift to a young friend, or a prize to Sunday scholars.

Songs of My Pilgrimage. By Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, Lochec. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street. 1875. Pp. 128.

We agree with Mr. Gilfillan in his opinion, that the very admirable prose autobiography which the authoress has written as a kind of preface to her work is superior to her poetical compositions. Yet these are highly respectable, especially her verses on being struck by lightning, on being called to Aberdeen to identify her son's dead body, and on the charge of the Highlanders at the battle of Alma. Mrs. Campbell is certainly worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with her sister poetess Janet Hamilton of Coatbridge.

Analysis of Richard Watson's Institutes. By JAMES AUSTIN BASTOW. New and improved Edition. London: John Dickenson, Sutton Street. 1876. We repeat the opinion, formerly expressed, that this volume is invaluable for ministers, students, and lay preachers, who wish to obtain a bird's-eye view of a system of theology quite akin to that of the Evangelical Union.—*Daystar* and *Dewdrop* for 1875. Admirable as monthly visitors, these excellent serials have twelvefold value as annuals in spring.—*Theological Medium* for October. Nashville. We are glad to see that Mr. De Witte has thought so highly of Rev. Dr. Guthrie's articles on "Evolution," as given in successive numbers of the *Evangelical Repository*, that he has reproduced them entire in his denominational quarterly. His own bill of fare is excellent.—*Our Faith.* Alton and St. Louis, U.S. This new monthly, edited by Rev. Dr. Logan, is spirited and promising.—*The Garden.* 37 Southampton Street, London, W.C. For sixpence a month, the lover of flowers can now get regularly this large horticultural magazine, with a coloured plate of a rare flower which alone seems to be worth more than the price asked.—*Hand and Heart.* 75 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London. This penny weekly magazine, "giving a summary sketch of current news, regarded from the reflective and suggestive side of things," besides [other illustrations, has a fine engraving of Elihu Burritt in the number for Jan. 14th of this year.

THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

SIXTH SERIES.

No. VIII.—JUNE, 1876.

FROM GLASGOW TO MISSOURI AND BACK. No. 8.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM ALTON TO LINCOLN.

AT ten A.M., on the 30th of May, 1874, Dr. Morison and myself bade goodbye to Mrs. Brown and other kind friends belonging to Alton, and "took the cars," as the Americans always say, for the town of Lincoln.

"Goodbye" is generally an affecting word to use, especially when those whose hands are fervently grasped, as they utter it, never expect to meet again in this world. I doubt not that our eyes glistened a little, with half-formed tears, as we waved farewell to the friends we left on the banks of the Mississippi. Our course, that day, lay in a north-easterly direction for a hundred miles up into the heart of the State of Illinois.

I have nothing particular to notice concerning this forenoon's journey, except that the extensive fields, in which the grain was beginning to appear, justified the appellation which has been given to Illinois, the great Prairie State. We did not, indeed, see any of the prairies which, in many districts, remain in their virgin condition; for all the region we passed through had been cleared for cultivation. But the vast extent of the fields, and the wonderfully level surface of the whole country—seemingly unbroken during all our journey—bore witness to the fact that the soil had all been reclaimed from the original prairie desolation, if so sad a name may be given to a verdant wilderness. Physical geographers, I may add, are of opinion that this peculiarity of Illinois (and the adjoin-

ing states of Indiana and Iowa are largely characterized by a similar feature) is to be ascribed to the fact that, in ancient pre-Adamite days, the waters of old Ocean rolled over the region, so that gradually the submarine deposit assumed the form of what is now a marvellously level superficies.

We had the pleasure of Rev. Mr. Woods' company in the train; and much agreeable conversation beguiled the tedium of travel. At noon we found that we were drawing near to a place of some importance; and, on making inquiry, we were told it was the city of Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois. Springfield, Missouri, as we have already seen, contains about 6,000 inhabitants; but this Springfield is quite a populous agricultural and commercial centre, for it contains fully 20,000 inhabitants. We could see the great tower of the State Capitol rising above the trees, which were evidently very plentiful in the heart of the city.

Springfield has acquired no little celebrity among American cities from the fact that Abraham Lincoln resided there, and was practising as a lawyer in its courts when he was elected to fill the President's chair. The inhabitants are proud to remember that it was while he lived amongst them as an unpretending fellow-citizen that his fame began to spread beyond the boundaries of the Prairie State, over the American continent. A grave crisis in the history of the American Republic was evidently approaching; and the shrewd lawyer of Springfield had thoroughly mastered all the perplexing questions of the complicated political situation. He could not be contented to occupy his mind with only the really engrossing cares of his business as a barrister, or the local affairs of the state; for his patriotic heart burned to see his country safely steered through the dangerous waters to which she was approaching. He began to lecture on such subjects as the annexation of more slave territory, and the adjustment of the balance of power between the north and the south, and even to hold discussions in cities which were at a convenient distance with noted champions of the pro-slavery party. My friend, Mr. Maxwell of Cincinnati, informed me that it was a debate which he held in that city for several nights, with a formidable antagonist, that first led the people in Ohio to know him as a man of mind, and one who was well qualified to be a leader of the nation. When he was elevated to the dignity of President, all the citizens of Springfield felt as if an honour had been conferred upon themselves.

We may judge, then, of their sorrowful surprise when they heard of their "dear father's" death by the hand of an assassin. If the whole land, yea, the whole world was shocked, we may

say that Springfield was specially stunned. A gentleman informed me, before I left the State of Illinois, that a thrill of horror ran through the little capital when they could no longer doubt the truth of the repeated telegrams that came on that never-to-be-forgotten day. In a few minutes, as if by simultaneous consent, every shop was closed, and crape or something black hung out at every window. The people had rushed to all the drapers' stores in the town, and had bought up in a trice all the crape that was within the bounds. The main streets were literally darkened with the sable show, and from the humblest dwelling, and the less frequented quarters, something black was exhibited in honour of the great and good man who had died for the sake of his country. They begged to have his body when they could no more have his living form; and to-day the grave of Lincoln, surmounted by a noble monument, is one of the city's chief possessions and one of the chief attractions to the traveller. We were sorry that we did not know this fact till we had passed the place, and all the more that, as this Saturday was held as Decoration Day all throughout the United States (that is, as we have already explained, the day on which the graves of all who fell in the late war are visited and marked out by fresh flowers), we would have seen the great President's resting-place to the best advantage.

We found that we were drawing near to the little city of Lincoln, which is eighteen miles past Springfield, about 1 P.M. Colonel Latham, the chief proprietor of the place, with the president of Lincoln College and several of the professors, and Dr. Poindexter, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Lincoln, were all drawn up at the railway station to receive us. Bidding goodbye to Mr. Woods, whose destination lay farther north, we received a warm welcome from these friends who were waiting to receive us. We were forthwith driven to Colonel Latham's house; for it had been arranged that we were to be his guests. On our way we had occasion to pass through the principal square in Lincoln, where we observed an immense crowd gathered together within an inclosure of trees. On asking our host what might be the meaning of the demonstration, we were reminded that it was Decoration Day, and that speeches were being delivered to the multitude by local orators before they marched in procession to the cemetery, to decorate the graves of those who had lost their lives for their country. We could see the speaker gesticulating energetically who was addressing the crowd as we passed, although we could not hear his words. We learned afterwards that he was a very talented gentleman from Springfield, who had some reputation in the adjoining counties as a "politician." The audience was

very orderly, and seemed so grave and serious that, if we had not known the object of the assemblage, we might have supposed that it was one of the American camp meetings of which we had often read at home, and that the speaker was discoursing solemnly of the things that belong to man's everlasting peace.

When we reached Colonel Latham's house, we found that it was a large and commodious villa surrounded with extensive garden-grounds. The black coachman who had driven us from the station unpacked our trunks in our elegant bedroom; and when we descended to the drawing-room, we found that the household consisted, besides the engaging children, of Mrs. Latham and the Colonel's sister. I have already more than once noticed the fact that, during the exigencies of the late American war, many were raised to prominent positions in the army by their prowess on the field of battle, who had previously filled comparatively humble, although useful, situations in life. With Colonel Latham, however, it was otherwise. We found that we had been received into the house of the first family in Lincoln; for our worthy host was the proprietor of almost the whole town. His father had the foresight to observe that the land would yet become valuable, and had acquired it when it was cheap. Now almost every householder in Lincoln paid feu-duty to his son. It may serve to give my readers some idea of the remarkable way in which American towns increase, if I inform them that ten years ago there was no township in Lincoln at all; whereas now it contains 7,000 inhabitants, and is quite a thriving centre for a considerable agricultural district. As to the State of Illinois itself, I may further observe that in 1860 its population was 1,711,951; whereas in 1870 it had mounted up to 2,539,638,—so that now it is the fourth State in the Union in point of population. The houses in Lincoln are almost all made of wood—quite the fashion in many parts of America, as I have already had occasion to mention. We were glad to find that our worthy host and hostess were warmly attached to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in whose fellowship, if I remember aright, they had been brought up from their childhood. Colonel Latham, moreover, was deeply interested, as we found, in the success of Lincoln University, which had been erected mainly through his liberality and that of his excellent lady. They both regard this institution with much hopefulness, not only on account of its connection with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, but because it affords a high-class education to young ladies and gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood where their lot is cast, and in which, in the

providence of God, they have been called to occupy so influential a position.

As Colonel Latham noticed during dinner that I felt sorry that I had not witnessed the decoration of graves in the cemetery, he ordered out his carriage again with all haste, whenever our repast was ended, and offered to drive me at once to the scene; for he hoped that the ceremonial might not be wholly at an end. The two horses flew like lightning under the Colonel's own familiar manipulation, and as the roads were very dusty in the neighbourhood of the town, I had the satisfaction of finding that I had once more raised, if not to my credit, yet certainly not to my discredit, a little dust in the world. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case might be viewed, we reached the burying ground at the very close of the proceedings, so that I had barely time to see what was meant by Decoration-day in the United States, and to be justified in saying that I had seen it. The cemetery would be about a mile and a half distant from the Colonel's house; and as we approached it, we met a good many of the people returning who had walked in the procession to the place; but when we drew up at the gate of the retired graveyard, we were just in time to witness the last deposit of flowers on a soldier's resting place. Looking from my seat in the carriage across the hedge-row, I observed a soldier carrying a banner of the United States with the well known stars and stripes depicted upon it, followed by sweet little girls all dressed in white, with flowers and immortelles in their tiny hands. The soldier stopped when he came to the grave of one of those who had lost his life for his country, and held the banner over it, as much as to say, "Here sleeps another who deserves your annual tribute of gratitude and love." With that, the little girls flung down their wreaths and flowers, while one of the company who carried a little flag in her hand planted it over the soldier's sleeping place; and there it was to stand during the year, to flutter forth its humble contribution of fame to the departed patriot, as long as the winds and rains of heaven would let it stand. This was the last of the list; the work of decoration was done; and every one returned to his own home. I was very glad that I had witnessed even the little that I had seen; for the picture of the innocent children, and the banner-bearing warrior, and the flowers dropped on the nameless grave, often rises up before my mind now that I am thousands of miles away. Indeed the recollection of what I saw so touches me as I write, that I lean my head back on my chair, and string together the following simple verses, as a memorial of the scene:—

Sleep, soldier, softly sleep ;
 No foe approaches this sequestered ground ;
 We come again to visit thee, and weep,
 And mark the spot where thy dear dust is found.

Didst thou on gory field
 A sacrifice for us in battle fall ?
 Or didst thou up thy patient spirit yield,
 'Mid wounded men, in crowded hospital ?

O'er thee no mother hung,
 Soothing thy latest hours with fondest love—
 No sister sweet, with kind, familiar tongue,
 Told thee of Christ and pointed thee above.

Yet God did visit thee,
 When left alone, and far away, to die ;
 And thou didst angels in thy visions see,
 Descending swift to carry thee on high !

Sleep, soldier, softly sleep ;
 Thou hast not lived, thou has not died in vain ;
 We come to-day, in gratitude, to weep ;
 Because thy loss has been thy country's gain.

It was, moreover, an impressive thought that I had seen but a sample of what was being done throughout the whole United States. On the last day of May, or the second last if the month ends on a Sunday (as it did in the year of my visit), the whole American nation goes forth to decorate the soldiers' graves—an impressive scene, and one which must do good to the actors in the ceremony ; for we cannot show love to others without being benefited ourselves. The last day of May is fixed upon as Decoration-day, because the flowers are then fresh and abundant. We call the 30th of April the last day of spring ; but with the Americans that name is assigned to the last day of May. Their summer begins in June. I was happy to learn that the graves of southern soldiers are allowed to be decorated by their friends in northern cities, as well as the graves of those who answered President Lincoln's call. Time gradually softens down the harshest asperities ; and death levels all rancours, as well as all ranks.

As we drove back through the town, we had the opportunity of seeing it to the best advantage. Even although the processionists had dispersed, the people from the neighbouring districts were making their Saturday afternoon purchases in the Lincoln shops, just as people do in Scotch and English burgh towns. The streets, and especially the central square, were quite crowded ; and Colonel and Mrs. Latham seemed to survey the busy and happy throng with parental, as well as with patrician, emotions.

When we reached the Colonel's house again, we had the pleasure of receiving two visits in the course of the evening—one from the Rev. Dr. Poindexter, the able pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the city of Lincoln, and the other from Judge Parks, one of the trustees of Lincoln University, and also one of its assistant law professors. Dr. Poindexter wished us to occupy his pulpit on the ensuing day,—with which request we readily complied, it being agreed that Dr. Morison should preach in the forenoon, and that I should preach in the evening. Judge Parks was accompanied by a gentleman of the name of Ritchie; and they both appeared as a deputation from the Temperance Society of Lincoln, praying that either Dr. Morison or myself would deliver a temperance address, before leaving the place. As the Doctor devolved all such extra work upon me, it was agreed that I should give a lecture on total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the Monday evening following—that being the largest place of worship in the town. It turned out that Judge Parks had corresponded with Dr. Morison a year or two before, with a view to induce some one of the Scottish brethren to come out to Illinois, and assume the Presidency of Lincoln University. The negotiations had been unsuccessful at the time; but it was with much pleasure that they who had exchanged thoughts with paper and with ink, had now the opportunity of speaking face to face.

After tea, we had the privilege of being present at quite a new, and to us, unprecedented gathering—I refer to what is called a Reception, which was held at Dr. Poindexter's house. It consisted in the very American descent of about sixty people, chiefly connected with the Doctor's church and congregation, into his house, without his being apprized of it beforehand. They brought their own tea and eatables along with them, and took the helm of affairs in a very summary manner, both in the kitchen and the dining-room. In truth it was rather an invasion than a reception; but the latter name is given to a thing of the kind by a sort of courteous euphemism. The fact was, that Dr. Poindexter had not been settled very long at Lincoln. He had been recently removed from the town of Owensborough, on the Ohio, to this rising little city in the Prairie State; but he had wisely stipulated as one of the conditions on which he accepted the call, that the congregation should build a house for him, to be in all time coming a manse for the minister of the church. Now this house had been duly put up, and the Poindexter family had duly entered it; and the invading reception of this Saturday evening was intended both to be a kind of congregational house warming, and a

welcome home to the head of the house, after his absence at the General Assembly. I suppose the worthy people thought that since they had put up the house, they had a good right to see through all the apartments, and congratulate its occupants on the elegance of their domicile.

As we drew near the manse we heard the sound of music, if not of dancing. Indeed, there seemed to be quite a rout or fair going on. All the windows were lighted, every room was filled, and it looked as if there were as many people outside as inside. It was difficult to find the host or hostess, for they were quite buried and overwhelmed in the rush, and beneath the pressure, of their unexpected guests. The latter were making themselves quite merry and quite at home. I must add, in all seriousness, that Dr. and Mrs. Poindexter were very glad to see them, and felt quite honoured by their visit. The house, I may notice, was a very handsome, self-contained, two storey house; and, although it was built of wood, it had cost as much, we were told, as a stone house would have cost in this country. It was also quite near the church to which it belonged, so that the minister had no need of a vestry or robing-room.

Dr. Morison and myself had a fine opportunity, on this occasion, of seeing the principal people of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Lincoln. Evidently they moved in a good social position, and seemed to represent what would be called in Britain the best families in the town. Our visit evidently lent an additional charm to the evening's proceedings, and for some time the entire entertainment was broken up that the guests might shake hands with, and express their happiness at seeing, the delegates from old Scotland. Several of the professors of Lincoln University were there, among whom we were specially struck with the appearance of the Rev. D. R. Harris, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages, and A. M. Taylor, Esq., Ph.B., Professor of Natural Science, with their amiable and excellent ladies. But it was Saturday night; we had work before us on the morrow; our own host and hostess would be waiting for us; and therefore we did not stay long at this amusing but very agreeable reception.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUNDAY AND MONDAY AT LINCOLN, WITH A TUESDAY'S JOURNEY TO CHICAGO.

THE Sabbath day dawned beautifully; and, indeed, we had not a wet Sabbath during our whole American tour. Dr. Morison preached in the forenoon from the text, "What is man that thou art mindful of him"—(Ps. viii, 4.)—the discourse being really an answer to the question, "What is man made for?" Taking, as a starting-point, the postulates that a chair is made for sitting on, a knife for cutting, an organ for being played on, &c., &c., the doctor asked, finally, "What, then, is man made for?" In a fine ratiocinative vein, in which the philosophical, the theological, and the practical elements were admirably interblended, he showed that man was not made ultimately to be a mere thinking being, and a volitional being—although, doubtless, Intelligence and Will were prominent faculties in his constitution—but that the grand development to which these faculties led, and in which they culminated, was that he should be an emotional being, and chiefly, that he should love, and yet more particularly, that he should love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself. Just as it would be absurd to say that a book should have no printed matter in it, or a harp no power of emitting sound, or a watch no aptitude for telling the time of day, so would man be altogether dehumanized if we did not regard him as made for love; and there could be no right and pure love in the heart unless it were inspired and refined by the love of God.

The doctor read his discourse from manuscript; and it was evident that he carried with him the undivided attention of both the more and less educated portions of his audience. The Rev. Dr. McGlumphy, President of Lincoln University, was present, with several of the professors, and they all seemed to look upon the discourse as a rich intellectual and spiritual treat. But the ladies in the congregation enjoyed the sermon as well as the gentlemen, for while it was deep it was also clear. They saw distinctly that they were not made merely to eat, and drink, and dress, and sing; nor were they made merely to think and will, for they might think and will badly. But they were made to love, and that not merely husband, or son, or daughter, but the great Former of the human soul and Redeemer of the race, whose love, shed abroad in their hearts, rectified all other loves, and all the thinkings, and willings, and actings besides.

In the evening, I preached from the text, "He that dwelleth in the sacred place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Ps. xci, 1). Likening man to a pursued fugitive in danger of his life, I represented that complete salvation which God brings nigh to us in the Gospel, by the illustration of a cave consisting of three consecutive recesses, which I styled the recess of Pardon, the recess of Providential Deliverance, and the recess of Purity or Sanctification. I illustrated all these stages of salvation by the narrative of the conversion of the Czar Alexander of Russia, in 1812, chiefly through the instrumentality of that text. In the forenoon, the audience was good; but in the evening, the chapel, which had no gallery, and seemed capable of containing about 400 hearers, was completely filled. The singing was first rate—the choir, which sat behind the preacher, being finely led by young Professor Taylor, who evidently was competent to be professor of music as well as of mathematics. One extemporaneous remark, which, indeed, darted into my mind while I was speaking, seemed to produce some effect on the audience during this service. My mind was full of the decoration scene which I had witnessed the day before; and I was led to exclaim, "You decorate the graves of your soldiers who died; but perhaps, O hearer, you have never yet flung the *immortelle* of your immortal soul on the grave of Jesus, in gratitude for his dying love!" May the Holy Spirit bless the thought to my readers!

The only interruption which I experienced during the delivery of my discourse was caused by the neighing of an impatient horse. It seems to be the custom in the United States for those who have come to church in vehicles, very coolly to tie their horses to some tree or paling in the neighbourhood, till the service is past. Of course the equine mind is not interested outside, as the human mind is within, so that we need not wonder at marks of animal impatience, if the sermon should exceed forty minutes in length. Every successive neigh seemed to say to me, "*Nay*, Sir, be done quickly;" and certainly the horses were glad when "Amen" was said, if the people were not.

Streets in Lincoln are wide and well laid out. We noticed that, as at Springfield, Missouri, all the shops seemed to be gathered near the square at the centre of the town; while the surrounding streets were almost exclusively occupied with the houses of the inhabitants—these being generally self-contained cottages. Here also the pavements for foot-passengers were wooden as well as the houses.

On the morning of Monday, June 1st, we sallied forth, after an early breakfast, to visit Lincoln University. Colonel

Latham, who accompanied us, was in high spirits; for he seemed to regard the college with all the pride of a Chancellor or Lord Rector. As we drew near to the building, which was situated about half a mile out of the town, we could observe at a glance that it occupied an agreeable and commanding position. Built on a gently rising knoll, it could be seen from a great distance; for the level prairie land of Illinois (under cultivation, of course) encircled it on every side. Indeed, whenever we reached the college we were led to the lofty roof and had a fine view of the surrounding country. The morning was very windy and clear; and while it was pleasant to look upon the far extending landscape, there was some little danger of being blown away. Imagine a tall and massive five-storey house, the erection of which has cost about £5,000 of our money, and which seems to stand in need of wings to make it architecturally complete—for which, indeed, the original plan appears to have left provision—and my readers will have a pretty correct idea of the outward appearance of Lincoln University.

As we approached the building in the Colonel's carriage, at half-past eight A.M., we observed the students converging in groups towards their *alma mater*; and there was this peculiarity in the spectacle, which certainly would not have been noticeable at a British college, that the young ladies were as numerous as the young gentlemen. They were gathered first of all in the common hall—a commodious and high-roofed assembly room, in the upper part of the edifice. There would be about 300 students present—the young ladies sitting near the front, and the young gentlemen behind. Besides the professors, several of the townspeople were in attendance, who had heard of our expected visit, although it had not been publicly announced.

President M'Glumphy took the chair; and, after devotional exercises, called first on Dr. Morison, and then on myself, to address the audience. The Doctor delivered an admirable and appropriate address on *Character*, in which he exhorted his youthful hearers “not to be like corks driven upon the water before the wind, so that one can always tell how the wind blows from the direction which the cork takes; but to manifest a brave and manly attachment to their conscientious convictions, and that even to the risk of temporal emolument and comfort.” My own extemporaneous observations were of a more discursive nature—the gay and the grave being interblended—but were kindly received by appreciative hearers. One remark which I made I may here reproduce. As I was brought up among the Congregationalists, many of my anecdotes hail from that region. I never see a body of students

but I feel disposed to remind them of what Dr. Wardlaw said to the scholarly Morell M'Kenzie on his ordination day, "Young man, ever remember that there is only one book in the world on the back of which is written, 'This is life eternal.'"

When this united meeting was over, the students dispersed to their respective class-rooms, several of which Dr. Morison and myself visited. We were accompanied in our little tour of examination by the President and Dr. Poindexter. The two lessons of which I have the most vivid recollection were those which we heard in the President's own class-room, on the analysis of poetical composition—a kind of English Literature department; and that in the Latin class-room of Professor Harris. In the latter, the lesson for the day happened to be a rather difficult one in *Cæsar's Commentaries*; and we were quite pleased to observe that the young ladies in the class had at least as good an acquaintance with the structure and syntax of the Latin language, as that possessed by the young gentlemen.

Without doubt, Lincoln College, with its able staff of professors, occupies in the United States very much the position held in this country by a good grammar school, except that in addition to the local support it receives in the State of Illinois it has largely been called into existence by a religious denomination, which expects it in turn to advance the interests of its own ecclesiastical organization. At the time of our visit, no theological professor had been appointed; but I am happy to see from the columns of the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, since my return home, that this want has been supplied in the person of the Rev. S. Richards, D.D. I must not forget to add, that the students are all by several years the seniors of those who attend our grammar or high schools at home; and thus the professors have the advantage of operating upon intellects as matured as those with which our own university professors have to do. The young lady element is, of course, quite peculiar, and may be regarded by British critics as largely an outgrowth of America's equalizing Republicanism.

On Monday afternoon, Colonel and Mrs. Latham honoured us by inviting the principal people in the town of Lincoln to meet us in their large dining-room and drawing-room, which were thrown open for the occasion. The leading clergymen and physicians, and lawyers, as well as the chief merchants and business people, were there, with the editor of the local newspaper. The president and professors of Lincoln College were also present, with their ladies. As the main object of the re-union was to introduce the Colonel's friends to his

Scottish guests, our host did not allow the party to break up into small knots for a while; but preferred to draw out Dr. Morison and myself in conversation, to which all present could listen—the main topic being our native land. When curiosity had been somewhat satisfied on our political, commercial, and ecclesiastical condition, since the poet Burns is a vast favourite in the United States, our host proposed that I should read one or two of Burns's poems, that the company might have the benefit of hearing the genuine Scotch read by a Scotchman. I read the Ayrshire poet's "Address to the Mountain Daisy," and "The Mouse," both of which, on different occasions, he had disturbed by his plough—giving all the peculiarities of the Doric dialect to the best of my ability, and little thinking that my style of reading would be criticized and eulogized in the next issue of the Lincoln newspaper. Dr. Morison, who declined to give any specimens of Scotch reading himself, but was always trying kindly to draw me out to advantage, suggested that I should next repeat a poem which I had composed, on the "Howe Sewing Machine," and which I had recited with some little *éclat* at a large soiree in Glasgow not long before we left. I was glad to observe that its rehearsal contributed not a little to the entertainment of Colonel Latham's numerous guests.

This little performance over, the whole company adjourned to the spacious garden grounds behind and around the house, where, after we had promenaded a little, the servants handed out to the company ices, confections, and fruit. I recollect that the lady with whom I walked in the garden happened to touch, in conversation, on the sad civil war. In compliance with my request, she told me a touching tragic tale concerning the death of her own brother, in the bloom and beauty of youth's morning. He had been engaged to be married to a young lady whom they all loved, but had been compelled to tear himself away from mother, sister, and friend, to fight for his country. One day they received the terrible telegram that if they wished to see him in life, they must needs lose no time in hurrying down south to the dread border-land. All they found at the end of their long journey was a corpse covered by a sheet, amid hundreds more. Ah me! many a heart in the United States knows its own bitterness—the bitterness of bereavement's unhealed wounds.

When tea was over, we all adjourned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where my Temperance lecture was to be delivered at 8 P.M. In that handsome chapel, a crowded and truly brilliant audience awaited me. On the motion of the minister of the church, Dr. Poindexter was called to the chair; when

he, Dr. Morison, and myself took our seats on the platform pulpit. Mr. Crawford, the Presbyterian minister of the town, raised the tune when the hymn was given out. It was a plaintive and beautiful tune, but I was reminded that I was far from home while it was being sung; for I did not know it and could not join in the praise. My lecture was on the Parable of the Good Samaritan as applied to the Temperance Reformation. A good report of it appeared in the next issue of the Lincoln newspaper, occupying about a column and a half. I seemed to get completely into the confidence of a large portion of my audience when I told them, at a certain point in my address, that I was a Good Templar, and produced the certificate which I had received before leaving Glasgow, from Brother Gladstone, the G.W.C.T. for Scotland, giving the name and number of the lodge to which I belonged.

As we had resolved to leave Lincoln for Chicago at half-past 1 p.m. on Tuesday, June 2nd, Colonel and Mrs. Latham kindly allowed us to take both breakfast and dinner at Dr. Poindexter's house on that day of farewells. We had much pleasant conversation during the forenoon, on theological and ecclesiastical matters; while the worthy Doctor's wife and daughter contributed much to our comfort by their culinary preparations. Miss Poindexter had parsed Cæsar well at the college the day before; but she showed on Tuesday that she was as good at house-keeping as at lesson-learning. The President and Professors of Lincoln University joined us at dinner; and we left with much respect and esteem for the entire circle of Christian people whom we had been privileged to meet in that growing Illinois city. All the gentlemen who had dined with us accompanied us to the railway station; where we found also the kind Colonel ready to bid us a second adieu, with many other friends belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Indeed, the parting salutations of the brethren were so heart-felt and touching, that Dr. Morison and myself felt quite overcome for some time after the train had left the depot.

We did not reach Chicago till half-past eight at night. We had a fine opportunity during all the afternoon of seeing to yet greater advantage than on the previous Saturday the immense fields, or rather plains, of Illinois, which, as I have already stated, have been redeemed from their virgin prairie condition, and brought under cultivation. The two towns or cities which I remember passing through most distinctly were Bloomington and Joliet. The former contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and really is worthy of the name of "city." My heart warmed to a man who went about all the railway carriages, as we halted for a short time there, distributing circulars

which announced that a great temperance convention would shortly be held in Bloomington. I understand that our eloquent brother, the Rev. George Gladstone, addressed a great assembly of temperance delegates in that very city in the year 1875.

Joliet contains only about 8,000 inhabitants; but it is rendered famous both by the immense state prison or penitentiary, whose gloomy walls can be seen from the railway, and also by the great limestone quarries which are in its neighbourhood, and from which the stone has been hewn that has been used in the erection of the principal buildings in Chicago. As I looked from the quarries to the prison, I remembered Dr. Chalmers's expression, "excavating the home heathen," and rejoiced that there was a power in the Gospel and the grace of God to chisel and hew even the rough blocks of imprisoned criminality, and make them well polished stones in the temple of the Lord.

We were sorry that we could not make a detour to visit the town of Streator, about twenty miles off the main line of railway which we this day traversed, to visit the family of the Rev. Mr. Woods, our fellow-traveller between St. Louis and Lincoln, and also the Rev. J. M. Campbell, who had recently come from Langholm, in Scotland, and had been settled over the church to which Mr. Woods had formerly ministered. Mr. Campbell had telegraphed to us to Lincoln, urgently requesting us to visit his people and himself; but as we had already begun to fear that we would not reach Scotland by the time when we were expected back to our own pulpits, every day was precious, and we were reluctantly compelled to decline our brother's invitation.

As we drew near Chicago, we began to notice the great canal which connects Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, and thus forms a means of transit by water from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. At first the navigable river which flows through Chicago serves the purpose well enough; but afterwards it gives place to this artificial canal, which is one of the longest and most important in the world. The amount of shipping that continually passes along its waters from north to south, and from south to north, is truly marvellous.

Many sights and sounds conspired to show us that we were drawing near to a great city as we approached Chicago; but as it was nearly dark, and little could be seen, I will say no more in the present chapter than that, on reaching the depot, we drove to the Commercial Hotel, to which we had been recommended by a commercial fellow-traveller. I correct myself. I will add another sentence. We were met at the depot by friends—Rev. Henry and Mrs. Melville, with their nephew Mr. Robertson, and it was in company with them that we visited Chicago next day.

THE DESIGN ARGUMENT BY HUXLEY AND PALEY.

THE lecture of Professor Huxley, recently delivered in the city of Glasgow, on Teleology and Morphology, excited admiration by its grasp of thought and the clearness of its statements. All who heard him were impressed by the calm depth of his conviction, the ease with which he could occupy the standpoint of his opponents, and the facility with which he could handle the matters in dispute. To some the facts adduced would be novel, to some the arguments would be new, for every generation comes slowly to the inheritance of truth, and knowledge familiar to the old has the charm of freshness to the young. We make a mistake when we suppose that every one knows the argument from design.

The analogies of structure in plants and animals form the basis of the science of morphology; and the marks of contrivance in the organs of the body, their adaptation for performing their various functions—each joint, muscle, bone, and nerve being so fitted to the place occupied by it, that the least disturbance causes pain, and a very little alteration makes it useless for certain purposes—these signs of order and intention in adaptations are the alphabet of teleology.

The definition of teleology generally given is, the doctrine of final causes; but this may have many meanings. Professor Huxley employed the word teleology as if Paley's argument from design or to design might be regarded as the centre of the sphere of teleology; and morphology embraced the consideration of the various changes which have been observed in the development of animals. He regarded morphology as a witness in favour of evolution; and to this hypothesis—for it can hardly claim any higher title—to this scientific guess at the cause of a certain order observed in nature, Professor Huxley did homage, as men generally do to God our Creator. Many things which he attributed to evolution would lead us to suppose that he had failed to see the force of his own argument—that there was nothing incompatible between teleology and morphology; that is, between the argument from adaptation to design, and the truth of the hypothesis of evolution.

The assertion that the design argument and the law of evolution were not incompatible interested me greatly; for five years ago, when the subject was exciting attention, I admitted the same in a lecture on "*Immortality versus Evolution*."

Several naturalists of eminence, like Agassiz, consider the gaps in the series so numerous and important that they make

this theory of the origin of species improbable. But the theory of a progressive development in the complexity of structure of all organized matter, vegetable or animal, is gradually gaining ground, daily attaining the position of a truth confirmed by many valid inferences.

Natural theology will not be injured by the demonstration of evolution, if ever it be proved. Natural theology will then be indebted to science, as religion often has been, for a grander idea of the unity of the process of creation. When lines are seen to converge towards one point, mathematicians begin to look for a circle, which they can prove if they find several radii of the same length. But they have, by hasty inferences, sometimes mistaken the curves of conic sections. Astronomers, after numerous observations, found that the planets did not move in perfect circles; but they had, before Kepler's discoveries, far better grounds for declaring that it was plain as plain could be that their orbits were circular, than Professor Huxley has for assuming the truth of the theory of evolution.

Observe, then, how much he takes for granted which has yet to be proved in the following sentences: "He did not mean to say that the original type was the exact species that they happened to know at present. He did not mean to say that they had the precise links of the chain which constituted their modification; but it was as plain as plain could be that this was the manner in which the horse had come upon the surface of the earth—that we had the horse—the last term of the series of which the anchitherium was that which at present constituted the first term. If that were the case, they at once removed all the difficulties between teleology and morphology."

I beg you to observe that the links which Professor Huxley admits are missing—supposing they ever existed, and were discovered—might modify (by an unknown degree) the theory of evolution which is inferred from morphology. He takes the liberty of assuming the chief point in dispute, when saying it was "plain as plain could be." On the contrary, the exact manner of creation has yet to be proved, and the analogies of structure are susceptible of various interpretations. But we grant that the validity of the argument from teleology in favour of natural theology is not affected by the process of evolution.

Any student of logic should be able to tell if an argument be valid. Most of us depend upon men of science like Professor Huxley for observation of the facts of the similarity in structure in the bear's paw, the fore-foot of a horse, the

limb of the now extinct flying reptile the pterodactyle, the wings of the albatross and bat, the paddle of a whale, and the fore-foot of an elephant.

Without comparison and careful study of the skeletons of many animals these facts would not have been known, and they are interesting.

But to moral beings, with spiritual cravings for comfort in sorrow and loving sympathy, not to speak of the need of pardon for sin, it is more important to know that the Lord is good, that He has made us, and His we are.

Again, the mechanism of the hand, the muscles, bones, and nerves—the levers and hinges of the joints of every finger may not be known by many; but all understand the value of the thumb, with its power of touching every finger, adapting itself to pick up a pin or grasp a hammer.

Can any one believe that the Maker of the hand was ignorant of the purposes to which this contrivance is so well adapted?

The teleological argument finds new facts from which to infer intelligence in the maker in any discovery of science.

But morphology, in describing the similarity in structure and adaptation between the paw of the bear and the fore-foot of the elephant, only brings into view a larger unity, interesting to study. But all have observed the similarity in form of the wolf, the fox, and the various breeds of dogs, in head, in legs, and tail, long before they heard of morphology.

The generalization, so far as it went, was correct; some glimpse was obtained of a unity of structure. Morphologists have simply got a clearer view of a larger unity of structure, and formed a theory of the process by which each form and organ has attained its present form. Remember that morphology simply means a description or doctrine of form; and the theory of the process of change is called evolution.

Professor Huxley, in the conclusion of his lecture, thus sums up: "If one animal had proceeded from another by a process of gradual modification, it must needs be that all the modifications would present traces of the original structure, and that was what we understood by unity of organization; and if on the other hand they had proceeded by a process of gradual adaptation to their wants under the different conditions in which they had successively lived, then they must needs present all that adaptation to purpose which we saw them present, and thus so far from there being any antagonism between teleology, or adaptation to purpose, and morphology which concerned itself simply with tracing out analogies of forms, the two sets of facts, as happened with all natural facts which worked out

fully, flowed from a common cause, and that common cause was evolution."

Now, please to observe that this is taking for granted the very thing which is disputed by natural theology. It is a science with equal claims, if not superior claims, to recognition; and all the deductions from all the lines of argument point to a different conclusion, namely, that the common cause of all true order, as indicated by teleology, morphology, geology, biology, and all the other provinces of science—I say, that the consilient proofs of natural theology all point to the Great Cause of all order, whom we believe to be supreme in intelligence, infinite in power—the Holy One of Israel.

"Know ye that the Lord is God."

Professor Huxley is mistaken then in his conclusion, when he makes evolution the common cause of adaptations and modifications of structure. For evolution is a mere theory with no right to the name of cause. It causes nothing, so far as I see; but it occasions discussion, by presenting a great many truths in so partial a manner that an eclipse of faith in a great many minds is the result of the doubts excited.

Evolution, supposing it to be a verified theory, could only act as a law of nature, explaining the order of organization, as the law of gravitation explains the order of the heavenly bodies, of all the matter as to weight and mass in the solar system, and throughout the universe.

But evolution no more makes the hand or the eye than gravitation makes the sun, moon, and stars.

It seems to me that Professor Huxley might have read with profit what he commended—the first chapter of Paley, from the fifth section, where the friend of natural theology says, "He never knew a watch made by the principle of order; nor can he even form to himself an idea of what is meant by a principle of order, distinct from the intelligence of the watch-maker. . . . And not less surprised could he be to be informed, that the watch in his hand was nothing more than the result of the laws of metallic nature. It is a perversion of language to assign any law as the efficient, operative cause of anything. A law presupposes an agent; for it is only the mode according to which an agent proceeds: it implies a power; for it is the order according to which that power acts. Without this agent, without this power, which are both distinct from itself, the law does nothing, is nothing. The expression, 'the law of metallic nature,' may sound strange and harsh to a philosophic ear; but it seems quite as justifiable as some others which are more familiar to him, such as 'the law of vegetable nature,' 'the law of animal nature,' or, indeed, as 'the law of

nature,' in general, when assigned as the cause of phenomena, in exclusion of agency and power; or when it is substituted into the place of these."

Professor Huxley speaks several times of evolution as a process—that is, a mode of procedure. If he means by the word cause in his conclusion, when he says *that common cause is evolution*, no more than this, that evolution is a mode according to which the Divine Agent, whom we call God, is working now, as he has been working through past ages, in wisdom and power, natural theology has nothing to object to that. But to refer to evolution as *the common cause* of the order perceived in structure and its adaptation, is a serious mistake; for an atheist might say that; but not one who knows that the Lord is God, that he hath made us, and his we are.

I do not consider Professor Huxley an atheist. I only point out what seems to me the most important misstatement in the lecture. He admits the validity of the argument from design as an argument; but he makes it clear that he differs from many who build upon that argument, by saying that he had endeavoured to "show that, as a matter of fact, things had been evolved; that they had not been constructed in the way which was implied, though he did not think it was logically meant in the argument as stated by Paley. He had then endeavoured to point out, that the two lines of argument were not inconsistent with one another. That they might be teleologists if they liked, and at the same time hold the doctrine of morphology; the necessity in that case being supposed that the original plan was sketched out, that the purpose was foreshadowed in the molecular arrangements out of which animals had come."

Well, what are we to infer from that guarded statement concerning the creed of the evolutionists? They believe in molecular arrangements, and a definite order in nature. Is that all? It seems to me that is their creed. It may not be all. But what is Paley's argument? Read his own words,—"There cannot be design without a designer; contrivance without a contriver; order without choice; arrangement without anything capable of arranging; subserviency and relation to a purpose without that which could intend a purpose; means suitable to an end, and executing their office in accomplishing that end, without the end ever having been contemplated, or the means accommodated to it. Arrangement, disposition of parts, subserviency of means to an end, relation of instruments to a use, imply the presence of intelligence and mind."

This teleology is the solid foundation of natural theology, and from it we may know that the Lord is God. He hath made us, and his we are. "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Ps. xciv, 9.

An answer in the affirmative is given by every sound mind. Ignorance cannot arrange; blind force, undirected by an intelligence, cannot make one pen, or one watch—much less a hand, an ear, or an eye. For the sake of the argument, any rude instrument will do as well as a watch. Many theologians have seen that there are dangers, both from irreverence and mistakes of analogy, in the illustrations of Paley. Mechanism is constructed by tradesmen; the watchmaker and engineer work on metal with intelligent aims. Their work is put together in pieces. They stand outside and apart from the engines they construct. But the august Creator works continually from the centres of seeds, of plants, and animals, developing them each after its kind. If science prove evolution to be the process by which the Almighty is ever working, natural theology will simply incorporate this truth amongst many more, which go to prove the unity and wisdom of God:

"As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim;
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same.
This is Truth, eternal reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season
Stands for aye in loveliness."

Within certain limits, we may grant the probability of evolution, but not in the meaning given to it generally by evolutionists, who dethrone God by their theory, and deny the reality, if not the possibility, of successive acts of creation. In all nature's thousand changes we recognize the Immutable and Eternal, known by us as the personal God. We freely grant that by searching we cannot find him, wherein he is unknowable, incomprehensible. But through the self-conscious mind, through the conscience with its love of right—through the intelligence which can perceive principles and relations true in every time and place—through the emotions of love, joy, reverence—through the free-will with its power of choice, we do know much of the Lord, our Father, whose offspring we all are.

Natural theology is founded upon natural knowledge, which Professor Huxley seeks to improve to still the cravings of the spiritual nature of man. But evolutionists make a fatal mis-

take in thinking that the thirst of the soul for the living God can be allayed by certain ideas of order, force, duration. Bear in mind this, that the existence of God does not depend on any argument, on any theory valid or invalid. Many people forget that reality remains where wrong conclusions are accepted as true. We are all liable to mistake positive opinions for truth; but the truth remains the same, whatever our opinions be. It seems—it may be from familiarity with the words—to be one of the simplest and most direct inferences—that whatever begins to be, must have a cause, and whatever exhibits adaptation or marks of design, must have had an intelligent maker. The man who denies the infinite ought to deny the finite. His own existence is inexplicable without the existence of God.

A story is told of the emperor of Germany, that, when king of Prussia, he was present at the examination of a school. An orange was said to belong to the vegetable kingdom; a coin to the mineral kingdom; then in reply to the emperor's question—"To what kingdom do I belong?" instead of the answer being—to the animal kingdom, a little girl said timidly, "To God's kingdom." This went home to the heart of the emperor, and putting his hand on the head of the little girl, he stroked it and said, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy to enter into that kingdom."

What is the worth of speculation which takes away the kingdom of God? Can it honour men to identify them with the brutes that perish? Can it comfort men to think of the unknowable, the heartless theory of evolution? Be not deceived. Sin is a terrible reality. Men have to answer to the holy God for all their wickedness.

"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." In these words we have the summary of St. Paul's natural theology. Reader! you know they are true. You are without excuse for your sin. Let me ask you then, do you know of a Saviour, Jesus Christ, the righteous? "This is life eternal, to know God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Know this and you will cry—Praise ye the Lord.

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R. C.—G.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.*

MR. BATHGATE is favourably known to the literary world by his "Christ and Man," and other publications; and we feel convinced that this his latest work (we hope not his last) will add several evergreen leaves to the laurel which already crowns him as a pious and pensive Christian philosopher.

The title, and perhaps also the idea, of the volume have been derived from Paul's words in 1 Cor. ii, 10, "The spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," &c. We agree with Mr. Bathgate in the view which he takes of that somewhat difficult paragraph of Scripture—although we think that either in the text, a footnote, or an appendix, he might have devoted a few additional sentences to its exegetical elucidation. Thirty years ago this was one of the hard nuts which our limitarian brethren wished us to crack (although, in truth, it never spoiled our teeth, and yielded us only a sweet kernel after each cracking), "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." When we maintained that man had the power through the upholding grace of God, to believe the true Gospel when it was preached to him, our theological opponents were in the habit of quoting that verse, and of saying, "Look there; what do you make of that? The natural man cannot know the things of the Spirit of God in his natural state. They are foolishness unto him. He must first be made spiritual by the special and irresistible influence of the Spirit—indeed, become altogether a spiritual man before he can ever discern the things of the Spirit of God." Now, Mr. Bathgate and ourselves were accustomed to reply in these early days of warfare (and our author bases the book before us on the self-same mode of interpretation): "Quite true that a natural, animal, or sensual man (*ψυχικος ανθρωπος*), living in all the indifference and ungodliness of an unholy life, has no taste or heart for the deep, that is the advanced truths of the Spirit of God. But he is able to drink in the alphabetical rudiments of the Gospel. Let him pause any day in his wild career, and listen to the thunders of Sinai, which the striving Spirit continually causes to reverberate in his guilty conscience, and he will be glad to receive that simple Gospel which Paul first preached in the streets of Corinth,—Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures. Having received that Gospel his

* *The Deep Things of God.* By William Bathgate. Glasgow: James Maclehose, 71 St. Vincent Street, Publisher to the University. 1876. Pp. 238.

mind will insensibly become spiritual in its tone and tastes. The sermon will now become sweeter to him than the Bacchanalian song, and he will delight far more in being initiated into the deep things of God than into the deep things of sin and Satan." Thus interpreted, the passage quoted above does not preach partial grace to some, but free grace to all—yet grace leading the docile scholar from stage to stage of Christian experience and attainment. It is on the same principle that Rudolf Stier interprets John vi, 37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me," &c.—namely, let a man yield to the Father's rudimentary teachings and drawings, and he will be given by him to the Son to be fully saved and sanctified. It was exactly by such sound expositions that the first founders of the Evangelical Union, of whom Mr. Bathgate was one, strove to deliver their fellow-countrymen from the nightmare of "respect of persons" on the part of God, with which the national creed of the country had terrified them.

When we said that we wished that Mr. Bathgate had given a more detailed exposition of the passage on which his book is founded, and in the direction which we have indicated, we, perhaps, did him an injustice; both because his work is philosophical rather than exegetical, and also because he has to all intents and purposes given, in a brief paragraph, the very interpretation which we desiderated. At p. 47 he thus writes—

"The revelation of spiritual realities, outside and inside the Scriptures, appeals to men of all races, of all degrees of mental calibre, at all stages of culture, in all moral conditions, and demands the attention of every man, and challenges him to put to the proof the truth revealed by God. But there is a natural order of spiritual truth, and the man refusing to learn the alphabet will find himself unable to verify the revelations of advanced moral relationships. For example, let a man either ignore or deny the being of God, or even entertain only a faint speculative notion of God, and he will find it impossible to recognize Jesus Christ as the Bible sets him forth. Nay, although a man believes in God, if he fails to realize the true doctrine of sin, and the fact of his own sinfulness, he cannot believe in Christ, he will turn away from the Light of the World as a delusion. With his spiritual faculty he recognizes the existence of God; but because he does not recognize his own morally estranged condition, he necessarily fails to recognize the Saviour who has come to compass the case of fallen men only. The fact is, this spiritual faculty of ours, whether we call it conscience, or the reason applied to moral truth, or anything else, needs to be educated, that it may verify, with anything like safety and accuracy, the truth under consideration. And the Holy Spirit is the great educator of the spirit of man in holy things. Most certainly, the Bible assumes that all its revelations will commend them-

selves to our faith, if we only ponder them in their due and Divine order, and that the sections of truth which need to be lived and practised for their verification, will fulfil their promise to the full, if we give them the requisite opportunity. But we must search and see. Revelation is light. Yet only the child-like spirit, the open eye, sees."

The exegetical difficulty being thus got rid of, the next question which presents itself to us is, what are the deep things of God which Paul, in the Corinthian church, and probably in other churches, kept as strong meat for advanced believers? It is evident that by the milk of the Word, the apostle referred to that simple and practical view of Christ crucified, which was calculated to slay the jealousies, and terminate the bickerings of the Corinthian church; for he maintains, in the beginning of the third chapter, that even as yet they could stand nothing but that, on account of the remains of "carnality" that were among them. What then were the deep things of God, we repeat, which the apostle reserved for the "perfect," or the fully initiated and confirmed Christian? He does not himself answer the question in so many words; although the answer is not far to seek. Evidently the sacred penman must have had in his mind's eye the advanced and philosophical aspects of that very Gospel which, in its simple rudimentary aspects, he had been honoured to use with so much effect among selfish and sensual men. That this is the case, appears from the statement that if the princes of this world had known this wisdom, "they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." Dean Alford is of opinion that such arguments as are to be found in the epistle to the Romans on the doctrine of justification, or in the epistle to the Hebrews, on the priesthood of Christ, would be worthy of being so designated; and our readers will recollect that the author of the latter epistle, before he enters upon his deep disquisition, distinctly speaks of "leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and going on to perfection." Mr. Bathgate comes to practically the same conclusion, when he announces these six topics as in his opinion worthy to be regarded as the deep things of God: The Personality of God, Christ the Light of the World, the Fatherhood of God, the Providence of God, the Kingdom of God on the Earth, and the Christian Immortality. Evidently the man who masters these subjects, understands, to some extent, the philosophy of the Gospel, and has been initiated into some of the deep things of God.

We are indebted to our author for the boldness with which he has expressed his belief, near the commencement of his treatise, that God's deep things are all clear, and by no means

to be identified with those perplexing views of the divine decrees which have bereft many of reason itself. He thus writes at page 12 :

"There are persons who are never more satisfied with their own religious condition, and never more convinced that they have encountered one of the deep things of God, than when they are stunned and wounded by being dashed against some brazen wall raised by their own imagination, or by an inexorable theologian. This wall is mistaken for a divine decree, barring all further progress. It may be a decree purposely limiting the provisions of Christ's Gospel to some fraction of each of the generations of mankind during the Christian era, or a decree dooming to a hopeless destiny some man who, it is supposed, had no more power to cease doing evil than the Ethiopian has to change his skin, or the leopard his spots. We have two reasons for not hinting that the deep things of God include such dogmas. One of these reasons is, that we are perfectly certain the inspired Paul never dreamt of such decrees when he told the Corinthians that the deep things of God had been revealed unto him and his fellow-apostles by the Spirit of God. The other reason is, that we view all such decrees as slanders on the divine Being, and, consequently, as forming no part of the profound truths of a divine revelation."

And again on the following page :

"But let us not manufacture mysteries, and substitute them for the truths revealed in the light of the divine love and righteousness. When a man manufactures a moral mystery, and ascribes it to God, he almost invariably attributes to the Governor of the universe some crooked line of conduct, worthy only of the unscrupulous politician who means what he does not say, and says what he does not mean."

A brief synopsis of the contents of this important work will, we believe, be acceptable to our readers. Before our author enters on the consideration of the list of topics given above, he discusses the introductory question, Has God really revealed himself to man? This he answers, by maintaining that the Deity has truly made himself known to us in Nature, in the human soul, in Christ, and in the Bible. On the question of inspiration, Mr. Bathgate is at once sound and liberal. He claims for the *breath of God* divers modes of operation. Not only would he call the rapt ecstasy of Isaiah and Daniel inspiration, but the compiling carefulness of Ezra, the sage reflections of Solomon, when he poured forth the cream of the church's contemplations for centuries, and the logical argumentations of Paul. All these, in so far as they were kept from error by God, were inspired, even when their own minds were allowed full natural sweep and swing. On the Personality of God, our author first defines

what he means by personality, and then proceeds to prove the fact of a personal God, chiefly from the personality of man and the works of design that are apparent in the universe. He closes this essay, by showing that unless we hold this doctrine, we cannot have a firm foundation for morals, nor a real object of worship. On Christ, the Light of the world, he discourses lucidly and elaborately on the following heads:—That the Saviour is well worthy of this name, because of his incarnation; because he is a manifestation of the Father; because of his perfect humanity; because of his teaching, his atonement, and his resurrection. At the close of this valuable chapter, Mr. Bathgate adds a scholarly discussion of the question, How far such systems as Buddhism, Confucianism, Mahometanism, &c., are worthy of the name "Lights of the world." He shows, that the light that is in them has been much over-estimated, chiefly because, although their morality be in some instances wonderfully good, it is imperfect; and, moreover, unaccompanied by any distinct recognition of the immortality of the soul. With them all, if Christ had not come, the world would have been left in darkness. On the Fatherhood of God, Mr. Bathgate considers, with all the thoughtfulness and large-heartedness that those who know him would expect, these three points—That all men are God's children as moral beings; that believers are God's regenerated children in a special sense; and that the Lord Jesus Christ is, *par excellence*, God's only-begotten Son. On the latter point, he confesses that the plumb-line of human contemplation cannot descend deep enough; but upon the whole, he would be inclined to restrict the term "Son of God," to Christ's mediatorial work, with the anticipation of it during the Mosaic dispensation; while at the same time claiming for him the position of the Eternal Word. The chapter on Providence, perhaps, shows off our author's patient pensiveness of style and spirit to greater advantage, than any other in the volume. In it he discusses three points: The central idea of Providence—namely, the divine forethought as displayed in the arrangement and management of the world, chiefly as a home of moral beings; The recently debated point, as to whether or not prayer, on man's part, can interfere to any extent with the general laws by which the world is governed; and, lastly, How what are called the mysteries of Providence may be relieved of much of their darkness, at least in so far as the Divine Being is concerned. The clear and consistent views which Mr. Bathgate holds of the freedom of the human will, enables him to steer his way successfully through the labyrinths of this intricate subject. He shows elaborately that there is a human Providence, as

well as a Divine Providence, and that, in multitudes of instances God helps those who help themselves; while many of the sufferings of human beings are to be charged upon themselves, or the knavery and heartlessness of those with whom they come into contact. And as to the efficacy of prayer, he asks triumphantly, may a conversation with a cheerful friend raise an invalid's spirits, and even drive a dis-temper away; and may not the Best Friend so waft consolation to the soul, in answer to prayer, that even a physician will be surprised? In the eighth chapter, entitled, "The Kingdom of God on Earth," Mr. Bathgate considers—I. The kingdom operating upon man from without, both from Christ's Gospel and his precepts; and II, Its operation within the heart or righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Our author is not apparently a pre-millennialist in theory, but maintains that God's kingdom comes, and will come in the world, only in so far as his will is done, and shall be done in it, as it is done in heaven. In the essay on Immortality, which appropriately closes the series, our author chiefly maintains that it is a real immortality of a personal, future, unending, existence, which the Christian Scriptures lead us to expect, in opposition to the false philosophy of the present day, which is accustomed to call the man immortal whose fame or works live after him, although his soul, as they fancy, has died out with his body.

We propose to present our readers with a few specimen extracts from Mr. Bathgate's book, for their own profit, and that they may be able to judge of his style.

We have already observed that our author holds liberal, yet not too liberal, views of Inspiration. Some narrow critics may perchance deem the following sentences somewhat latitudinarian; but, in our opinion, they are eminently judicious, and really cover the whole ground on this much debated point:—

"It is of moment to call attention to the fact that, as the measure of inspiration and revelation may be very limited or very copious, so the rate of inspiration and revelation may be very slow or very rapid. The question of the reliability of the testimony is unaffected by the rate of inspiration. The Holy Spirit sometimes takes a long time to send forth His light. That light may take a long time to reach us, like light that is now only coming to us from some star in the depths of space. But the light comes when it is due. Not one ray of it wanders. In its appointed hour each little star comes lovingly out in the firmament of revelation, to give us light in our labyrinths. The light may come in the flashing visions of the ancient prophets, when they saw the wonders of the coming day of Christ,—or in the flashing visions of the day of Pentecost, when floods of light rolled round the

great facts of the history of the Crucified one ; or in the Proverbs of Solomon, which might be the matured product of the spiritual culture of a people for several generations, under the operations of the Holy Ghost ; or in the Epistles of Paul, which bear all the traces of profound and prolonged meditation on his part, as well as the mark of the seal of heaven on every development of doctrine, and on every exhortation to a holy life. But whether the light comes slowly or suddenly, at long intervals or in a continuous stream, in a few broken rays or in floods that compass a world, it is all equally light from high heaven, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit of God. Even the moral or spiritual light among peoples we name heathen is from God, and is entitled to be deemed revelation. Though a few rays of spiritual truth were to make the circuit of the races and nations of mankind, and to take the past life-time of our species, in order to reach ourselves, those few rays of light would be as really revelation as any vision of truth given to Hebrew prophet or Christian apostle. The species might not be so priceless. The quantity might not be so great. Nevertheless, the light is from the source of all light ; and the channels through which it came, and the periods it required to reach us, do not deprive it of the characteristic of revelation. Of all the students of the history of man, the Christian student should be careful to recognize the golden threads in the moral systems and religions of mankind."

It is well known that Mr. Bathgate's only son has been a highly distinguished classical scholar, both at the University of Glasgow and of Oxford. If Mr. William Bathgate, jun., was standing at his father's elbow when he penned the following interesting and *recherche* paragraph on the origin of the word "person" (lit. *sounding through*), no one will regret that the philosophical father called in the aid of his erudite son :—

"The relation of our word person to the Latin word *persona*, both as regards sound and sense, is very apparent. The latter word meant a mask, such as is worn by an actor, and was so called from the mouth-piece through which the actor's voice sounded. This mouth-piece was artificially constructed so as to increase the volume of sound. Next, the word meant a part or character played by an actor. Then, the word is transferred to the stage of life, and means the part or character sustained by any one in the world, especially a character implying outward position or dignity. Finally, it was applied to a person or personage, as an individual man, although in almost all cases with a tacit reference to station or character. The later use of the word *persona* by the Roman lawyers of the Empire comes nearer to the modern signification of the word person. It meant any human being, and was opposed to the word *res*, a thing or chattel. In this meaning it included all men, whether free or enslaved, dependent or independent, and implied the possession by all of rights and of consequent obligations. Thus, it recognized man as a free agent, and there-

fore entitled to different treatment from a chattel. These rights might be artificially limited by slavery, but were always latent and inherent. And thus we find that freedom, and the capability of sustaining legal and moral relations to others, are the essential points common to *persona* and person."

We mentioned in our synopsis of contents that the chapter on Providence struck us as being in the author's best style. In the following eloquent passage Mr. Bathgate shows that what are often called the "mysteries of Providence" should be fathered not on the counsels of Deity, but on the iniquity of man—

"Men work or worry themselves and one another into premature disease and death, and thus leave gaps in the life and battle of society which perhaps only high talent and singular worth can make up :—terrific accidents by the most reckless carelessness occur on sea and land, in the burning of emigrant ships and in the destruction of railway trains, and thus many valuable lives are sacrificed on the altar of what we call modern civilization :—sanitary laws are flagrantly violated by whole communities in town and country, and thus some epidemic remorselessly mows down all classes of the people, that they may be gathered to their fathers long before their mother-earth wished to clasp them to her breast :—ambitious kings, and governments, and peoples provoke war with neighbouring countries, and thus hundreds of thousands of stalwart men find their graves on the field of battle, and wasting desolation is spread through many a home and land. Under the fierce inspiration of wild and lawless competition in commerce, the world's markets are glutted with goods, and under nefarious schemes of aggrandisement the simple are robbed of their money and thus ruin is brought to many a hearth. And then we talk of the dispensations of God's providence, and his mysterious ways of dealing with men and nations, as if he had not been protesting day by day from high heaven against every step in the courses of conduct which have brought all this misery on masses of his rational creatures. Were the judgments of God seen and respected in the punitive results of the blunders and sins of the chief actors in these tragedies, that might be deemed providential wrath righteously manifested. But there is no mystery either in the nature of those judgments or in their relation to antecedent causes. All is clear as it is merited. The voice of God is distinct and loud."

Our author rejoices in the cry that has been raised for increased education ; but he is convinced that our country will never be right till it is fully educated in the revealed laws and truths of God—

"There is hope in one quarter, and only one quarter, for the material salvation of mankind. The Scriptural idea of the relations of God to material things and to men, and of men to material things and to

one another ; that idea believed and realized will save us, will extend and strengthen, beautify and glorify our civilization. Nothing else will. Nothing else can. There is a loud and persistent demand for education—the education of the masses, the education of the nation—made by many persons who clearly enough perceive that the ultimate issues of ignorance and stupidity, of vice and brutality, must be fatal. The demand is a very reasonable and urgent one. But the education needed, whoever may give it, is wider and deeper than is often dreamt of, and must embrace facts and truths which lie at the foundation of spiritual culture. Not only is it necessary that man know himself and the history of his race ; not only is it necessary that man know the material world beneath and around and above him, and his own very specific relations to that world ; but if he is to feel the moral power that is to be his supreme inducement to observe and obey the laws that will help to perfect his material circumstances, he must know that there is a Maker of things and a Father of spirits, to whom he and all his fellows are responsible. Till the moral element rules a man there is in him,—no matter how clever and cultured he be,—a temptation to take as much as he can out of his neighbour, and to give as little as he can. When we really believe that all material property belongs first of all to God, and must be won legitimately and held for his purposes, we have got hold of a principle that is like a wall of fire between heathen civilization and Christian civilization, and that at once sanctifies the material and regulates our efforts in the acquirement and distribution of wealth.”

Mr. Bathgate is evidently well read in general literature. His quotations from Max Müller, Legge, Arnold, and especially from Carlyle and Ruskin, are pertinent and powerful. Indeed had the space at our disposal permitted, we would have had pleasure in reproducing one or two telling quotations which the work contains from the writings of the two latter sages, chiefly for the sake of laying before our readers the terms of withering scorn, in which they speak of the enemies of religion and of a personal God.

In conclusion we bespeak for this work a place in the libraries of all our ministers, students, and most thoughtful adherents. We are gratified to find that one of “the nine students” has thus proved himself to be a truly competent thinker on theological and philosophical subjects. And it is a pleasant thought that when Mr. Bathgate will be called away from this scene of things (and for our sakes may the day be long distant), his book will continue to justify to succeeding generations the ways of God to men.

THE STRONG DELUSION THAT GOD SENDS.

THERE are dark and difficult passages in the Bible. A glorious book it is, radiant with divine light, replete with wondrous manifestations of divine love, and fraught with the best of all good news to universal man; but, as there are spots on the sun's disc, so there are dark sayings in this luminous volume of the book. Nature is not all sunshine. It has its dull, dreary days, and its black tempestuous nights. It has its dismal swamps, its pestilential morasses, its waste howling wildernesses, which are always a terror to, and oftentimes the death of, the enterprising traveller, as well as its smiling fields, its lovely meadows, and plains fair and fertile as the garden of the Lord. It has its earthquakes, and volcanoes, and tornadoes, and avalanches, and oceanic storms, that are frightful to contemplate, and that have destroyed millions upon millions of human lives, as well as its cloudless skies, its delightful summers, its thousand and one beauties that ravish the eye, and countless treasures that enrich and gladden the life of man. These dark things of nature have doubtless their moral uses, as the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his instructive volume on the subject, clearly shows. They are in harmony with the present fallen condition of man, and are designed, as it would appear, to teach us moral lessons which are much needed, but which, alas! we are all too slow to learn. And the dark and difficult passages of Holy Writ, corresponding as they do to the dark things of nature, have also their moral and spiritual uses which we should endeavour to understand and profit by. It is not to puzzle, and perplex, and mystify, but to warn, and teach, and edify, that we are told of God hardening the heart, as in the case of Pharaoh; giving the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, as in the case of unbelieving Israel; giving up to uncleanness, or to vile affections, or over to a reprobate mind, as in the case of the incorrigibly wicked among the heathen; or sending strong delusion that they should believe a lie, as in the case of those who, in the days of the man of sin, received not the love of the truth that they might be saved.* These and similar passages form part and parcel of the written revelation of God, constitute its darker side, and though "hard to be understood," are surely not altogether inexplicable. It shall be our humble endeavour in this brief paper to shed some little light on that passage that speaks to us of the strong delusion that God sends. "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should

* See Exod. vii, 3; Rom. i, 24, 26, 28; xi, 8; 2 Thess. ii, 11, 12.

believe a lie ; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness !” Words these of terrible import. We doubt not that many a reader of Scripture in coming to this passage has felt somewhat as the superstitious person feels when approaching an old mansion-house that is said to be haunted. Such a person does not linger near the spot lest some spectre or ghost should suddenly start up before him, but hurries on past it as quickly as possible, and breathes more freely when he has left it in the rear. In like manner the unenlightened reader of Scripture, feeling something of the gloominess and terribleness of this passage, passes on with a shudder, it may be, to the consideration of some more pleasing and delightful truth. But as superstitious fears would be dispelled were their cause searched out, and the discovery made that what had been taken for a ghost is nothing of the kind ; so a little patient and candid investigation of such a passage as this may perhaps enable us to see that, though the reality expressed is dreadful enough, no dark shadow is cast on the righteous and loving character of God. Perfectly righteous and loving he is, and yet it is true that, to certain persons, he does send strong delusion that they should believe a lie.

Noteworthy, in the first place, is the fact that a reason is assigned for the strong delusion being sent. It is something to know that God does not arbitrarily or capriciously send strong delusion to any one. Whatever God does he has a wise reason for doing it, whether that reason be at all times made known to his creatures or not. In the exercise of his high prerogative he may do many things, the reason of which we do not need to know, or which we, with our limited faculties, could not possibly understand. As Nebuchadnezzar, when his reason had returned to him, said, “ He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth : and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou ? ” True, O king, and we shall ever bow ourselves, in the spirit of meek submission and reverent adoration, before the absolute sovereignty of Almighty God ; but when “ the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,” in his matchless condescension, chooses to give us his reason for what he does, it becomes us calmly to consider and devoutly to accept of that reason. Now, the Apostle Paul, in the passage under consideration, is most careful to state the reason for the strong delusion being sent. “ *And for this cause,*” &c.

It is a great relief to know that the reason is to be found in the character and conduct of the persons to whom the strong delusion is sent. God sends it, but it is *not* “ out of his mere

good pleasure," or simply in the exercise of his sovereign right to do as he pleases. It is "because," the persons referred to, "received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." The apostle seems to be very careful to make this point unmistakably clear. Both before and after the statement with respect to the strong delusion being sent, is the reason assigned. "That they all might be damned *who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.*" Putting these statements together, we learn (1) that the persons referred to had had salvation brought within their reach. Salvation had become a glorious possibility to them. They might have been, they *ought* to have been saved. If this were not the case, how else could the Apostle speak as he does? It were worse than mockery to speak thus if no salvation had been provided for them, or if salvation had not, as a matter of fact, been placed within their reach. The "God who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth," wished, longed for, and did all that he wisely could to secure the salvation even of those to whom he ultimately sends strong delusion that they should believe a lie. This is true, and let us hold tenaciously to the truth, whether we are able fully to understand the passage or not.

From the apostle's explanation of the reason for the strong delusion being sent, we learn (2) that these persons would not receive the truth when it was presented to them. We are not saved immediately, as by a direct act of omnipotent power, but mediately through the truth. There is a truth which bears the grand distinction of being the truth that saves. Many truths there are, all more or less precious and important; one truth alone is *the* truth which saves and sanctifies the soul. As the Alps among mountains, as the sun among the heavenly bodies, so is this truth among truths. It is invested with a power, it is robed in a beauty, and it shines with a lustre all its own. It has no compeers. It is either the sole queen of truths to which our homage should be paid, and around which our affections should loyally gather, or it is nothing, and less than nothing and vanity. This truth "is in Jesus." He is indeed *the truth*. It is God's testimony concerning his Son Jesus Christ. It is the word of the truth of the Gospel, which Gospel is declared by apostolic authority to be "that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." This is the truth on the belief or disbelief of which hangs the salvation or condemnation of every sinner to whom it is lovingly proclaimed. Great, indeed, is the responsibility of those who hear it, as well as that of those who are called upon to preach

it. The persons referred to in the passage before us must have heard it. It is implied in the apostle's words that it was presented to them in a lovely garb. They ought to have welcomed it with joy, embraced it in love, and submitted their whole spirit, soul, and body to its benign influence. But no. They would not receive it. It came as a friend; but they treated it as a foe. It came as a benefactor; but they would have none of its benefits. It came to enlighten the mind, purify the heart, and save the soul; but they virtually said to it, Begone!

We learn (3) that these persons not only did not receive the love of the truth, that they might be saved, but that they had pleasure in unrighteousness. It was not merely that they fell into sin by some overpowering temptation. They deliberately continued in the commission of iniquity. They were of those who "draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope." They were persons who might take their places beside those of whose character we have a fearful description in the close of the 1st chapter of the Romans—"Who, knowing the judgment of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." Such, then, be it carefully noted, is the character and conduct of those to whom God sends strong delusion that they should believe a lie. That, be it remembered, is the reason assigned for such strong delusion being sent.

We come now to ask if there be any known principle on which God frequently, if not invariably, acts in dealing retributively with such persons as these. We think there is, and the knowledge of that principle is, if we mistake not, the key to the right understanding of the passage in hand. It may be termed "the homogeneousness of sin and its punishment," which words mean, of course, not that punishment is proportionate to the magnitude of the sin, however true that may be, but that the punishment is *of the same kind* as the sin. It may be worth our pains to endeavour to elucidate this principle a little. Expression is given to it in various forms in the Scriptures, both of the Old and the New Testaments. Let us cite an example or two from each. "The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made; in the net which they hid is their own foot taken." (Psalm ix, 15.) Here the sin consists in digging the pit and in setting the net; the punishment in falling into their own pit, in being ensnared by their own net. The similarity of the punishment to the sin is apparent at a glance. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." (Prov. v, 22.) Again, "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no

mercy." (James ii, 13.) The phraseology may differ, but the principle underlying each of these, and all similar passages, is the same, that, viz., of the homogeneousness of sin and its punishment. But not only does the Bible give expression to such abstract statements of the principle, as the above last quoted passage, it furnishes us with not a few striking concrete examples. The children of Israel sinfully lusting for flesh, quails were sent them in abundance. "And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague." (Numb. xi, 33.) The cases of Adoni-bezek and Haman are so striking and impressive as to need no comment. (See Judges i, 7; and Esther vii, 10.) Thus, as has been well said, does God's anger "follow the method of our sins"; thus does he "write the cause of the judgment on the forehead of the judgment itself." In other words, in executing that "strange work" of his, he acts on the principle of making the punishment correspond in its nature, to the kind of sin committed. In judgment he hardens the heart that will not allow itself to be softened by mercy; he blinds the eye that will not look at the light; he stops the ears that will not listen to the truth; he gives up to vile affections those who *will* run riot in all manner of debasing, yea, bestial excess; he sends strong delusion that they should believe a lie to those who received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. There is nothing peculiar, then, or extraordinary, in the passage under consideration. It is quite in harmony with all those other seemingly dark and difficult passages to which allusion has been made: the strong delusion is sent in accordance with the principle now illustrated—the homogeneousness of sin and its punishment. In what does the sin, in this case, consist? Specially in this, that they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. The soul-saving truth of the Gospel was presented to them, and pressed upon their acceptance, but they did not and would not receive it. What then? Is God to be mocked? Are they to triumph in their rejection of that truth, and laugh, as it were, at the disappointment of the Most High? Nay, verily. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." These persons sowed unbelief, and they shall reap delusion; they sowed contempt of salvation, and they shall reap damnation. And is it not just that the soul which will not receive the love of the truth that it might be saved, should be left to grope its way under a delusion that shall carry it down to hell? Mark, it is not God's will, in the first place, that any soul of man should be first deluded and then damned.

Our whole being rises in revolt against the impious thought. One has blasphemously said that "the light that led astray was light from heaven"; to which daring sentiment another has given the following excellent retort:—

"It could not be ; no light from heaven
Has ever led astray,
Its constant stars to guide are given,
And never to betray."

More follows to the same effect. We, too, with a holy indignation rising within us, exclaim, *It could not be* that the only wish of God's heart, in relation to these persons, was that they should be deluded in order that they all might be damned! No! a thousand times, no! The first and deepest wish of his infinite heart of love in relation to them was that they might receive the love of the truth in order to their everlasting salvation. But that infinitely benevolent desire was frustrated. The truth that saves was rejected. The salvation provided and placed within their reach was contemptuously spurned away. For the sake of the pleasures of unrighteousness God and his salvation were set at nought. But God does not abdicate his throne, or renounce his right to govern men, though they thus spitefully treat him. He still holds the reins of government, and must exercise his sovereign authority, if not in dispensing mercy, then in inflicting judgment. The one is his "delight," the other is his "strange work." He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but if the wicked will not turn from their evil ways and live, then perish they must. If men will not receive the love of the truth that they might be saved, then they shall have strong delusion that they should believe a lie. And this delusion comes not in any extraordinary or miraculous manner. Such delusion, we have reason to believe, comes on men every day who will not receive the love of the truth. It comes as the natural and necessary result of the rejection of the truth. It comes as barrenness of field and emptiness of barn come to the man who will not till and manure the soil from which he nevertheless vainly expects a crop. It comes as poverty comes to the drunkard and the glutton. It comes as misery invariably does to the man who has been living a low, vicious, sensual life. For these results man is responsible. They are in one view his doings; but inasmuch as the laws according to which such results are produced are God's, and inasmuch as it is the will of God that those who break his laws should suffer the consequences, viewed from another and a higher standpoint the results are of God's sending. Man takes the initiative and makes the wrong choice, or does the wicked act; God, as man's

Moral Governor and Judge, has so ordered it that, if repentance does not ensue, and forgiveness be not received, the sinner must eat of the fruit of his own way, and be filled with his own devices. So with this strong delusion. The reason or cause of it is to be found in the character and conduct of those to whom it is sent; but inasmuch as it comes by the action of moral and spiritual laws which our Creator has established, and which cannot be violated with impunity, else he would be baffled in his moral administration, it need not greatly surprise any one to find it asserted that God sends it. He sends it as, in the justice of his divine retribution, he sends other judgments upon wicked and ungodly men. The human mind cannot remain in a state of vacuity. It must either receive the truth when the truth is presented, or it must turn to the opposite of the truth and embrace a lie. There is no other alternative. There is no standing-ground betwixt truth and falsehood, betwixt light and darkness, betwixt salvation and damnation. And, terrible as the statement may appear, and awful as it really is, it is God's will that those who will not receive the truth should believe a lie; that those who will not walk in the light of sound and sanctified reason should grope under the darkness of delusion; that those who will not look to him and be saved should face perdition and be damned. "Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day."

J. F.—D.

BADLY REPORTED.

ALMOST every newspaper we read supplies us with illustrations of the complaints that are made of being *badly reported*. Expressions have to be explained, corrections have to be made, so that false impressions may not be circulated regarding what has been said and done. Now, there are, as it seems to us, a great many interests, human and divine, earthly and heavenly, that might in all conscience complain of being badly reported. Incapacity, in many cases, fairly and fully to represent them,

indifference, too, as to the result which the representation produces, the disturbing influences that break the chain of thought to be reported, and that tempt the reporter to substitute his own small guess for that which the heavens and the earth are telling, lead to many false impressions and much erratic life. But, bad as such a state of things must be, matters grow worse when malice takes up a false report, and sends it on with intent to injure. The unskilful and imperfect reports that are given of things meant to bless the earth, are matters to mourn over; but when the ears are eager to hear, and the lips eager to repeat that which is meant to do harm, the earth and the heavens have a right to complain. And hence we have these plain words in the Bible, "Thou shalt not raise a false report."

This positive injunction is meant to shed light, and shape life. Not the least of the larger immortalities of the times is the prevalence of false reports. There is no end to the evil done by men who "hawk malicious rumours," and whose tongues drop poison worse than that of all "the worms of Nile." Business, character, comfort, and influence, are damaged by this worse than serpent's bite. Diogenes, being asked, "What is that beast, the bite of which is the most dangerous?" replied, "Of wild beasts, the bite of a slanderer." Now, the slanderer is often the originator and promoter of false reports. His sharp sword is made to pierce many a precious human interest that is left to bleed to death, while he moves on in search of fresh victims to destroy. Hiring himself out to deprive others of the rarest gem they possess; acting as a pair of bellows, by which Satan blows up fires of contention on every hand, he comes to be the most loathsome and hated of human things. It need not surprise us, then, that the Bible should point so directly against such a character, and lay down so positive an injunction against such a course. The endless wrongs that sometimes rise out of a false report form a sufficient reason why the Bible should use such plain words respecting it.

We take these words as pointing to a strong tendency in corrupt humanity. Our law courts, our daily papers, our political and social controversies supply us with all kinds of illustrations of this tendency. Among the least erect spirits on the earth are those who knowingly take up false reports. Going about with a livery which tells whose service they are in, there is no end to the mischief they do. At every word they speak, some heart is wounded, some interest bleeds, some reputation dies:

"These are the spiders of society ;
They weave their petty webs of lies and snares,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil.
The web seems fair, and glitters in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil,
Before he dreams of danger or of death."

It is difficult sometimes to imagine how such a tendency should manifest itself so strongly. There are, no doubt, many elements combining to strengthen and perpetuate it. There is envy, for example. The excellence which is attained by one man oppresses the heart of another ; and he must needs, by nod, or shrug, or look, or pointed word, waste the excellence he cannot reach ; wither, if possible, the wreath he cannot wear. Then, again, there is temper. Feeling has been wounded, somehow, and temper seeks expression. To take up a false report, is an easy method of letting off a large quantity of that force that temper has generated. After the spasm comes calmness, of course ; but the evil report is away on the wing. The prejudice of position or of party has much to do with many of the false reports that are taken up. The wish is father to the thought ; the thought has found a host of nurses, and the ears of men are stuffed with what the children tell. Take any political or ecclesiastical event that transpires, and that is faithfully reported by the telegraph to the different newspapers, and then notice what shape the different leaders will take, and the opinions that different classes of readers will form, and the reports that will then be taken up and circulated, and the very harsh things that will be said. Passing through the alembic of party, the thing is changed, and the distillation becomes one of mental poison. The love of being able to produce a sensation, too, the power of tickling the people with talking, the power of hoaxing men, of making April fools through all the months of the year, has not a little to do with many of the false reports that disturb life. There is a kind of low pleasure at being able to raise the laugh upon men, and hence stories that are the mere children of a rude imagination, never very beautiful, and always delusive, are easily fabricated in order "to produce the effect." We all know how a word spoken in carelessness may run many a wide circle, and how difficult it is to hunt it down. Like a rabid dog that is at last overtaken and destroyed, while meantime its victims have suffered, the evil word may ultimately be contradicted, but the pain it produces does not so easily pass away.

Now this Bible passage would place a bar across the path of that tendency, would hinder it, arrest it, and altogether destroy

it. As neither the memory of the dead nor the comfort of the living could be safe, as the very structure of society itself would be destroyed if this tendency were to be universal and supreme, God has denounced it, and has sent his law like a divine detective after the man who should be guilty of it. Let us reflect, then, for it may lurk where it could scarcely be expected. It is not simply printed in large placards on the walls, or in paragraphs in papers—

“Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down ;
Or by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.”

We must take these words as a first truth in morality. The tendency is a moral evil as well as a social wrong. It would not only cut the ligaments that bind society together, but it is a violation of moral law. It is, consequently, a degrading thing of which the subject is sometimes conscious ; hence the sly ways in which he gives the false report currency. The dark hint, the innuendoes, instead of the open, honest, manly word, which the consciousness of rectitude would give, betrays the sense of ignominy which attends the violation of a moral law. The indignity with which he would cover a fellow-man is somehow casting its shadow upon his own soul. And he seems to feel it. For, in so far as it is a false report, or in so far as he gives currency to what he might and ought in wisdom and righteousness to suppress, he is offering an insult to the very idea of humanity. It is an act of disrespect to his own nature. It is an act of disrespect to the Father of men. For that heavenly Father must feel when he beholds his children tearing each other's character and interest to shreds. It is a violation of moral law. Hence this positive injunction forbids that anyone should raise a false report.

We must take these words as a maxim of mercantile expediency. They should regulate conduct on 'change. But it is impossible to read the papers and remain blind to the fact that it is not so. The bulls and bears gore and tear each other by the false reports they take up. Of course they find out in time that the policy is a bad one. The biter gets bit in turn. The pit he digged for another is that which receives himself. His conduct is illustrated by the war instruments with which uncivilized men fight, which, when used with skill, do deadly work ; but which often also come back with deadly blow upon

the hand that hurled them forth. To be true to facts should be as great an ambition on 'change as it is in science, in history, in philosophy, and in religion; otherwise the market must become as a very magazine of powder ready to ignite and blow up all about it by every spark that flies. The whisper that at first conveys the false report swells into the storm, that shakes many an enterprise, and shadows many a reputation. The alarmists who see danger because they have the faculty of creating it, and are unscrupulous in the use they make of the faculty; who in their haste to be rich are unwilling or unable to run a fair race for the prize, have need to be reminded while they are seeking to agitate men, that it is written in the Bible "thou shalt not take up false reports." Obedience to that law must always be the most politic course a moral and accountable being can pursue.

We must take these words as a regulative idea in social intercourse. People are often very free-spoken in their daily intercourse with one another. There is much more speech than earnest thought: and when the mind is not filled, or in any way familiar with high themes; when the soul is not deep-toned, then the tongue must just rattle away and make a noise on such bell-metal as it has. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue;" but when there is not wisdom enough to control it, we can only expect that the death of somebody's comfort, somebody's reputation and usefulness, may be the result. Now, it will be a considerable help by way of bridling the tongue, just to remember that it is laid down as a law that we are not to take up a false report. That law will act as a healthy restraint, giving us the advantage of those boundaries that limit us from injuring others and also hurting ourselves. For here, too, the false report may often bring sharp retribution. The word that is uttered in thoughtlessness, in envy, in depreciation, in unhallowed curiosity, may be like the sword that is not only taken from the scabbard by our own hand, but put by it into the hand of another who can wield it upon ourselves, and cut and pierce with a power we did not dream of when we gave it to him.

We must take these words as an obligation in the matter of opinion and religious interests. Our religious opinions and life must not be based upon, and, as far as we can help it, not influenced by "a false report." We all remember the case of the spies who came back with such an account of the land and of the giants that were in it, that the people's courage was destroyed, and cowards were made of them all. And yet those same spies carried in their right hand the fruits that convicted them of bearing a false report. Now, we have something not

unlike this in many a book we read, and in many a lecture that is given. Men who explore the realm of religion are in haste to make known that there are things in it that cannot be understood, difficulties that cannot be overcome, giants that cannot be slain; that, in fact, it is not worth fighting for, or possessing even if conquered by the mind. But these very men owe all their culture, and power, and instruments for work, as well as their access to the minds they would influence, to that very religion they deem unworthy of investigation. The land is barren, they say; and yet the simple handful of grapes they have gathered tells you how rich the land must be.

We know how the most central truth of the Gospel has been treated by means of a "false report." The Saviour of men had left the grave. But in doing so, he upset the notions, and overturned the schemes of selfish men. It was necessary, therefore, to conceal the fact and make some story that would go down with the people. Money can do mighty things by way of making men tell lies, and so the soldiers "took the money and did as they were commanded." They said the disciples came and stole him away while they slept. It was a false report they circulated; but doubtless it had its effect upon opinion and life. But like every other lie, it blackened the lips and burned the hearts of those who told it.

We have a very telling illustration of the way the obligation in these words is violated, in the general unbelief of men who hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That Gospel comes to men as the "testimony of God." It brings the tidings of salvation to the chief of sinners. It is the weightiest word on the love of God to man the universe ever heard. It tells us that it is our wisdom, our interest, our duty, our eternal life, to believe that Gospel. But there is another voice heard—it is the same voice that by a lie blasted paradise, and blackened all the path along which human feet have travelled since. That other voice is doing now what it did then: it is denying that God is love to man, and that the Gospel is the Gospel of an honest, earnest God. And men take in that report, and leave the testimony of the true God to be treated as a lie. Oh, from every wound the Saviour bore there comes the echo of these words—"Thou shalt not take up a false report."

And surely there is in the heart that has grown cold to Jesus, and the life that has backslidden from Jesus, a report about Him that is false. If he be the superbly loving and supremely lovely One, why do men forsake him? That is the world's question. And what answer can be given? The world's conclusion is that he cannot be all the soul expected him to be,

otherwise it would have rested with him and been glad. Now, what can be said but just this, that such a soul is going about with a false report about Jesus. That is the only way in which such a life can be read. Oh, from the memories of your first love, from the depths of your first great sorrow for sins; from the heights of the high hopes you cherished; from amid the hours of calm rapture you have spent at your Saviour's feet, comes the solemn words, "Thou shalt not take up a false report." Surely he may complain of being badly reported.

R. M.—M.

THE ATOMIC THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THERE has been on the part of some scientific minds an effort put forth for two thousand years to account for the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain, by the unconscious operation of mechanical and natural laws. Things have grown, been developed, turned out as they are, not by power guided by intelligence, but according to impersonal law which contained no objective idea. The supernatural is a fiction, and the divine is a pious dream, and both must be swept from the field of even theory, and natural phenomena must be placed on a basis of the tangible and material. This is what the scientific men in ancient Greece set themselves resolutely to accomplish; and this in a more determined sense some popular expounders of science are essaying to do at the present time. The universe, it is contended, is formed out of atoms, which are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form. They love and hate each other, and combine and are separated by natural affinities and repulsions. They are not to be looked upon as mere dead matter, but as possessing inherent power of self-existence, modification, development, and life. By the aid of evolution, and its principle of natural selection, the simple organism became complex, and by the interaction of organism and environment, powers and faculties were formed, and became perfected, till the whole process culminated in man with reason, conscience, affection, and will. Thus the end is reached. The universe, man, and all beings are accounted for without the agency of God, or acts of a personal will. Nature is the prolific mother, and all things have originally come forth by her inherent power. There is no use for God. There is no need of an everlasting mind to create, plan, and order. Atoms are first, atoms are last, atoms are everything. Great, indeed,

are atoms according to this view of the universe, for they are all the divinities which have a being, and materialistic savans are their prophets and apostles.

Such, in brief, is the atomic theory of the universe, as held by Democritus, Empedocles, Lucretius, Epicurus, Giordano Bruno, Büchner, Hækel, Tyndall, and others. Should its teachings be accepted, and henceforth should mankind act in conformity with its fundamental propositions? If it be true, it is the duty of all to receive it, and do all that they can to herald its dismal Gospel to the poor and down-trodden orphans of Adam's race. But if it be false, its fascinating power must be resisted, and we must continue in those old paths in which our fathers have so long walked, and which may be expressed in the grand old declarations, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "He made man in his own image." "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

1. In considering the atomic theory of the universe as expounded by such men as Dr. Tyndall, it has first of all to be noticed that it is speculation, and is destitute of scientific demonstration. In reading certain volumes and addresses one would imagine that there are no objects in nature so well known as atoms and molecules. Indeed we might be constrained to think, by the way some write and speak, that they were the physicists' familiar friends, who sat in their laboratories, spoke to them face to face, and revealed to them as the initiated all the events of their troubled history, and as to how they comported themselves in the severe struggle of existence. Professor Tyndall and his ancient brethren speak as if they had watched these tiny specks, and had seen with their own eyes their combinations, repulsions, attractions, their loves and their hates. All such conceptions are, however, wide of the mark. No one has ever seen, touched, heard, tasted, or even smelled an atom. This wonderful object, which plays such an important part in modern, scientific speculation, has never, and will never, come within the sweep of the sensuous observation of man. Here the wisest and the most ignorant stand on the same level; and the atom—an intimate particle of matter,—and molecules—which are made up of a bundle of these indivisible particles—escape the senses of both. Balfour Stewart declares: "We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the ultimate structure and properties of matter, whether organic or inorganic." Of some organic germs he says: "We are in profound ignorance of their properties and habits." (*The Conservation of Energy*, p. 24.) Sir William Thomson

has speculated as to the size of the molecules which may be found in a drop of water, and he concludes that if we magnify the drop of water until it becomes as large as the earth—that is to say, eight thousand miles in diameter—that a molecule in relation to the whole would be about the size of a school-boy's marble to the globe. How infinitely small these atoms and molecules must be! and infinitely active if not wicked as well! They are reported as being never at rest. They resemble a swarm of bees hung in mid air, ever moving, all moving, and their movements most hostile in their nature, if not intent. There is thus, it is affirmed, incessant and serious war at the bases of the material cosmos; and behind the seeming calm of nature when on a summer's eve we stand and admire the quiet of the landscape as it lies before us bathed with the effulgence of the setting sun, there is nothing but war, contention and hostile movement. This has always been, and must ever continue to be; and our consolation is to know that the incessant clash of atoms does not end in the destruction of life. "Indeed if this molecular bombardment were to cease even for an instant our veins would swell, our breath would leave us, and we should literally expire." Hearing these words from one so able as Professor Clarke, we breathe more freely, and are led to hope that, if we understood them better, their movements would be found to be that of the joyous dance, and not that of hostile armies.

While there are those who, in one form or another, advocate the atomic theory, there are others who maintain that atoms are myths, and have no more a real existence than the fairies who were said to people the glen, or the witches who rode on the wings of the wind, and who, by their incantations, wrought serious havoc to not a few. One writer says, "The atomic theory is an absurdity, and only a wild dream. It can account for nothing, and must sooner or later be abandoned by all but dreamers." This declaration, so far as regards the atomism of present-day materialists, is true. We know that there is such a thing as matter; but of its ultimate nature, the profoundest savans know, and admit they know, nothing. "Materialism is strongest in the outworks; but is weakest at the citadel," said Professor Flint, once in our hearing; and his utterance is an apothegm. We lift, for example, a piece of wood, and feel its hardness and weight, and see its form and colour. We know it is wood, and possesses the attributes of form, colour, hardness, and weight; but of its nature nothing is known. By analysis, one part can be separated from another, and the differentiating characteristics of each described; but the nature of each part cannot be either comprehended or adequately

apprehended. The further the examination and analysis are carried, what appears most material disappears, and by and by the invisible and imponderable are reached. In a word, the more matter is analyzed, it becomes more and more, if we may use a paradox, spiritual—a force more than a solid body. Matter, in its ultimate, is as near to mind or spirit as it can be; hence such men as Boscovich and Faraday contended, that matter is not to be resolved into atoms and molecules, having form and extension; but into centres of attractive and repulsive forces alone. That it is anything else has never been verified by observation and experiment; and what cannot, in this way, be demonstrated has no right to call itself by the name of science; it pertains to imagination and speculation, where observation is not to be thought of, and experiment is impossible.

2. But we must look a little more closely into the materialistic conception of the universe. Granting that atoms and molecules exist as solid bodies, and that they do exist, many eminent physicists maintain, who are not materialists, like Professor Tyndall, and who differ from him as to their nature and origin, the question arises for consideration, what must they be, in order to account for the universe, and its manifold contents? Granting that all the suns, planets, moons, and systems; all the trees, shrubs, and flowers; all the insects, fishes, fowls, and animals, including man, are built up, and formed of atoms, which are so small, that they are all but infinitely beyond the ken of man, what must these atoms be? and how came they to constitute the wonderful and diversified objects with which nature, in all her parts, is filled? There are men living, thinking, feeling, active beings, conscious of personal and moral life, and enjoying the bounties of mother earth and a warmer heaven. There are animals, such as the lion, the dog, the horse, and the elephant, marked off from one another, and yet all grouped under the same genus. There are trees which speak of life and beauty, like the cedars of Lebanon which are full of sap. And there are modest flowers which adorn the earth, and smile in the face of the sun. Whence have all these things come? How account for their diversity and their peculiar structure? Democritus answers, "There is nothing in existence but atoms and empty space, and all these things must consequently be organized molecules, which again are but bundles of atoms." "Very good," we reply; "but you do not, O laughing philosopher, throw much light on the subject by your deliverance. You say, all these things are organized atoms; but what must these atoms be to be thus organized? Have they organized

themselves, or were they organized by some living, thinking being, anterior to them in the order of nature? If the former, they must have the power of self-motion and self-determination; and if the latter, there must be a Being mightier and more ultimate than your atoms; so that, whichever horn of the dilemma you adopt, the whole fabric falls about your ears." And this last alternative must be true. Sir John Herschel has a very interesting dialogue on the subject, which brings out what is here glanced at. A partial, though somewhat long quotation, must be made at this place, for the benefit of our readers. One of the interlocutors, named "*Hermione*," says, "I love these atoms, the delicate little creatures! There is something so fanciful, so fairy-like about them."

"*Hermogenes*," the other interlocutor, answers, "Well, they have their idiosyncrasies—I mean, they obey the law of their being. They comport themselves according to their primary constitution. They conform to the fixed rule implanted in them in the instant of their creation. They act and react on each other, according to the rigorously exact, mathematically determinate relations laid down *ab initio*. They work out their perceived scheme of the universe by their—their——"

"*Hermione*.—Their? Stop, stop! my dear *Hermogenes*; where will you land us? Obey laws! Do they know them? Can they remember them? How else can they obey them? Comport themselves according to their primary constitution! Well, that is so far intelligible; they are as they are, and not as they are not. Conform to a fixed rule! But then they must be able to apply the rule as the case arises. Act and react according to determinate relations? I suppose you mean relations with each other. But how are they to know these relations? Here is your atom A, there is your atom B (I speak as you have taught me to speak), and a long interval between them and no link of connection: how is A to know where B is, or what relation it stands to B? Poor, dear atoms! I pity them.

"*Hermogenes*.—You may spare your sympathy; they are absolutely blind and passive.

"*Hermione*.—Blind and passive! The more the wonder how they come to perceive those same relations you talk about, and how they 'comport themselves,' as you call it, (*act*, I should say) on that perception.

* * * * *

"*Hermogenes*.—There lies the real difficulty about these atoms. Those same relations to which they stand to one another are anything but simple ones. They involve all the "ologies" and all the "ometries," and in these days we know

something of what that implies. Their movements, their interchanges, their hates and loves, their attractions and repulsions, their correlations, their what not, are all determined on the very instant. There is no hesitation, no blundering, no trial and error. A problem of dynamics, which would have driven Lagrange mad, is solved *instante*, '*solvitur ambulando*.' A differential equation, which algebraically written out would belt the earth, is integrated in an eye-twinkle, and all the numerical calculation worked out in a way to frighten Zerah Colborn, George Bidder, or Jedediah Buxton. In short these atoms are most wonderful little creatures.

"*Hermione*.—Wonderful indeed! Anyhow they must have not only good memories, but astonishing presence of mind to be always ready to act, and always to act without mistake, according to the primary laws of their being, in every complication that occurs.

"*Hermogenes*.—Thou hast said it! That is just the point I knew you must come to. The *presence of MIND* is what solves the whole difficulty." (*The Fortnightly Review*, vol. I, pp. 83-84).

Yes, the solution is reached when the presence of MIND is admitted. But banish all mind from the universe in its present condition and its origin, and absurdity after absurdity must be maintained; and although the whole be baptised with the name of advanced science and the findings of the scientific imagination, it will be nothing but absurdity still.

3. This will become even more apparent if the subject be viewed from the standpoint occupied by one of our greatest living thinkers—we mean Dr. James Croll. In a series of articles recently published, he grapples with the theory of a universe without an intelligent maker, and the potency of atoms and molecules without God, and demonstrates beyond the possibility of refutation that materialists only touch the surface of the problem and fail to understand the difficulties which lie in the way of the truthfulness of their system. It is not enough, Dr. Croll shows, to prove that there are atoms, and that they move; but an explanation is needed as to what determines their motion, before any reasonable mind can be satisfied. Let us suppose, for instance, that there were in existence mountains of stones which were all in motion, and for ever moving in antagonism to one another. Suppose, moreover, these stones would so move as that some of them would unite so as to make temples, others to make prisons, others monuments, others bridges, others breakwaters, others castles, others universities, and others common houses. To

aver that all these buildings were made of stones would go but a little way to explain the phenomena. Nor would the explanation that they were moving stones suffice to satisfy the philosophic or scientific mind. What such a mind would ask is a rational account of how stones, which had so much in common, moved into positions so diverse, as to produce the results. Until this solution was granted, no true and satisfactory solution would be reached. And this would never be reached until a designing mind was postulated which guided the movements of the various stones, and used the material substance to express architectural ideas previously entertained. So must it be with the products of the natural and spiritual worlds. Admitting that the vast system of nature is composed of molecules and atoms, how can we account for the diversity in form, power, position, substance, idea, and relation? Why have moving atoms built up man, animal, vegetable, insect, fish, and fowl, and that, too, in an all but infinite variety? Or, to use the language of Dr. Croll: "Take, say, a leaf of a tree. The leaf is not moulded by some external agency into its particular shape, but is built up molecule by molecule. The form and structure of the leaf is the result of the arrangement and disposition of the particles of which it is composed. The thing to be accounted for is not what moves the molecules or particles in its formation; but what guides, directs, or determines the motion of these particles? The leaf could not be formed did not each particle move in the right direction, and stop at the proper time and place. Each molecule occupies its own special position in the leaf; consequently, no two molecules, in moving to their position, can take the same path. What then determines the particular path for each molecule? or rather, what determines the motion of each molecule along its particular path? The mere motion of the molecules is produced by force; but what directs or determines this force to move each particle along its special path?" (*What Determines Molecular Motion*, p. 17.) Before these questions materialists stand mute, because they ignore the infinite Intelligence, Will, and Heart of the Eternal One. But the moment we rise to the thought that intelligence directs force, and that there is an objective idea in material things, all is plain. As we stand face to face with nature, we then realize that we stand face to face with reason, intelligence, and design; and are persuaded that, if there were no ideas symbolized in the stars, flowers, rocks, bodies, and souls of men, there could be no science, no astronomy, botany, geology, physiology, anatomy, or mental and moral philosophy. But when looked at with eyes that can see, the world is observed to be full of beauty, suggestive-

ness, prophecy, life, and light, because it is full of God, his beauty, thought, heart, and will. "Overpoweringly strong proofs," said Sir William Thomson, when addressing the British Association for the Promotion of Science—"Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing us, through nature, the influence of a free-will; and teaching us that all living beings depend on one everlasting Creator and Maker." This noble utterance, so different from that of another president who occupied the same chair, breathes the spirit of the wisest and best men of all ages and lands. Its faith is akin to that of the hoary and ever to be honoured sage Thomas Carlyle. In his immortal *Sartor* we read: "Sweep away all illusion of time. Glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant mover. The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck and sent flying? Oh could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the beginnings to the endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the light-sea of celestial wonder? Then saw thou that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But nature, which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish." Let us therefore, dear reader, be wise, and in order to reach this elevated position let us become child-like in spirit, faith, and character. Then shall we be able to stand in the proper attitude to all truth, whether taught by science or the verbal revelation. And with deepest reverence fall with the four-and-twenty elders before Him that sits on the throne and say—"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created" (Rev. iv, 11).

W. A.—E.

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."—Heb. xi, 3.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE subject of beauty engaged the attention of the ancient Greeks. They had two words for it—"kalos," which denotes that which is "fair," "lovely," "graceful"; and "kosmos," the primary meaning of which is "order."

Various theories, both in this country and on the Continent, have been propounded regarding the beautiful. A German has given us his idea of æsthetics—the science of the beautiful—as follows:—"All things which can ever be objects of perception, may be considered under four different relationships. A fact can relate directly to our sensuous condition—that is its physical quality; or to the understanding—that is its logical quality; or to the will—that is its moral quality; or to the entirety of our different powers, rather than to any particular manifestation of these—that is its æsthetic quality. There is a culture for the health, for the understanding, for morality, and for taste or beauty; the last of which has for its design to bring out the totality of our sensuous and spiritual powers in their greatest possible harmony." According to Hegel, the beautiful is "the absolute ideal realizing itself." In this country the subject has also received the attention of several eminent thinkers. Dr. Hutchison considers that the perception of the beautiful is owing to a sixth sense through which we become conscious of it. Burke wrote upon the sublime and beautiful; but his book has lost its popularity. He confounds the beautiful with the luxurious. Sir Joshua Reynolds adopted the idea of Father Buffier, that beauty was the mean between two extremes. Hogarth supposed it to depend on curved lines. Lord Jeffrey supported the theory of Alison, whose system is designated the theory of association. He denies that objects are intrinsically beautiful, but are so by means of association. According to Blackie, "beauty does not consist in one element, or in one power, or in one proportion, but in many elements, powers, and proportions." The late Sir W. Hamilton speaks of beauty as absolute and relative. "In the former case," he remarks, "it is not necessary to have a notion of what the object ought to be before we pronounce it beautiful or not; in the latter case, such a previous notion is required. Flowers, shells, and arabesques, &c., are freely or absolutely beautiful. We judge, for example, a flower to be beautiful, though unaware of its destination, and that it contains a complex apparatus of organs, all admirably adapted to the propagation of the plant. When we are made cognizant of this, we obtain, indeed, an additional gratification, but one wholly

different from that which we experience on the contemplation of the flower itself, apart from all considerations of its adaptations." (*Vide* Ch. Cyc.)

Beauty is partly objective and partly subjective—that is, there are objects which excite the emotion of the beautiful, and to which we apply the term, and there is the emotion itself. Certain objects are beautiful in themselves—as the rose and the rainbow; others are beautiful by association. The expression, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings!" is the beauty of association. The feet of the heralds, having travelled far, would be unsightly things; but they became beautiful to those who were anxiously waiting for the message of peace.

What then, it may be asked, is the essence of the beautiful? And to this it has been replied that "there is a special beauty in unity with variety as seen in curved lines; and compensatory though not uniform balancings of nature, and also in the varied agents at work around us, conspiring to promote one end. So far, then, as intellectual beauty is concerned, there is truth in the theory of Augustine, that beauty consists in order and design; and in that of Hutchison and Cousin that it consists in unity with variety; and in that of Diderot, that it consists in relations." (M'Cosh.)

The divine goodness is seen in creating in man the love of the beautiful, and in filling the world with beautiful things. Channing said, "Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side." There are, indeed, minds in which appreciation of the beautiful is very slightly developed. They are represented by the rustic, of whom it was written,

"The primrose by the river's brim—
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

But whilst some are constitutionally more alive to the beautiful than others, yet in each there are elements which have only to be educated, in order to perceive and love the beautiful; and when this is realized, it will be found in the heavens above us, and in all the earth around us.

"For beauty hideth everywhere, that reason's child may seek her,
 And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.
 Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with the
 planets,
 She is found in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins
 of the sun.
 The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendour blazeth
 in the lightning.
 She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams.
 Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber.
 And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time.
 She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon
 the mountain.
 Men look upon the grandeur and, lo ! it is excellent glory !
 There is glory in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach ;
 In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dim electric skies.
 There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage.
 In laughing fields and dented hills, the valley and its lake.
 There is beauty in the gullies, beauty in the cliffs, beauty in sun and
 shade,
 In rock and rivers, seas and plains, the earth is drowned with beauty."

Tupper.

We meet it as we meet God—everywhere.

(1.) *There is a beauty in sound.*

In nature, there is great diversity of sound. Some sounds are not grateful to the ear—as the croaking of the frog, and the chattering of the magpie. Yet, even those, on account of association with country life, are pleasant to the men long immersed in city life. We do not like to hear children cry. The sound is not musical ; but some years ago a Californian miner exclaimed in the theatre—"Drop them fiddles, and let me hear the baby cry—I have not heard one cry for eight years." Although in itself an unpleasant sound, it rekindled memories grateful to the heart. But there are many pleasant sounds ; we feel delighted when we hear them. The tinkling of the brook as it glides over its pebbly bed, the rustle of the corn fields, the stirring of the forest foliage, the sound of a distant waterfall, and the barytones of the ocean as they mingle with the deep bass of the thunder, are all and ever beautiful. And so also are the song of birds, the chimes of silver bells, and vocal and instrumental music. A band of music passes down a street, and the children gather round it, and the windows are thrown open and mothers and their babes are seen looking out to hear the melodious sounds.

"Of all the sounds beneath the heaven,
 That man has found or God has given,
 None draws the soul so sweet away
 As music's melting mystic lay.
 Slight emblem of the bliss above,
 It soothes the spirit all to love."

And there is beauty in the sound of a name. What a world of beauty and meaning lies hid in the words "mother," "sister," "friend," "home." We have but to pronounce them and scenes, long since gone never to return, rise before us, and once more we are in the cottage where we were born, or wandering by some quiet river, or exploring a plantation, or enjoying "a feast of reason and flow of soul" with some dear friend long since sleeping in the "Auld Kirkyard." And there is one name which sounds sweetly in the ear of the Christian: it is the name of Jesus! John Newton felt its power and sung—

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
He soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

And so did Charles Wesley when he wrote the hymn—

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

(2.) *There is beauty in form and colour.*

We all admire the curved line more than the straight, and the circle more than the square. And nature is full of curves and waving lines; and one reason why the human face is so beautiful, is that it is full of curves. Some of the lower animals have beautiful forms, as the horse and the deer. Wordsworth's lines on the White Doe of Rylstone are beautiful—

"White she is as the lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon ;
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven.
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away :
A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for its wide domain."

And there is beauty in colour. We love to gaze on green fields and blue skies, or on the woods in autumn when the forest is tinted with its many lines. And who has not admired the rainbow—

"That arc of light,
Born of the shower and coloured by the sun,
Which spans the heavens when April's skies are bright.

The seer of Patmos beheld the throne of God, but instead of being "clothed with thunder" and the flashing of lightning, it

is said, "there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald." There was no string nor arrow in that bow, and it was turned from the earth. It was thus a beautiful symbol of the merciful dispensation under which we live.

(3.) *There is beauty in the flowers and trees.*

It has been said by some one that there are three things on earth which sin has not destroyed—the smile of children, the song of birds, and the beauty of flowers. Everywhere the flowers are beautiful. "Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness," said Wilberforce. Various designations have been given of them. They have been called "visible music," "God's love tokens," "living poetry," "earth's ornaments," "relics of Eden's bowers," "God's smiles come down to us," "stars of the earth," "silent sermons," "nature's jewellery," "parables to the eye." Not only in the valley, but far up on the mountain and by the side of the glacier, do we find the flowers. Some time ago we found the alpine rose in bloom by the margin of the *mer de glace*—that river of ice in the vicinity of Chamouni.

"Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some like stars to tell us spring is born,
Others with blue eyes, their tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.
In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul like wings ;
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.
And with child-like credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

Everybody loves them, and they are dear as the smile on the face of an old friend. The hand of affection decorates the bridal altar with them, and strews them on the tombs of the departed. They have been called, as we have said, "silent sermons"; and our Lord when on earth preached from the lilies of the field. "Consider," he said "the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There is divine philosophy wrapped up in these words, and happy is the man who understandeth it. If God takes care of the lily, how can you think he would forget you?

We have said that there is a beauty in trees. How bare, how barren, and naked-like is a country without them! Danton, when in prison, exclaimed, "Oh, that I could see a tree!" It would have relieved the dreary monotony of his condition.

(4.) *There is beauty in the river, the lake, and the mountain.*

Trees, undoubtedly, beautify the landscape, but we feel that its beauty is increased when diversified with the river and the lake, and skirted by the mountains. The river is a thing of beauty, although it moves slowly along like the Isla, or rapidly like the Rhone, as it issues from Lake Leman. The river has been pressed into the service of inspiration. "There is a river," said the Psalmist, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." And John tells us in the Apocalypse that he was shown a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." It is a beautiful emblem of God's blessed love that flows down to man in perfect harmony with the principles of eternal justice. And it is not like the rivers of earth, which sometimes ebb in the summer, and dry up altogether. It is ever full, and ever free, and the Holy Spirit saith unto every one, "Come and take of the water of life freely." Blessed love! And blessed are they who drink it.

And the lakes are beautiful, ever beautiful, reposing in their calm depths at the feet of the mountains. In their bosoms are reflected the pine trees, and the clouds and the stars of heaven. Those who have gazed on Loch Lomond, or the Irish or Swiss lakes, will recall their memory with joy. The lake sleeping among the mountains resembles the tranquillity of a Christian's soul. Ruffled it may be by the passing breeze, but it is only its surface, and that only for a short time. And so with the believer. God is like the mountains round about him, protecting him from every evil.

And the mountains have a beauty, too, all their own. They are "nature's monuments," which tell of the love and the power of God.

"Blue, and baseless, and beautiful,
Did the boundless mountains bear,
Their folded shadows into the golden air."

In gazing on them our spirits are lifted upwards. "Hills draw like heaven, and stronger sometimes, holding out their hands to pull you from the vile flats up to them."

The Psalmist, speaking of the righteousness of God, said, "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." If he has promised to help you in trouble, will he not do it? Art thou ever weary in the good way? Hath he not said, "Be not weary in well-doing, and in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Having given the promise, and being righteous, have you not ground for rejoicing in hope of a brighter day? Although the branch may be bare, it may have life. The almond tree sends forth its blossoms on a leafless branch.

"The hope in dreams of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough."

There are many other beautiful things besides those alluded to—as the waterfall, with the iris upon the spray, like "hope upon a death-bed," or "love watching madness"; the varied seasons each has its own beauty. So has the morning, as "she advances with rosy footstep, and sows the earth with orient pearl," or as a "beautiful bird upon the mountain, she lifts up her purple wing." And the close of the day is beautiful, "when the grey hooded even, like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds," ushers in the moon, with her starry train. And there is a beauty in night, and "in her solitary loveliness we learn the language of another world." There is a calm beauty, finally, in death before the *rigor mortis* has passed away.

Conclusion. (1) To enjoy the beautiful, taste must be cultivated. (2) To enjoy the beautiful, the mind must be at rest. (3) Thank God for the beautiful.

"Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give ;
This world is very lovely—O, my God,
I thank thee that I live."

R. W.—G.

THE PREACHING ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT AGE.

GOD has need of variety; and hence, not only in nature around us, but in the minds of men, we see his ordaining hand continually drawing it forth. Not only for each individual has he arranged a series of different states, as manifested in infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, and given him a constitution, disposition, education, and circumstances different from those of his fellows; but every individual nation and neighbourhood, by God's wise working, shows marked peculiarities that distinguish it from those around. The history of the world, too, is as varied as that of any of its units—so that its discerning reader has little difficulty in marking it off into periods, either by years, customs, literature, philosophy, or revelation. If he knows any of these well, he has an excellent idea of the others. If he knows the philosophy which is prevalent, he has a fair estimate of the lives and actions of the men of that age, and their relationships to one another.

The teachers and taught of any age act and react upon each other. It is doubtless true that great men will both guide

and modify the opinions of their more numerous inferiors ; but it is also true, that every country, by some subtle law, produces in the long run those teachers who are best adapted to head its progress ; men who would be of little value to another people or age. We find that every race has its own poets, its own philosophers, and its own theologians ; and that these are as distinct from those of another, as are the manners, dress, and bearing of the people amongst whom they mingle. Indeed, the greatest difficulty which every leading mind must encounter in its search after, and communication of truth, must be that of separating itself from the prejudices, and blinding influences of that community where it has been itself educated, to such an extent as will allow it to see clearly and judge calmly of things as they are in themselves. Men in every age are as soldiers in a modern battle, understanding little of the plans and great issues of the contending generals, while engaged closely and continuously with their own duties. It needs the distance and height, which only a spectator can take advantage of, to discern the strength or weakness, the wisdom or error, of the different movements. The Bible is not merely the best, but almost the only book which illustrates the growth and variation of any one people, for an extended length of time. In it we have the history of the Jews from the day they left Egypt, a degraded race of slaves, with all the finer qualities of manhood thoroughly debased or uprooted. It could not be from mere caprice that God chose to record that history, rather than any other, for our instruction, although so many more were equally before him. And amongst the many benefits it gives, not the least is that it is so fully fraught with information and guidance to those who would aspire to become teachers of the little community where Providence has placed them. At first, we see God, through Moses, seeking to form in them the habits of obedience and order. From that rudimental discipline, the teacher begins to establish the principles of taste and beauty, laying the foundation in cleanliness. From that, again, he rises to spiritual purity, all, too, by the wise use of symbols and ceremonies which, while they laid the foundation of the lower attainments, such as cleanliness and outward decency, preserved their worth for establishing also the higher or spiritual virtues. Then, as their education advanced, as they learned what holiness was, they found out their own guilt ; and to free them from the sinner's misery, the idea of atonement through the great Messiah is revealed with greater fulness. The God of the ancient Jews is a God of power. The God of the modern Christian is chief as the God of love. And as we know the circumstances of these ancient people, we can fairly judge

that a God of power was that revelation which would hold and influence them most. But men have advanced; and their idea of God must take in much more than his mere almightiness to satisfy the craving of their souls.

In the dispensation of Christ, too, we are taught the same lesson. There we not only see a person striking and crushing away an old scaffolding which has served its day and generation, but a constant increase of that power from one age to another. Nay, so quick and sound is its progress and its adaptation to different ages, that we can almost mark it by years. Like a healthy plant, its growth at first manifests a speed which we fail to notice in its after-time. It was the genius and example of its Founder working in his more immediate successors, which ensured for truth such a wide sway in such a short period. In studying his life, we find him often in different places giving the same addresses, using the same illustrations, and enforcing the same principles; but we find also, that whenever he speaks, he is in sympathy with his hearers—such sympathy as makes them either foes or followers—for they understand him always to such a degree as is fitted to be “a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.” Of course he often laid down amongst ignorant men truths as germs which even philosophers can yet but dimly comprehend; but these always had so much plainness and adaptability as fitted them for doing some good, if received, to those who heard them. His disciples, by their peculiar circumstances, shared to a large extent this adaptability. They were to travel through different countries, and come into contact with all classes of people; but the Holy Ghost had them under his guidance. And from the fact that few of them were highly educated, or came to the preaching of the cross with plans and theories of their own, he no doubt found them much more serviceable in bearing his message through different nations. In fact, they were warned against too great a preparation, and probably one of the ends Christ had in view was to prevent them from fitting themselves too much to preach to one class only, thereby hindering their success with others.

Every epistle bears a marked contrast to the others, as it was addressed to a different people. We cannot conceive of Paul delivering the scholarly and polished address which he gave upon Mars Hill to the cultivated Athenians, to the few women he met by the river side at Philippi. The later epistles and Gospel, too, show that the teachers of Christianity were faced by new difficulties as the world was progressing, which at once they set themselves to master, confident in the superiority of that truth it was given them to unfold.

The successful teacher, then, is he who, besides having truth

to teach, has adaptability to bring himself into sympathy with those who are to learn; and one of his first duties must be to know his people to the best of his ability. For no more without this prerequisite will he prosper in his errand of good-doing than the man who would teach to our age the science of our ancestors, or who would thrust upon our people the food, medicine, or clothing of far distant foreigners.

Now, just as any object, to be clearly seen, must neither be too near nor too distant from the eyes, so it appears that we are always better able to learn the characteristics of the ages which have somewhat preceded us than those of our own time. This would be the case in any period of history; but it is peculiarly true of our own day. We have entered an age of revolution. Not only in science, politics, customs, and education are there changes, but it even looks as if some newer phase of doctrine were required to bring peace to men and hold power over their hearts. It is impossible for any one to define the characteristic of our time otherwise than by saying that it is that of change. Into what it will finally develop we must wait and see. There is much at present prevalent amongst us which must cause the Christian grief and fear; but there is also much to cheer and brighten his hopes. In reference to religion the worst foes with which it is contending are rationalism, ritualism, effeminacy, and pure indifference, in however various ways these may manifest themselves. In many instances there is not only a strong recoil, and that not only from the bounds of creeds and the infallibility of the Fathers, but, underneath, an utter irreverence for the real truth which these have been employed to buttress, and which unless they in some measure at least contained, they never could have held their sway so long.

Science herself has advanced and, like a handmaid too proud of prosperity, she is seeking to turn the fashion against that mistress which fostered her, and whose interests it ought to be her chief duty to subserve. Religion, by too many, and that frequently more than they are aware of, is looked on and judged to be so feeble and debilitated as fits it for people of weak minds and good hearts, such as can find its expression and pleasure only in gaudy show, rigid observances, antiquated garments, or slavish obedience to the priesthood; or others, who, intolerant, and partly incapable of any intellectual training, can live only in excitement, fed by overdrawn and puerile anecdotes, and the tawdry gossip of personal experiences of a very low type. We have one class of unbounded faith, willing as it were to believe anything; and another who will admit nothing without the most logical proof—men who will accept

the pretensions of spiritualism as reality; and men who scarcely believe in history which dates farther back than their own observation.

The different cures for the woes of humanity, offered by would-be leaders, are constantly conflicting with each other. We have education, law, nature, morality, and many others claiming to be each the best, and agreeing in nothing save in this, that they ignore or openly condemn the simple truth of the Christian's Gospel. The desire for equality and riches too appears to have gained new life. Everywhere is labour contending with capital, and capital is as zealous in maintaining its own.

This has led man's minds away from higher and nobler things.

But, on the other hand, we see how men honour and search after the true spirit of liberty. It may, and in many cases does, take too much the spirit of license; but in the end, with other good influences, the result will be a blessing. It is but right that the young should be taught to reverence and submit to the old; but if, all along, the nation has the weight of creeds of a date entirely out of sympathy with this age pressing upon it, then it could not but happen that when liberty was sought for there should be an opposite extreme at which men would be found, and where, instead of receiving the opinions of the fathers in silence, they should look on an appeal to these to convince them as almost an insult. Of course, men who have little faith in the good which is in human nature may try hard to bind these old ties all the firmer on the race; but he is no true observer of his times who could even for a moment hope for success. The age of creeds is gone; and although it may for a time produce confusion, carelessness, and error, yet in the age we are about to give place to, the result will be great in blessing. Men will feel their own individual responsibility—no longer leaving with the Church the duty of creating their standards. They will be led to think for themselves; and when this end is secured, truth is sure to triumph. It will set itself up upon a firmer basis, and thereby extend its conquest over a wider circuit.

Upon the age, too, has dawned the idea of man's true brotherhood in a clearer light. The battle has raged in our country between power and right; and the latter has gained the day. Men who acknowledge each other as equals in the political world will not long hold theological doctrine, which arbitrarily places them into more or less favoured classes in the spiritual world. Religion will mould a people's politics; and true politics will also assist a true religion. The fatherhood of God is a

doctrine, which before the world is greatly older will exert a more powerful influence over men's lives and relations to one another than ever hitherto any doctrine of lesser importance than the central truth of Christianity has done. Men will not pray for the time when they are *to be* brothers, but will feel that already they are such. The Evangelical Union, as a body, has sought to fight the spirit of limitarianism which has prevailed in this country; and now the help which is arising in the spirit of even the politics of the age towards the victory of this truth we have followed, and suffered for, will prove great. It is not too great praise to our leading men to claim for their efforts a share in the honour of promoting the true cause. In fact, any one may easily discern in these struggles many resemblances to those recorded in former times, when the letter in which had been clothed the spirit of truth having been too much honoured and made of, its kingly influence having become intolerable, the hand of Providence made it pass through these trials, that it might issue forth humbled, allowing full liberty to that Spirit in which alone there is life.

Whatever kind of preaching is adapted to the present day, there is one thing clear—it is not the old preaching which has been so peculiarly predominant in the age which has just closed. Its days are accomplished. Where it is in vogue it is tolerated, but not because it is proving itself a benefit. Men must give us something more than an odd verse of Scripture to satisfy us that their doctrine is the mind of God. Not that any man would for a moment, or in the slightest degree, show an irreverent spirit toward the word of God; for if he could, he would show himself not only a fool, but guilty of the blackest ingratitude. The world must acknowledge, whether it believes in the divine source of the Bible or not, that to no book it has ever possessed is it more indebted than to the Bible. But to state doctrines as truth from God, such as universal predestination, unconditional election, perseverance of the saints, and merely quote a few isolated passages of the Bible, will not satisfy the ingenuous of this age. God will not give us the faculty of reason to lead us in one way, and passages of Scripture to teach us entirely the opposite. He is one; and reason and the Bible never disagree, for they are means used by the same Spirit for teaching the world. When do we ever find any of the promulgators of such views ever even trying to offer any intelligent reason for them? Now, this is a most unphilosophical way of using any book, and much more so the Bible. Let a man bring forward any dogma, no matter how foolish or absurd, and by employing this method he can always make it appear Scriptural. If we take not

men's reason with us in our quotation of Scripture, we can never in any permanent or profitable way convince their judgment. Nay, it often shows a strong tendency to stifle all inquiry and reason together,—the very thing which the Spirit is always so anxious to elicit. His truth will always bear the scrutiny of reason, and the more fully it is inquired into, the more freely is it established, and its influence so much the more increased. As this is an age of changes, its teaching must be adapted to that transition. It must partake much more of the spirit of upbuilding than of destruction. The minister who quietly and perseveringly proclaims his truth will do far more good than the noisy polemic, continually fighting with the views of some one else. Not that we should run to an extreme in that direction either, and speak of honest controversy with contempt. But the advice of Gamaliel to the Jewish chiefs, in an age of revolution, is wise and good : "If these be of men they will come to naught; but if of God, they will stand." Error cannot live long in the presence of truth. The man who gives truth, in so doing breaks down error.

In a time when change is characteristic of the age, it is often the most prudent and successful plan to allow men to carry out their doctrines, till their falsity is so clearly established, as even they themselves cannot doubt it, rather than to oppose them at any step where opposition begets prejudice rather than willingness to learn.

The preaching suited to the present age, must be that which aims pointedly at the spirit of truth, and is less taken up with the letter. Goodness and love can never change; and the views which in any way promote these, have always so much of truth in them as to have a blissful effect. It is this preaching which will beget a liberality of fairness which cannot fail to elicit truth in the end from contending systems. "He that is not against us is for us," said the great Founder. If a man's doctrines, in our eyes, are less fitted to do good than ours, then let us in a brotherly way convince him of this when opportunity offers; but simply because they differ, we should not make it a life's aim to refute them. It is only when a doctrine is so far different from ours as to be entirely opposed; that if it is to live, ours must die, that we are stoutly to defend ourselves and strike against it. Paul, as it were, cared little what was preached, if the truth was not trammelled, and if the spirit of Christ's Gospel was produced. Wherever a man finds, by any view of the many-sided truth, good to his own soul, there let him rest in peace. And if it is by change we would seek to benefit a neighbour, let it be more by giving him something new than by taking away what he has. Men's minds all vary so much from each other in every-

thing, that it is entirely absurd to conceive of their being all equally benefited by one phase of truth. Thus, a man of a logical turn of mind will prefer a legal view of the atonement; whereas a man of a different tendency will prefer the loving aspect more. Let a minister, in his illustrations and general teaching, show a spirit pervaded by the spirit of the Gospel, and speak with the most confident assurance of God's love for guilty men, and his urgency to save them—not so much continually preaching what are technically called plain Gospel sermons, as exhibiting in all his teaching, even where he touches on science, the pure, plain Gospel spirit, and that man's efforts will not be in vain. The narrow-minded bigotry which held sway all around, is rapidly losing its hold. To see leaders of a great church in counsel assembled, deliberating with an earnestness, such as would cause a stranger to deem their very existence hung upon the issue, whether some church should be allowed to please itself by introducing instrumental music to aid it in public worship, or whether the church should be allowed to sing a few hymns other than the psalms of David,—to see them put scripture and precedent against every innovation, whether an improvement or not, is indeed a most humiliating spectacle, and betokens such a limitation of view in religious matters, as he who has been brought up under more benign and liberal sentiments cannot understand. That when a world is groaning under its own evils, groping about in the dark for truth, its professed guides should spend such time and energy on such infantile trifles, is truly lamentable. Much of the indifference of the people for the ministrations of the pulpit is traceable to this anomaly.

Preachers must be in sympathy with the people; possessed of their confidence. A man must convince his hearers that he is striving for their good, and not doing something merely because he is paid for it. He must make himself, as it were, their equal, and persuade, rather than command. In this he will show himself the true ambassador. True religion has never been accepted by any people, unless when presented to them by those whose hearts touched theirs in the bonds of a loving brotherhood.

But above all, and as including everything, the Christian minister, in this age if ever, must preach Christ, and take his sympathy and presence with him in all his labours. It is when the preacher goes out with the Saviour's earnest love for men burning in his bosom, and pleads with them, as he knows He would plead in his place, for the gift of their friendship to the heavenly Father, that rich fruit will be the result. "Without me ye can do nothing," the Master has said; and every

man has found it true who has ever attempted it. The world has tried every remedy, and has failed. Christ's Gospel is alone successful. Rationalism's advocate introduces nothing more than civilized paganism. What more does such a teacher bring to bear on the minds of men than did Socrates or Bacon? The human conscience to find peace must see in Christ the atoning Lamb who has borne its sins away. To enter into the joy of sonship it must come through him. Men's natural love for right will not allow them to rest contented with mere escape: they must have pardon; pardon upon a sure ground; and the doctrine of Christ's atonement alone gives that. This doctrine has weathered many a storm, but at last it has always come forth fair and bright. And whatever may be the modes of life which men may settle into, whatever the views which may ultimately prevail, we are assured for the future, as we have seen it in all the past, that Christ the leader will come forth stronger in his rule, with his dominion extended all the wider, and all the more firmly fixed. He has gone on conquering, and to conquer; and no power on earth will ever withstand the superiority of his claims. Let his followers only have faith in the ultimate success of that Gospel which he has committed to their trust, and at the close of every struggle will they unfailingly find that, when other systems of men have come to naught, that which was of God has only been more securely established, and has triumphed gloriously.

W. D.—G.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.

WHEN we draw our editorial labours to a close, as the period of our quarterly excitement and bustle comes round, we sometimes regret if, in the midst of all the able theological papers with which we have been favoured, there should be no one in which the simple Gospel of the grace of God is clearly and fully set forth. For the denomination which we represent would not have been called into existence, had it not been for the desire on the part of earnest and pious men, that the great Evangel should be pressed upon the acceptance of their fellow-countrymen in all its unstinted fulness and world-wide liberality.

In last issue we endeavoured to set the way of acceptance with God clearly before our readers by means of the illustration of David and Mephibosheth, which the books of Samuel supply. Before concluding this number we are induced to employ a similitude with which our own ministerial experience has recently furnished us.

We have lately been called, at the request of a miserable man under sentence of death, to address to him words of religious consolation. And are there not points of manifest resemblance between the case of such a doomed man and the case of every sinner of whom the Bible says that "the wages of his sin is death"? "Now we know," says the apostle when summing up his preliminary argument in the Epistle to the Romans, "that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. iii, 19). And when the Lord Jesus announced his Messiahship in the synagogue of Nazareth, the passage in the Old Testament which he declared to be fulfilled ran thus: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Now there are many people who cannot see why they should be placed on a level with the man who has committed a great crime, and been caught red-handed in the very act. Well, it is a fact that the Lord Jesus Christ, before whose solemn judgment seat we must yet stand, places transgressors on the same level who would like doubtless to stand far apart. As to this very sixth commandment, what saith the great legislator of the Galilean Mount? "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old times: Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." Thus the searcher of the human heart and the trier of the reins puts what we call the ordinary sins of anger, and spite, and passionateness, and revenge, into the same class and category with the extraordinary crime of murder! And is he not right? How many have cherished all the ill feelings of the murderer in their hearts, although there was not the sad external outcome for lack of opportunity perhaps, or for lack of strong and sudden temptation. Yet the covert crime is as great a departure from the law of love under whose blessed sway God himself lives, and under which he desired his moral creature, man, to live, as the overt crime. What a contrast between the polluted disturbance of our selfish hearts, ever and anon casting up the mire and dirt of ill-will and spleen, and the everlasting calm of divine love! The Divine Lawgiver says: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer;" and our consciences respond deeply Amen.

But see this poor man with tears in his eyes and wringing his hands in the greatness of his distress ! He has indeed been convinced of his guiltiness, or if that be too much to say, at least he has been *convicted*. And when the minister of the Gospel has seen, one day, the anxious inquirer weeping because his heart has been so unclean, and he has come so far "short of the glory of God," and on another day, quite similar tears filling the eyes of the man who has been doomed to die, it need not be matter of surprise that he is led in his own mind to compare the one with the other.

But is there not an advocate ? Yes ; this poor man had an advocate ; yet he could do nothing for him. He did his best ; but he did not succeed. Our advocate, however, is a successful advocate. He never yet lost a case that was humbly and truthfully committed to his care. Let the blessed truth of the Gospel fall upon the reader's ear like good news from a far country, as it really is :—"And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Is that all ? No. There is much precious truth in that statement, but not the whole truth. What is the full truth ? Listen : "And he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Ah ! if the advocate of the poor man of whom we are thinking, as we write, could have made an atonement or propitiation which the broken law could have accepted, what a Gospel (for time only, we confess) would that have been to preach in the condemned cell ! But this is the very work which our heavenly advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous, has accomplished for us. His pleading prevails, because his bleeding avails.

Darius laboured to the going-down of the sun ; but he could get no atonement or propitiation that would honourably save Daniel from the den of lions. The law of the Medes and Persians stood in the way. But blessed be God ! he sent down his own and only begotten Son to the deep den of our guilty world, to die for sinful man. We employed, not long ago, a simple illustration which served to make the Gospel plain to one with whom we were dealing ; and possibly it may be, through God's blessing, as useful in print, as it was when spoken with the living voice : "Suppose, my little girl, that you had broken a window in the house. Father had told you not to throw stones, and he is angry with you. You are hiding among the bushes of the garden ; but your kind brother finds you out, and speaks comfortingly to you. He says, 'I took my own money which, you know, I have been slowly collecting in my drawer, and gave it to father to pay for the broken window. Indeed, the window is all mended now, and

father sent me to tell you to dry your tears and come home.' Now the law was a window by which the light of God's will was introduced to our minds ; but alas ! we *broke the window*. But Christ, our brother, has repaired it, ay, and caused richer and mellower light than ever to stream through the glass that was richly *stained* by his blood. This he did when he paid down, not silver or gold, but his own blood, as the propitiation for our sins. Our Father now says that we are to come home. Let us dry our tears and go home."

The great grief of those who visit a condemned cell sympathetically is, that they can do nothing to lift the terrible burden from the heart, which rapidly approaching doom lays there. If they could only tell of pardon ! If even of reprieve ! Now this is the very message which the minister of the Gospel is commissioned to carry to him who has broken God's law. A pardon ! A pardon for thee ! A pardon for thee because thine Advocate has died !

The poet Cowper, with the very illustration in his mind of which we are treating, in his poem entitled "Hope," thus sweetly sings :

"As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears
The shameful close of all his misspent years ;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When Hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear ;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis Heaven, all Heaven, descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the king of kings ;
'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
O welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright ;
Not kindred minds alone are called t' employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy ;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise."

The central truth for which the founders of the Evangelical Union were called upon to contend thirty years ago, was this, that the propitiation of Calvary was offered up literally, as the apostle John says, "for the sins of the whole world." Of ten or twenty, or thirty doomed criminals, if mercy had been provided only for six or twelve, and if it was uncertain who these six or twelve might be, it is evident that a very lame and unsatisfactory Gospel would be provided by such an announcement for the occupants of the cells. But this was the very shortcoming which our fathers and brethren lamented in current theology, and which they endeavoured to rectify, at much personal loss and self-sacrifice.

But where is the provision for a change of heart? Look at the weeping man! Think you, that if mercy were extended to him, it would not deeply impress him? If he had been an alien from our Queen's government, would it not, in all likelihood, have bound him to it in loyalty and love? And the apostle John seems to have thought the doctrine of the propitiation calculated to produce such an effect in the sinner's heart, for he adds, immediately after announcing it, "And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." For the Gospel, when received into the heart of the sinner, is "the power of God unto salvation." The divine Spirit enters along with it, and makes the inner man the temple of the Most High.

But hear what this poor man is saying. He says, that "he was not responsible when the dreadful deed was committed; but was carried away by an irresistible frenzy." Alas! that excuse, which he persistently advances, reminds us of those who lay the blame of their transgressions at the door of fate, or predestination, or constitution, or circumstances. God will not accept such a plea any more than the British crown did in the recent case to which we are referring. Human law and divine law are alike based upon the great postulate of free will in man. Without it there could be no conviction, and no prisons or penitentiaries under earthly governments, and no conviction of sin, no repentance, no humiliation of soul, and no judgment to come under the government of God. Let us, then, humbly confess our guilt, and humbly accept mercy at the hand of the Mediator; for, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

NOTICE.

Re-union in the Heavenly Kingdom, and other Discourses (third series).

By the late Rev. WILLIAM ANDERSON, LL.D., Glasgow, with an Introductory Sketch by the Rev. GEORGE CLARK HUTTON, D.D., Paisley. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876. Pp. 531.

THIS is the largest, and certainly not the least creditable, of the three volumes of Dr. Anderson's discourses which have been published—two of them issued during his life, and this one posthumous. As Dr. Hutton says in his preface, it fully sustains the eminent author's reputation. And although this last has lacked the Doctor's own editing superintendence, it has had the advantage of Mr. William Logan's affectionate care, and of his scholarly son's literary accuracy.

A volume of the late Dr. Anderson's discourses, when laid upon our table, naturally suggests the inquiries, What should a sermon be? In what style should it be composed? How should it be delivered? His biography has made the fact widely known that, when a very young man, he resisted the Presbytery on this particular point, refusing to give up the practice of reading his sermons, which, of course, had been elaborately prepared. Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the practice of reading, there is no denying that it secures the important fact, as a preliminary, that the discourses have been previously written out; and but for Dr. Anderson's painstaking conscientiousness in this respect, these fine manuscripts would not have been at hand from which this third volume has been prepared.

For ourselves, we must express our candid opinion that these elaborate compositions, although admirably adapted for students, must have been in some instances a little heavy for the working classes, and even the middle classes of Glasgow, when read before them. But we cannot let this criticism reluctantly escape from our pen without correcting it, or at least qualifying it, so far as to say that doubtless the broad humour, the sarcasm, the heroic independence of spirit, the felicitous illustrations and marked originality of both matter and manner of reading, went far to make up for the lack of that point and power which only the eye of the speaker and direct hortatory address can impart.

We had intended to give some specimen extracts; but we are sorry to find, at the eleventh hour, that we have no room for them. This is the less necessary that, through Mr. Logan's kindness, we have more than once been able to insert, in successive issues of the *Evangelical Repository*, discourses which have a place in this volume. We may notice especially "The Lord a Shepherd," "The Cottage of Bethany," and the admirable lecture entitled "The Church Visible and Spiritual," which enriched our very last number. Dr. Hutton's introductory sketch is a kindly, characteristic, and appreciative essay; for, in many respects, that hero of Paisley closely resembles the departed hero of John Street, Glasgow.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

ONE of our most esteemed ministers, the REV. NISBET GALLOWAY, has fallen asleep in Jesus during the past quarter. In the articles which we wrote in this Magazine on the "Origin and Formation of the Evangelical Union," we found that our deceased brother deserved a place; because, in the year 1844, when under call to the Congregational church in Forres, he was refused ordination by the neighbouring ministers on account of his adherence to the doctrines of conditional election and universal resistible grace. MR. GALLOWAY's ministry in Bridgeton, Glasgow, and in the town of Dunfermline, was characterised by great thoughtfulness, and a remarkable power of expounding the Scriptures, or of what is called in Scotland "lecturing." His Bible classes were most successful and truly stimulating in the way of leading young men to aspire to the office of the ministry. MR. GALLOWAY's initials are to be found frequently in this Magazine at the end of mature and scholarly exhibitions of Christian truth. When it was thought necessary, in the year 1851, for the ministers of the Evangelical Union in Glasgow to publish a series of discourses in reply to a denominational attack which had been made upon them, MR. GALLOWAY's address was quite on a par with the most elaborate of the course.

There could be nothing in the way of anxiety or grief in connection with our brother's pastorate at Newburgh, Fife, to induce the unexpected disease of which he died, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six; for his prosperity in that town had been great, and his influence had extended to all classes of the community. Although his body was removed by train as early as 8 A.M., it was remarked that so large a funeral had never been seen in Newburgh before, except in the case of one medical man who had been much beloved for his spiritual as well as his medicinal ministrations at the bedside of the dying. We extend our sincere sympathy to MR. GALLOWAY's bereaved wife and bereaved church, praying that God may make His grace sufficient for them.

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